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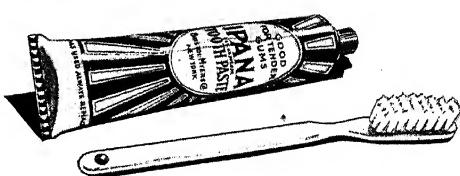
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The AMERICAN MERCURY

VOLUME
XXXVIII

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THE OPEN FORUM

[Letters from readers, on any subject, will be welcomed to those pages]

THE QUESTION OF SEX

SIR: Last week I received a letter from my 15-year-old son, who is at boarding school, telling me that he had read an article in THE AMERICAN MERCURY called "Youth Faces the Sex Problem", and would I read it and tell him what I thought of it. I did so, and am enclosing a copy of my reply. I am wondering if you would consider publishing this letter (anonymously if that is possible), for perhaps other boys and girls have read the article, and have not discussed it or asked for an opinion, nor received a reply if they did.

Dearest Bill:

I read the article in THE AMERICAN MERCURY with a great deal of interest, and do not wonder it gave you pause for thought. What the author is evidently trying to put over is a plea for equal standards of conduct for men and women. I, too, wish there could be one standard for girls and boys. But there isn't. I have always insisted that there could be, but that there never would be until the girls themselves demanded it. But I claim that there should be a single standard of good morality, not loose living, and that is what I have demanded of life. I kept pretty close tab on my emotions when I was growing up, and so did your father. Perhaps you will say that things are different these days. So they are in some respects. We had a war, with every opportunity in the world for emotional upsets, and goodness knows there were lots of them, and plenty of people went off the deep end, and lived together because life was so uncertain, and the men might get killed, and it was the kind thing to do; or they made hasty marriages, which they lived to regret. So the problem isn't new; it's the openness of the approach to it that is new. They talk about the biological urge out loud these days, which is a very good thing. But I say "What of it?" Since the very beginning of time, man has had the urge to seek his mate, for how else would we ever have survived? You are just now experiencing these sensations, and it is all as natural as sunlight, and just as normal and healthy. If you want to gratify this urge at once, and take some girl out, and in common parlance, "go the limit", that is your business. So long as you choose a

girl not of your class, society will condone your conduct, not hers. But what about the girl, and what are your standards going to be? I think a boy should get the kind of girl for a wife who has kept herself clean, provided he has lived the same kind of life. If he has not, then he should not expect her to be perfect.

There is no doubt you will be tempted, by one or several little sirens who have not built up any ideals, or who have a very strong sex urge. But I see no reason to give in to that temptation, any more than to succumb to drunkenness or gambling or, mildly speaking, overeating. The writer of this article holds that many marriages are ruined just because young people don't know what it's all about, this living together. I say bunk! More marriages are ruined by selfishness and lack of co-operation than anything else on earth. Now I firmly believe that the sex experience before marriage, in either a man or a woman, is up to the individual. I know it happens; I have seen what it has done to certain people. It is weak to be promiscuous, so they usually end up with an inferior mate. It is stupid and unintelligent, because the consequences are so appalling. In spite of the contraceptives that this woman talks about, I could take you down town to the hospitals, and I think I will, and show you the people stricken with disease, the blindness of little children, the weakened women, and all because some people couldn't control their biological urge!

You are one of the fortunate people of this world, as far as education and opportunity are concerned. What use will you make of them? You are fortunate to be living at a time when most of the taboos are lifting, but you must understand the reason for these taboos. Build up something within yourself that you will be proud of.

Now, that's enough of that, or you will be regretful that you asked me about it. I thank you for your confidence in me. Some day, if and when you too have a son, you will understand how grateful I am not to be shut out from your mind.

MOTHER

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THE AMERICAN MERCURY

THE OPEN FORUM

(Continued from page iv)

SIR: The only element which prevents me from refuting practically every argument presented in "Youth Faces the Sex Problem" is lack of space. For that reason I shall consider those which seemed most repulsive.

1. Continence in youths beyond the age of nineteen or twenty is perfectly natural. It takes will not to submit to temptation, but that does not make it unnatural. The greatest medical authorities point out that the exercise of the reproductive organs is not necessary to the health and well-being of an individual.

2. Fathers of my friends most certainly expect their children to remain virginal until marriage. Constance Cassady would have us believe that fathers not only do not expect their sons to remain virginal till marriage but would be disappointed if they did. Such a generality is most unsound. If her conclusion were based on personal observation it would seem a sad reflection on her parents and on her friends.

3. The ability of procreation is a divine gift and any artificial means used to prevent conception is morally wrong. We have no more right to frustrate the end for which our procreative abilities were meant than we have to take our own life.

J. W. L.

Chicago

❖

DIFFERENCES OF OPINION

SIR: Mr. H. L. Mencken writes that the New Deal "sucks in the discordant perunas" of a large number of persons, among whom he names Henry George. I challenge Mr. Mencken to cite even one utterance, let alone a single act, of the New Deal which fulfills the doctrine of George. Indeed, I challenge him to cite anything in the record of the New Deal which is not the antithesis of George's principles.

After all, even a subscriber to a magazine has *some* rights. When he spends 50 cents and several hours of his time on a magazine he earns the right to kick like hell when defrauded by a confidence man, whether the crook be Mr. Mencken or Mr. Roosevelt. He has the right to demand that, even if the authors can't be expected to know what they're writing about, they should exercise *some* effort toward accuracy in

vi

elementary facts. It is clear that Mr. Mencken either did not read George, or he did read George and didn't understand him, or else he deliberately lied. Whichever it was, he defrauded your readers.

Mr. Mencken ought to go to school to Mr. Nock. By the way, I want to congratulate you on printing something by Mr. Nock each month. I'm surprised that you have enough sense to do it. It's tough, though, on cheapjacks like Mencken, to have to appear between the same covers with a thinker and writer like Mr. Nock.

KARL B. MICKEY

Lakewood, Ohio

❖

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EDITOR AMERICAN MERCURY

570 LEXINGTON AVE NYK

A LETTER IS TOO SLOW TO CHEER FOR MENCKENS NEW DEAL MENTALITY ARTICLE SHOULD BE REPUBLISHED IN ALL GOOD NEWSPAPERS IN ORDER TO REACH THE MASSES

L. V. A.

❖

SIR: Having been a reader of THE AMERICAN MERCURY since its inception, I regret to note its sad decline into black reaction. It now reads like nothing so much as an organ of the American Liberty League, a Chamber of Commerce bulletin or similar tripe. Reading an issue of the MERCURY was once an exhilarating adventure; it is now a deadly bore due to your New Deal antipathy having destroyed your sense of proportion.

ARTHUR C. VICKERY

Philadelphia

❖

SIR: I am unable to resist the impulse to tell you of my unbounded enjoyment of Mr. Mencken's Dr. Roosevelt article. His description of our President exactly coincides with the view I have always held of Mr. Roosevelt even as Governor, a man without the slightest qualification for the high office he holds. He undoubtedly has a charming personality, the admirable bedside-manner of the successful practitioner that has earned him the astonishing adulation and ad-

THE AMERICAN MERCURY

THE OPEN FORUM

miration of so many of our citizens and developed in them an extraordinary blindness as to his capacity as a Chief Executive.

Would that I might share Mr. Mencken's belief that "a Chinaman or even a Republican" can defeat his re-election, but I fear that the blindness as to his true character is too marked to be overcome, to say nothing of the tremendous influence of his office-holding supporters and the vast power he wields by reason of the huge, almost unlimited campaign fund he can offer to promote his re-election. Possibly peoples' eyes may be opened to the unsuitability of the Democratic candidate by Election Day but I have doubts.

JOHN W. WOOD, M.D.

Geneva, N. Y.



SIR: I am a subscriber to your publication and during the past several months I have been receiving propaganda, sponsored by your magazine, in behalf of the Republican Party. It is apparent that the journal is a mouthpiece for the irrational political lingo of a political organization and reduces the publication to valueless reading material. I cannot conceive how a magazine with your splendid past record could be purchased for campaign claptrap, thus permitting your subscribers to be insulted by the writings of political, illogical, and juvenile party-paid amateurs.

PAUL B. METZLER

Mansfield, Ohio

SIR: The current issue of THE AMERICAN MERCURY is a washout. To read your articles opposing the New Deal, you would think you were long-lost Republicans outside looking in. I like THE MERCURY (am a subscriber) but it must be you fellows took one on the chin when our New Dealers went in. It must be unfortunate but here's a bet of five dollars against a year's subscription to THE MERCURY that he (Roosevelt) is re-elected in November. Even if your publication is anti-New Deal I still like it—in parts. I still think your magazine is good but why hammer at the New Dealers so incessantly? We'll have them until 1940.

OSCAR WILLIAM FRODERBERG

Seattle

(Continued in back advertising section, p. x)

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THE SURVIVAL OF THE UNFITTEST

BY CHANNING POLLOCK

IN WHAT we call everyday life, scarcely a year passes without some emergency in which a few superior men try to gain or regain control of the mob, on a battlefield or in a sinking ship or smoke-filled building, for the mob's safety and for their own. In history, the same thing occurs on an immense scale about every second century. Only the ignorant and heedless can be unaware that it is occurring now; that what we are facing today is not merely a splash on our national beach, but the resurgence of one of those tidal waves which, with ever-increasing power, periodically engulfs the world.

These tidal waves are composed of the vast multitude of our fellow creatures who lack the mental, moral, and physical qualities of potency. In the animal and vegetable kingdoms, the weak and the maladapted do not survive: no one has ever attempted to devise methods for preserving weed-like vegetables, or mongrel dogs. Human sympathy, crystallized by Christianity, has done precisely that with our own breed. In this respect, Man's mercy has been greater than God's; whether Man's wisdom has been greater too, is

open to question. At any rate, among civilized races, the unfit *have* survived; they are a multiplying majority which, as aforesaid, recurrently overwhelms that civilization until its destruction destroys them.

The stability of civilization depends upon the dominance of the fit few—or, as Emerson puts it, "all history resolves itself very easily into the biography of a few". An army which controlled the deciding voice in its own conduct wouldn't get very far. Democracy, which, as someone has said, "counts opinions instead of weighing them", presents exactly the same situation. So long as it contents itself with the entirely independent representation our forefathers intended, it is, perhaps, as workable a system as fallible flesh has been able to contrive. Soon or late, however, the many discover that they can do what they please with the few; and then follows confiscation of wealth and seizure of government, by ballots or bullets. The only thing new about this is the idea that it *is* new. A quarter of a century ago, in London, the distinguished historian and Egyptologist, W. M. Flinders Petrie, traced the floods and ebbs of human accomplishment

to the conclusion that "when democracy has attained full power, the majority without capital necessarily eat up the capital of the minority, and the civilization steadily decays, until the inferior population is swept away to make room for a fitter people".

Democracy attained full power only with the invention of gunpowder. Before the general and effective use of explosives, one armored knight could prevail over scores or hundreds of less-favored mortals, and castle walls were impregnable. Gunpowder enthroned the French Revolution and the doctrine of Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity. Liberty and Fraternity remain distant but delightful ideals. But even before it was embalmed in our own Declaration of Independence, the French Revolution itself had demonstrated that Equality, except that of opportunity, is impractical, and that the establishment of equality by force of numbers is invariably transitory and inevitably dangerous by reason of its essential depression of the fit and elevation of the unfit.

All men are created free, though the freedom be only momentary; but no two men in the world are equal. That, insofar as the Creator permits, they should have an equal chance, no one denies. That they should be equal before the law, no one denies either. But equality in the sense in which it is popularly understood and believed in—the equality for good or evil of Shakespeare with the village idiot, of Beethoven or Pasteur with the idler and waster—is sheer twaddle, designed for the consumption of the voting illiterati by demagogues whose very existence is its refutation.

The ideal society, of course, is that which affords every opportunity for, and incentive to, improvement of self and estate; in which the citizen understands that success

or failure rests with himself alone; and that equality is not a matter of law, but of achievement. In such a society, the number of the fit steadily increases, and the unfit, in whatever majority, aspire to fitness as the medium by which they may lay hands on the reins. A world in which, in the words of Max O'Rell, "every man is as good as his neighbor, and a damned sight better", is a world in which no man has reason to become actually better. The level is not lifted. Those above it merely succumb. Every race and society prospers in inverse proportion to the power and influence of the nether mass; there has been no exception to the rule that, with continual mob control, no matter how orderly or vicarious, "civilization . . . decays, until the inferior population is swept away".

At the present unhappy moment, when, curiously enough, the word *reactionary* is a term of opprobrium, one invites brickbats by saying that the decade ending in 1914 represented our closest approach to the ideal society. Nevertheless, that is probably true. We had not achieved the millennium, any more than we seem likely to achieve it now. There were swindles, there were abuses, and subsequent events proved that some of our fit were not so very fit after all. But most of us who were willing to work earned a pretty good living, and were progressing toward the earning of a better living on easier terms. The pressure under which we worked made for the nearest thing to universal efficiency in history.

Then came the World War. The common man was reminded that, with a gun in his hands, he was "as good as his neighbor, and a damned sight better". If it took a very uncommon general to make him so, he wasn't reminded of that. Suddenly, for most of us, survival meant manpower—numbers—not the kind of man but how

many. A certain physical fitness was required, of course, but only that. Leadership was required, too, but the man with a gun soon learned how easily that could be overthrown. He learned that might is right; that the world is his oyster; that a million — two million — ten million dockhands have no reason to defer to a few thousand writers and teachers and scientists and captains of industry.

Overnight, almost, we returned to the faiths of the French Revolution. James Truslow Adams discerned an early symptom of this in our deification of the Unknown Soldier. Writing in the *Atlantic Monthly*, he said:

Man always has delighted to honor the great, but now, for the first time, whole nations have come to honor the man of whom we know nothing, the Unknown Soldier — the ordinary man who, willingly or unwillingly, served his country and, either because of the lack of a happy combination of circumstances, or perhaps because of the lack of inherent ability, failed to make a known and notable record. Heretofore throughout all history it has been the great leader who has symbolized a cause or a movement or an aspiration. It was Christ who was worshipped; not some Unknown Christian. Is it a symptom of health or disease to worship the sailor rather than the captain, the private rather than the general, the common rather than the great man? Is not this evidence of intellectual and spiritual leveling down? Then Democracy has indeed failed, and the upward progress of civilization has come to an end, and in worshipping the Unknown Soldier we are worshipping at the grave of a far greater dead; the corpse of man's aspiration for something finer, and higher, and nobler than himself; the corpse of man's aspiring soul.

"Man's aspiration" began taking forgotten forms. In Russia, the crew already was running the ship. (Or seeming to do so, and matchlessly undergrounding reports

of success.) Who was to persuade disillusioned and discontented farm and factory boys that this was another tune on the pipes of propaganda that had sent them to France? Who was to tell mutinous sailors that no crew ever ran a ship, wisely or otherwise, or to inform people ignorant of history that there is no despotism as cruel as that of the multitude, and no slavery as complete as that instituted by slaves? The so-called Russian Experiment has become a blazing torch in a world of inflammable ruins. Artfully and industriously, our own crew has been made to believe that all its ills can be cured by the overthrow of established system and constituted authority. Christianity and medical science have given us a multitude which mechanical invention has rendered entirely useless. Unless and until the highest proficiency devises a method of taking up the slack, we must carry these men. The immediate question is not whether we carry, but whether we are to be ridden by them.

II

With regard only to wisdom, that question is easily answered. Let us take the family as a microcosm of the nation. Almost every family consists of a breadwinner surrounded by more-or-less no-good relatives. No capable, industrious, thrifty, and self-respecting breadwinner has ever denied the necessity of carrying these relatives. But he would rightly regard as entirely preposterous any proposal to give them control of his home, his family, and his business. He would know, when that occurred, that his home, his business, himself, and the relatives would all be swallowed in irretrievable ruin. He would regard — and again rightly — as lunatic the suggestion that his capacity be throttled down to theirs, or that his property be con-

THE AMERICAN MERCURY

fiscated and divided amongst them. He would say—rightly—“These people live by my doing my best. Some of them do their best, but nevertheless their well-being depends on mine. I’m willing to support them, but why should they decide how? What qualification have they shown for running my business, and, if they take from me what I save when that business is prosperous, how shall I keep it, and them, and myself going when it isn’t? And if all these things may happen at any moment, where am I to find the courage, and confidence, and incentive to go on everlasting trying?”

Families, however, don’t vote. And democracies do. Underprivileged relatives, no matter how numerous, don’t have recourse to gunpowder, and discontented masses may. The multiplying majority was in a bad way by 1932. Crops had failed; they burned the tribal god, and began looking for a good medicine man. The answer was Mr. Roosevelt. If it hadn’t been Roosevelt, it would have been someone else. The woods were full of Father Coughlins and Huey Longs and Upton Sinclairs and Dr. Townsends. And a world being remade for the proletariat gave them vastly increased potency.

Once upon a time, it was really difficult to reach the man who could not or would not read. That meant, of course, a measurably superior electorate, and greater influence for the printed word, which is more likely to be the reasonable and dispassionate word. But now the printed word reaches only the comparatively few and conservative; it is the radio and, in a lesser degree, the talking motion-picture that influence scores of millions, and make demagogues dangerous.

We have arrived at a crisis where civilization must be carried on by superior ability, or surrendered to superior num-

bers. And we have chosen to run the world for the benefit of the underdog. There can be no possible difference of opinion as to that. The underdogs may or may not be the fit; the Forgotten Man may or may not have been forgotten because he never did anything worth remembering. The upsetting of the dominance of the people who have achieved dominance may be “a move forward in the improvement of civilization”, or merely another turn of Petrie’s wheel—a return to the chaos and calamity that have always followed the relinquishment of civilization to what Emerson calls “the unintelligent brute force that lies at the bottom of society”. Whichever thing you believe, no one can deny—and our new leaders would be the last to deny—that we are witnessing one of history’s greatest levelings, a vast equalizing of incentives and rewards, the restraint and penalizing of those capable of forging ahead, and the bringing up from the rear of those who are not.

Moreover, it seems fairly clear that this is a plain surrender to majorities, whatever their fitness or unfitness. Behind high altruism, however sincere, functions as shrewd and unscrupulous a political machine as our democracy has ever known. There is no lunacy of “the lunatic fringe” from which it has not borrowed, with which it has not temporized, and with which it does not propose to unite, so that by sheer force of voting numbers “all may obtain the substance of what all desire”. What the fewer than “all” desire, no matter how justly or intelligently, has moved the Great Heart of Government only in proportion to its effect on Election Day.

Mr. Roosevelt’s fundamental thesis, apparently, is that there are no honest men except politicians, and no men capable of properly running their own business except those who, having failed at it, have

landed in Washington. He began with an amazing campaign to discredit bankers, brokers, and industrial leaders, leaving us to infer that there is no integrity except amongst labor unions and postmasters-general. This campaign speedily developed into a steady and apparently methodical fanning of class-hatred; an inflaming of the unfit against the fit, or—if you prefer it that way—of those who have not got on in life against those who have. Solvency represented “entrenched greed”. Earning capacity implied “special privilege”. Bolshevism itself had not more vocal contempt for the man who owned a silk hat or belonged to a club. Every evidence of culture, ability, or attainment became shameful. The citizen with more than ten dollars felt that he ought to explain, and, soon or late, was fairly sure of being summoned to do so. We may skip the search and seizure of private papers, the investigations of organizations inimical to the Administration, and the growing certainty that anyone who raises his voice against the New Deal is going to have a lot of trouble with his income tax. For this system is no newer than most of its brothers; the Medicis used it to extinguish opposition in Florence some time ago.

None of these “new” systems, *per se*, is our immediate concern. We need not pause to ask where Washington got the idea that it knows more about running farms and factories and business than the men who have been doing the job successfully from the Declaration of Independence to the Declaration of Dependence. We can ignore the question whether this omniscience has been demonstrated in our postal service, or through government control of railways during the World War, and resist the impulse to quote Albert Jay Nock’s observation that “state power has an unbroken record of inability to do anything effi-

ciently, economically, disinterestedly, or honestly”, or F. Britten Austin’s conclusion that none of this is the function of government, “which is to secure the life and property of its citizens, to afford them the maximum of liberty to conduct their legitimate affairs, and then to be as little of a nuisance as possible”.

Inherent in almost every utterance and theory and activity of the New Deal, however, is the effort to gratify a recrudescence demand that no man shall be, do, or have more than all men. The demand is as old as its consequences are freshly obvious. When you tell the people who have achieved what we have achieved that they mustn’t go on achieving it—when we tell Babe Ruth that he mustn’t bat any harder than the bush-leaguers, and Jim Braddock that he mustn’t hit any harder than I can, and both of them that they must proceed under rules designed to regulate athletics in a home for cripples, then—whoever does it, however, wherever—the pennant is lost and the count is up. You can and should tell Jim Braddock not to hit in the clinches. You can and should enact laws to restrain the dishonest and predatory. You can and should urge and educate the backward to effect better ethics and greater efficiency. But when a labor union or a legislature, for whatever reason, orders that no more than so many bricks shall be laid a day, that employers shall choose not the best typesetter but the one who has been longest out of a job, that no one shall work more than so many hours a week and all at the same wages, and that no man shall cultivate more than so many acres, or raise more than so many hogs or potatoes, and that you and I shall pay him, not for what he does do but for what he does not do, then that union or legislature is reducing us to our lowest common denominator of laziness, thriftlessness, and incompetence.

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III

To people thus reduced two things happen: Those who are weak become weaker, ever less willing and able to take care of themselves, and the strong — harassed, discouraged, robbed of inducement and recompense — sink back and eventually disappear. "Planned security" is the prerogative of convicts and slaves; it could never have produced the breed that discovered and colonized and enriched America. Between the pioneers who conquered the West, and built its railroads and factories, and those now in Alaska at the expense of the taxpayer, or going to New Jersey to live co-operatively in homes poured out of molds, lies the same gulf that separates the Congress of Webster and Calhoun from that of Schwellenbach and Zioncheck. Governmental paternalism, protecting the weak, not only from the strong but from the results of their own weakness and folly and idleness and thriftlessness, can be but a wholesale creator and preserver of these qualities. This applies even to old-age and unemployment insurance — to engaging that the man who does not save will be supplied out of the savings of others, and that the man who does not work shall be supported by the man who does. If you want to give money to either man, give it to him in wages, and teach him to save it. Let both know that they, and not we, will be punished if they don't. If you want to insure work, insure work, and not rewards for not working, or for doing unnecessary work lazily and badly. It ought not to be more difficult to keep industry going at a pace that will provide jobs than to provide a dole at the expense of an industry that is not going.

Of course, our present answer to the Roosevelt program is "emergency". But these emergency measures, being emi-

nently and increasingly satisfactory to a considerable electorate, give every indication of permanence, and none of them seems to have accomplished very much else. There were two or three million idle in our most prosperous time — not counting relatives. There were between nine and ten million unemployed in 1933; and in 1935, when the Administration was well along in its eleven-billion-dollar expenditure for "Relief and Reconstruction", there were still between nine and ten million out of work. Nearly half the population of New York City had applied for a hand-out, and a quarter of the population was getting it. Theoretically, all these are deserving people pitifully unable to find jobs. Actually, the inevitably growing demand for legitimate labor fails to keep pace with the government's corruption of its citizens, or the spreading realization that it is no longer necessary to work in order to live. On the authority of the government itself, in the same week this year that witnessed congressional enactment of a deficiency bill providing another billion and a half for Relief, there were five million more persons employed than in 1933 — and three million more on the Relief rolls. Of course, these do not include the farmers paid for not tilling the soil, or to enable them to lift mortgages by further borrowing, nor the soldiers given a couple of billions to encourage their soldiering, nor yet the army of red-tapeworms in one bureau or another that receives a trifle of four billion dollars a year — thirty-eight per cent of all the taxes collected. At the moment, 12,583,552 Americans — more than one-tenth of the population — are drawing money from the United States Treasury, and, if we allow each a single dependent, one of every five of us is being subsidized by the government.

No one who looks or listens can have

any illusion as to the quantity and quality of labor required of this multitude, nor as to their disinclination to seek other employment. A large part of them are in evident agreement with the technocratic Mr. Howard Scott, who, at the taxpayers' expense (since funds for the meeting were supplied by Emergency Relief), recently told an audience of the jobless that "Nobody but a sucker ever worked unless he had to." The only increased activity of this horde would appear to be breeding, since Professor Bossard of the University of Pennsylvania remarks that its birthrate is sixty per cent higher than that amongst persons otherwise engaged. Last autumn's newspapers reported crops rotting all over the country while thousands of men on Relief refused to lift a hand in harvest, and one state had to suspend the dole until the shortage of farm labor was eliminated. The economic hitch-hikers have banded together, even striking to enforce their demands.

On May 8, an insider in the system wrote the *New York Sun* of "an increasingly organized group of so-called workers who swarm the offices, and distribute propaganda, all aimed at getting more and more money from the government". Two weeks before, when a mob of Relief-seekers took physical possession of legislative halls in New Jersey, the organized WPA parasites in New York City telegraphed: "Heroic action of The Workers' Alliance inspires and encourages all workers in the United States." New Jersey's governor and lawmakers tactfully avoided offending the invaders. When New York's Republican Assemblyman Wadsworth advocated confining relief to "those who, through no fault of their own, find themselves destitute", New York's Republican Congressman Fish issued warning that such statements are politically inexpedient.

Does that explain the Great Heart of Government, and what happens "when democracy has attained full power"?

IV

The sum of this looting is so enormous that figures have lost meaning. How much is a billion? Someone has to remind us that it is approximately the number of minutes that have passed since the death of Christ, and, at the prevailing wage scale, the entire earnings of one hundred thousand white-collar workers for ten years. Yet, during the ten months ending May 1, 1936, the Federal Treasury paid out six billion dollars. Expenditures of the previous year were about the same. What our hundreds of city, county, and state treasuries have added to this is beyond computation. The Roosevelt bill for three years comes to twenty-four billion, two hundred million dollars—four times the amount of money in circulation, and only three hundred million less than the cost of our government, including the World War and three others, during the preceding hundred and twenty-four years!

Who is to pay all this? The fit, of course. *How* is another question, since, with all the taxes any people can bear, our national debt already is thirty-one billion, and Acting Director of the Budget Bell's latest estimate (May 27, 1936) of what it will soon be is \$32,600,000,000, exclusive of the Veterans' Bonus grab. As in all earlier manifestations of this kind, the cry is still "Soak the Rich." But if we go on soaking the rich, there soon won't be any rich, and then whom are we going to soak? The proposals are the same that have been made whenever "the majority without capital" have begun eating up "the capital of the minority", but, on the present scale, and in the present industrial age, these pro-

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posals are even less practical. "Distribution of wealth" has a fine sound in the ears of those who have none, but how is it accomplished? Only the ignorant need to be told that wealth is not money, but the means of producing things that may be exchanged for money, and that when you destroy or divide these means, you are not distributing wealth, but ending it. Wealth is in factories and machines and trade assets. These factories are worth only as much as the ability that directs them, and not one penny more. You can run a billion dollars' worth of factories into bankruptcy in a year; I would trust any bureau in Washington to do it. Wealth is distributed in the process of its creation—in wages, in rents, and other payments. Take it from the men capable of creating it, and at that moment it ceases to exist.

The whole collectivist system has never failed, and never can fail, to result in bankruptcy, degeneration, and chaos, from which, in time, the world is rescued by the resumption of control by the fit few. Even some of our politicians must know this, but, as we have seen, such statements are "politically inexpedient". They would be equally inexpedient now if there were no unemployed. Always the great force that turns the world over to unfitness is not poverty, but envy. We hate the man who fares better than we do. There is no vanity like that of mediocrity; it is fatally wounded by admitting or permitting anything else. The leaders and lawmakers it elects are of its own kind; the levies for which it clamors are primarily punitive. This hatred is the greatest force on earth, and the most dangerous. It is the urge behind war, and religious and racial persecution; a Samson bent on pulling the Temple down because anyone can make ruins, but only superiority can build Temples.

As Yeats defines Swift's political phi-

losophy, "All states depend for their health upon a right balance between the One, the Few, and the Many. Tyranny may be of the One, the Few, or the Many, but that of the Many is the immediate threat." It is this tyranny that ends civilizations. If the "capital" to which Petrie alludes were only money, if the majority in full power were content to mulct superiority without hamstringing it, the results might not be so repetitiously fatal. But what fitness cannot survive is regimentation, the destruction of initiative, the discouragement of effort. When a single industry operates under 118 different codes, as Sears-Roebuck testified that it did during the life of the NRA, and the owner of a Minnesota department store cannot allow a woman clerk an extra half-hour for luncheon without the permission of three separate bureaus in Washington, what becomes of self-reliance? For nearly four years, American business has been goose-stepping under the direction of a cluster of nonentities, facing the constant menace of investigation, whimsical regulation, fantastic taxation, government competition, worthless currency, and the "death sentence". We tremble every time a demagogue opens his mouth for fear he will put our foot in it.

We talk of "social security"; there is not a conspicuously good and useful citizen in America today who is not being threatened and harassed almost to the point of defection. I don't mean only captains of industry; I mean doctors and tradesmen and skilled artisans; every man-jack of us who has won his office or shop, who has a dollar in money, life insurance, stocks, bonds, mortgages, or credits. Before we heard of the More Abundant Life, we had pretty definite ideas of honor, integrity, industry, and thrift. We knew what we were doing, and where we were going. Now, nobody could be found wise and

brave enough to back a bet either way. Nobody dares hazard a guess as to what will happen next. The Constitution, the Supreme Court, the rights of minorities are derided and assailed; we are surrounded by spies, and tax devisors and collectors, and bureaucrats who want to run our business and our everyday lives. In the words of Dwight Morrow, our best citizens have come to regard their government as "an alien and hostile power". We believe that votes can be bought—are being bought—with our money, and that there are enough of these voters to do as they will with us. We have no faith in our leaders, nor in Congress, nor in most of our courts. We believe that any organized group can grab as much as it wishes out of the Treasury. We would not take our nation's word, or its bond, or its word on its bond, nor will any nation take any other nation's word. Repudiation of debts and contracts is commonplace. Everybody suspects and hates almost everybody else. Class is arrayed against class, section against section, and labor against capital. Everywhere is confusion, alarm, and uncertainty. We grow slack because there seems no virtue in, or reward for, our best efforts. We spend profligately lest it be taken from us. No man has worked so well, or so long, or so hard that he can be sure of bread earned by the sweat of his brow for his old age, or of a competence for his widow and children. . . . If these are the results of three years' muddling to reconstruct the house that tumbled about our ears, isn't it time to remember that houses are reconstructed by architects, not mobs?

The customary phrases with which this view is met are "Tory", "Bourbon", and "Reactionary." Dissenters nowadays are warned not to stick out their chins—but America was not made, nor can it be

saved, by men with receding chins. Neither can it be saved by apt phrases, sentimentality, and settlement-workers in office. The moment has come for facing facts squarely, and meeting them with a more dependable humanitarianism. Personally, I am willing to become a Bolshevik, a Socialist, an Inflationist, or a Townsendite if I can be persuaded that any of these panaceas can be made to operate to the advantage of mankind. But I can discover no instance where they have operated to the advantage of anyone but their chief protagonists. Famines never empty the stomachs of the Stalins. Printing-press money enriched speculators and politicians in France, Germany, and Austria, ruined the middle class, and left labor wondering how to get the hundreds of francs or millions of marks and kronen needed to buy dinner. Few Tories have occupied a grander suite than that in which Brother Jim Farley recently sailed to Bermuda, and it was not the Bourbons who sent a Jersey pants-presser to jail for charging a nickel less than they thought he should charge.

My deepest conviction is that, as Machiavelli said rather more lengthily, no one can be given more than he can achieve. The happiest land and the highest civilization is that in which every capitalist is an unhampered laborer, and every laborer a potential capitalist. You can't legislate people into the millennium; Utopia is approached by degrees, not decrees—by the slow, toilsome improvement of the race. There never has been nor ever will be a Utopia of and for ignorance, weakness, shiftlessness, and thriftlessness. "Every man a king" is a good trick if you can do it. God couldn't, or didn't. It might be better to inculcate in mankind the aspiration to be royal, and leave the world in the hands of those who can make the grade.

RED PACIFISM

BY HERBERT WILTON STANLEY

ONE of the most singular spectacles in current American affairs is the emergence of the war-loving communist clique as a purposeful and directing force in the pacifist movement for world peace. Here is a note of incongruity, a touch of sublime inconsistency, as though a member of the House of Morgan were discovered serving as chief equerry to Joseph Stalin. But the Comrades are not ones to quibble over inconsistencies and paradoxes; what counts with them is results. Hence, while thousands of sincere American citizens labor diligently for the genuine pacifist cause, the militant communists labor diligently beside them — but toward an entirely different goal. This is, simply, the exploitation of the world peace movement as another recruiting agency for international communism.

To the informed observer there is, of course, a comic quality in the situation: for the quintessence of incongruity is surely displayed in a campaign which finds the disciples of world revolt, bloodshed, and violence whooping up the slogan of No More Wars. But their antics do not end here, for we are further edified by the sight of the most cynical advocates of atheism employing the Christian pulpits of America as sounding boards for the Social Revolution. By an artful commingling of hokum and sentimental appeal, the communists have hornswoggled their traditional enemies, the conservative pacifists, and have transformed the honored cause

of peace into an instrument of Soviet propaganda. The irony of the situation is that many simple-hearted American peace-lovers are not yet aware of their betrayal.

It is no exaggeration to say that the most articulate and vehement leadership today in the American peace crusade is exercised by men and women who are avowed sympathizers with the Kremlin's ideology. Among them are to be found all the old familiar party hacks, each possessing an open record of activity in the official communist and Socialist campaigns in the United States. In addition to these veteran messiahs, there are thousands of peace-workers and fascist-baiters who have never crossed the dividing line between a parlor championship of Russia and a violent advocacy of Moscow ideals, but who are waiting at the boundary, ready to leap when the hour comes. These groups merge, however, in their consistent willingness to subordinate American foreign policy to the international strategy of Russia; their United Front for Peace is an echo of the realistic diplomatic maneuverings displayed by Maxim Litvinoff at Geneva.

It is the momentary pose of Tovarish Litvinoff to be an ardent defender of the League of Nations and of the European democratic nations. Actually, his objective is not the preservation of democracy at all, but the manipulation of democratic France and Great Britain to the subtle ends of Russian foreign policy. Taking advantage of the divisions among the so-called capi-

talist powers, Litvinoff is striving to safeguard a militaristic Russia against future German or Japanese attack by driving a wedge—fomenting a war even—between the democratic and fascist nations. By a cynical exploitation of “peace”, a grand alliance is being attempted, through the League, between Russia and France for the purpose of crushing anti-communist nations. Thus it is hoped to realize the injunction of Lenin, that “we must build communism with non-communist hands”.

As for the actual purposes of the Soviet Government in entering the League, they were disclosed by Bela Kun, member of the Communist International, in the *Daily Worker* of September 14, 1934. He said:

The Soviet Union does not pursue a League of Nations policy any more than revolutionary workers, when they conclude a collective agreement, are pursuing a policy of class collaboration. The Soviet Union when it enters this League will pursue a Soviet policy just as revolutionary workers in an enterprise where they are working on the basis of a collective agreement pursue a policy of class struggle.

Hence, what pacifism signifies to the American communist is simply a “party line” to strengthen the Kremlin’s foreign policies. As such, it becomes another strand in the cable of party lines which now reaches into the most obscure places. The technique in all cases is identical. The Comrades, comprehending that communism cannot succeed without world-wide organization, and realizing further that the Red label attached to any socio-economic enterprise is tantamount to failure, are ceaselessly searching for some cohesive structure which can be utilized to their own ends without displaying the provocative label. The pacifist organizations in America happen to be eminently fitted to their needs, for they bear in most cases the *imprimatur* of honest and altruistic

citizens, as well as the better-known church sects. These organizations are rarely attacked by public or press; indeed, they enjoy the moral support of millions of decent persons. Thus they are vulnerable to the Marxist brethren, who find it easy to manipulate them toward collectivist ends.

It is therefore both timely and enlightening to study the whole sweep of the current American peace movement, in order to appraise the extent to which communist and socialist forces are in control. Such a survey will answer the question, now disturbing many minds, whether money being poured so lavishly into a score of pacifist activities is being employed to subsidize avowed enemies of the American form of government.

II

Viewed in the aggregate, American pacifism reveals itself as a loose amalgam of three distinguishable groups, which may be classified as the Left, the Center, and the Right. Of course, no hard and fast lines may be accurately drawn. For instance, the Left and the Right merge with the Center on many important issues, and individual pacifist groups and personalities appear and reappear in changing combinations with singular rapidity. But it is precisely because of this confused character of the pacifist movement that the Marxists and their fascist-baiting friends have found its leadership so vulnerable to persuasion and manipulation.

The two outstanding groups of the pacifist Left are the American League Against War and Fascism and that martial, crusading, distaff organization, the Women’s International League for Peace and Freedom. Strictly speaking, the two movements cannot be regarded as separate, for

the W.I.L. is an affiliate of the former and its delegates attend the annual "Congresses Against War." The executive directorate of the two organizations is autonomous, with the League unquestionably the more extreme of the two movements.

During the last two years, the League Against War and Fascism has come forward rapidly as the most advertised of the current peace groups. By ballyhoo, by shrewdly-staged publicity stunts, and by lugubrious pretenses of anti-war sentiment, it has succeeded in drawing to itself much of the general public interest formerly attached to the milder pacifist bodies. The most amazing feature of its advance has been the fact that prominent non-radicals in public life have been willing to aid it as a genuine peace movement, despite its undeniable communist control.

A case in point was the annual Congress staged by the League in Cleveland last January. By clever manipulation, the officers were able not only to persuade Harold H. Burton, the Republican Mayor of Cleveland, to attend the Congress and to deliver an official address of welcome, but they also succeeded in securing the use of the city-owned Public Auditorium for their meetings, the display of advertisements of the Congress in the city-owned streetcars, and traffic arrows pointing to the Auditorium in the streets. Bishop Edgar F. Blake of the Methodist Church, Rabbi Barnett R. Brickner, and Maj. Gen. Smedley D. Butler gave respectability to the sessions by addressing the delegates. But it was at this same Congress that Dr. Harry F. Ward, the national chairman of the League, gave away the whole game by declaring in his opening speech:

A good many times our constituent forces and those who come to our meetings ask us this: Is the American League Against War and Fascism anti-capitalistic? Of

course it is. How, otherwise, could it stop war? We try to show people in our propaganda that today the economic causes of war are rooted in capitalistic economics.

At another meeting of the League, held recently in Chicago, a newspaper correspondent described the scene as follows:

Hanging out from the balcony railing, on poles, were many red banners with the insignia of various units of the Communist Party, Young Communist League, Communist International Workers' Order, etc. . . . There was also a small orchestra which played the Communist *Internationale* when, late in the program, the general secretary of the Communist Party, Earl Browder, was announced, and the mob stood up, broke into cheering, whistling, catcalling, and stamping, waved red flags, and with fervor and clenched fists sang the *Internationale*. . . . Roger Baldwin of the American Civil Liberties Union was the chairman. He announced proudly that, in addition to organizations of the "parties of the Left", the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom was part of the congress. He said that some organizations had objected to co-operating with the communists in this congress, but that it was impossible to have any worthwhile movement without communists.

The success of the Comrades in thrusting this organizational wedge into the American peace movement may be ascribed, principally, to their unceasing exploitation of the "fascist" issue. The coupling of fascism and war in the title of this new League in 1933 was a master publicity stroke. It coincided with the tumultuous reaction against Adolf Hitler among radical and liberal groups at the time. It disarmed those who otherwise would have attacked the League, because it gave the controlling communist group a pretext for accusing all their critics of being actuated by fascist sympathies. By continuous reiteration of this bogus issue, the accused were able to become the accusers.

An illustration of the manner in which the League holds its fascist-baiting as a club over the heads of public officials was the recent Harvey incident in Queens Borough, New York City. The League sought the use of Borough Hall for a propaganda session. President Harvey, advised that the meeting would be a communist rally under the cloak of an anti-war crusade, rejected the request. Events then moved rapidly. A storm of protest descended upon him from numerous radical and racial groups, accusing him of suppression of free speech. Finally a delegation, hand-picked so as to include no known communists, visited him in the name of the League and served notice that in refusing the use of Borough Hall he was giving comfort to "Fascists and Nazis". They swore solemnly that the League was not a communist organization. At the head of the delegation was James Waterman Wise, son of the most influential church opponent of Nazi-ism in America. The protest placed the Borough President in a dangerous political position, where persistence in his course would have given his enemies a chance to accuse him of Nazi sympathies. In the end he capitulated before this form of communist blackmail and granted Borough Hall to the League.

Of course, it is the firmly-maintained pose of the League that it is not a communist organization. It affects an injured air of astonishment whenever its critics are so rude as to identify it with the Third International. Nevertheless, a brief digression into recent communist history will establish the fact that this much-publicized League is nothing other than what the Socialists have characterized as an "innocents" organization, launched by agents of the communist movement for the purpose of diverting current pacifist sentiment into collectivist political channels.

In 1924, the Fifth Congress of the Communist International at Moscow adopted the new policy of the United Front for all official communist parties throughout the world, including the United States. Briefly, this policy required that communists abandon their former sectarian attitude of total opposition to all other non-communist radical groups, and enter into United Front alliances with Socialists and Left-wing liberals to agitate specific issues.

Two objectives have been accomplished by this strategy. First, a vast public has been brought into the orbit of communist influence by such Red championship of specific causes, a public which the Comrades hope eventually will be shepherded into the actual communist movement. Second, by disguising themselves as champions of civil liberties, or Negro rights, or immigrant welfare, or world peace, communist agitators have won an immunity from attack which they would not enjoy in open roles. Thus, whenever a Hearst or a Chaillaux attacks a communist who at the moment may be doubling in brass as a functionary of the American League Against War and Fascism, the indignant Comrade can shriek "Red-baiter" and appeal to a liberty-loving public to rally to his defense in this "un-American" persecution of a foe of "fascism". It is, indeed, an extremely convenient device for turning defendant into prosecutor before the bar of muddled public thinking.

The issue of pacifism offered a particularly attractive opportunity for such United Front interpenetration. The grotesqueness of communist zeal for peace in view of the bristling militarism of Soviet Russia did not occur to the humorless Marxian mind. Moreover, the achievement of pacifist aims in America coincided directly with revolutionary purposes. It had long been a tenet of the Marxians that dis-

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armament of the bourgeoisie is an antecedent step to successful proletarian revolution. Accordingly, by working with the religious and liberal pacifist elements for the reduction of armaments and the crippling of the American munitions industry, communists would be weakening the defenses of a system which it was their purpose eventually to attack.

The first step taken by the Comrades to enter the pacifist field on an organized scale was the holding of the World Congress Against War in Amsterdam, Holland, on August 27, 1932. The overt communist character of this gathering resulted in its being barred from four countries, Switzerland, Great Britain, France, and Belgium, before it was finally permitted to assemble in Amsterdam.

The American delegates to the Congress returned home to establish a similar permanent organization in the United States. There was, however, considerable acrimonious discussion of the project within the communist family at the time. A representative of the Comintern, Comrade Yurevich, was sent to the United States from Moscow to confer with American communists regarding the launching of the Red peace movement. Earl Browder, secretary of the American Communist Party, at first objected to the Comintern's plans. A sharp rejoinder came from Moscow and Comrade Browder quickly saw the error of his ways. He proceeded to mobilize the full energies of the party behind the campaign for the new peace organization. A United States Congress Against War and Fascism was called in New York for September 29, 1933.

A perusal of the files of the *Daily Worker*, the official American communist organ, for September and October, 1933, will leave no doubt concerning the now-disputed parentage of the convention

which launched the American League Against War and Fascism. An official statement by Browder was published on September 15 defining the communist objectives of the meeting. The guest of honor at the Congress was Henri Barbusse, French author and pacifist, who had been the guiding spirit of the World Congress at Amsterdam. "Yes, I'm a communist, and proud of it," Barbusse declared upon his arrival from Europe.

When the delegates assembled, after listening to addresses by Barbusse, Browder, James Ford, Robert Minor, Israel Amter, and Robert Morss Lovett, from a lengthy panel of well-known communist orators, the Congress unanimously passed a resolution declaring an "unyielding struggle against War, Fascism, and for Defense of the Soviet Union". Out of this assemblage was born the American League Against War and Fascism which is now being officially welcomed by conservative mayors, addressed by such men as General Butler and Bishop Blake, and given the co-operation of an incalculable number of befuddled but fundamentally patriotic American pacifists.

Perhaps the best demonstration of the indubitable communist character of the League is seen in the fact that the Socialist Party, after electing a sub-committee to represent it at the New York Congress, withdrew these delegates following the discovery that the movement was merely an "innocents" organization of the communists. In the *New Leader* of August 12, 1933, an official statement of the Socialist Party declared that "the communists have betrayed the United States Congress Against War by attempting to make it a tool to be used against the Socialists". When J. B. Matthews, then a member of the Socialist Party, attended the New York meeting and was elected chairman of the

newly-formed League, the party forced him to resign the chairmanship under penalty of expulsion. Even after the "Militants" captured the Socialist Party at the Detroit convention in 1934, with a presumably friendly attitude toward a United Front with the Comrades, the party continued to persist in its refusal to be drawn into such an alliance with communism as affiliation with the League would infer. And yet, in the face of such evidence, the League continues to protest shrilly that it is non-communist, and that those who attack it are actuated by fascist sympathies.

An examination of the literature of the League demonstrates that peace is not the primary objective of its efforts. "The points of continuous emphasis at present," a pamphlet declares, "are (1) activity toward the stopping of the Italo-Ethiopian war, and the prevention of conflict in the Far East, and (2) opposition to growing American fascism as expressed by the use of troops, the American Legion, 'Law and Order' committees, and vigilantes in strikes and labor conflicts. . . . Opposition to the war-mongering of government officials, military officers, and others is a part of our activity. The League has been aggressive in its attacks on William Randolph Hearst, opposing his papers and newsreels, his war propaganda and Red-baiting, and his drive against the rights of organized workers."

Of course, such a program bluntly reveals the disingenuousness of the pretense of pacifism. None of the above activities has any legitimate place in a genuine peace movement. It should be obvious, even to the most gullible, that American activity against Italy and Japan would lead the United States not to peace, but to inevitable participation in war. But both programs would strengthen Soviet Russia, whose interests demand the curbing of the

fascist nations in Europe and the inveigling of the United States into the expected future war in Manchuria. Of course, such manipulation of American public opinion, in the interests of Russia, is the actual purpose of the League under the cant of pacifist phrases.

Moreover, it is highly difficult to reconcile the campaign of the League against Mr. Hearst with any other but communist objectives. Whatever opinion one may hold of Hearst journalism, there can be little question that during the last eighteen months he has rendered yeoman service in exposing the propaganda maneuvers of the communist movement. It is for this that the League is penalizing him, and not for any mythical "fascist" designs. Since the Hearst press commenced its campaign against communism, a widespread movement has been initiated by the League to inflame racial groups to boycott Hearst papers by appealing to anti-Nazi emotions. In New York, groups of League members have been organized to go from theater to theater, protesting the Hearst newsreels with the object of frightening theater owners into cancelling contracts. The League has actually attempted to set itself up as a censor of the motion pictures to be displayed to American audiences. Any current film which includes strike or labor scenes which may be regarded in any way as unfavorable to the revolutionary movement, or any picture which shows Soviet Russia in an unkind light, is greeted by pickets sent out by the League.

What all this activity has to do with peace is beyond ordinary comprehension. It bears out, however, the fact that the League has little interest in the pacifist cause, apart from the Moscow peace programs which Comrade Litvinoff projects from time to time, and that its primary and unwearying concern is the prosecution

of class war in America. The actual role of the League, in brief, is to serve as a communist spearhead in all controversial situations wherein it is advisable to act in the name of an organization not directly vulnerable to the revolutionary stigma.

III

While the League Against War and Fascism can be pigeonholed as an unquestionably communist subsidiary, it is not so easy to characterize that other conspicuous Leftist group, the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom. Admittedly its ranks are filled with enthusiasts whose interest in the class war is as keen as their interest in peace. But unlike the A.L.A.W.F., it is not one of the Moscow-inspired "innocents" organizations. Its zeal for peace is genuine, however enmeshed it may be with extraneous political considerations.

The W.I.L. operates primarily as a high-powered pressure movement in Washington. Its lobby is one of the most resourceful and meddlesome on Capitol Hill in all measures relating to national defense, neutrality, or the League of Nations. It has, in Miss Dorothy Detzer, its executive secretary, an extremely capable legislative worker. Miss Detzer has always been classified with the Left-wingers, and she was one of the delegates to the communist-sponsored World Congress Against War in Amsterdam, as well as to the first Congress Against War and Fascism in New York. She is generally credited with the authorship of Senator Nye's resolution which resulted in the Senate Munitions Investigation. She worked closely with Nye and the Socialist, Stephen Raushenbush, throughout the inquisition. That it was her influence which resulted in the disastrous Nye decision to place the main emphasis

of the investigation upon the abolition of profit in munitions manufacture is an open secret.

The W.I.L., since its first appearance in the wartime atmosphere of 1915, has always enjoyed an unusual respect from conservatives, in deference to its founder and long-time leader, the late Jane Addams. Respect for Miss Addams' memory, however, should not conceal the fact that the organization is now openly allied with the Socialist and Communist Parties in a number of non-pacifist interests. In its current statement of policies, the League declares as one of its three principles that "We believe that there can be neither peace nor freedom without justice, and that the existing economic system is a challenge to our whole position. Our duty, therefore, and also our opportunity as pacifists, is to work for a better economic and social order by every non-violent means." In its 1935-36 program, announced in the same publication, it does not confine itself to peace objectives, but ranges widely over the field which socialists and communists have long cultivated as their own, advocating such causes as civil liberties (in the Roger N. Baldwin sense), more rights for Negroes, the admission of German refugees to the United States, and the defeat of the Tydings-McCormack military disaffection bill. Quite characteristically, the publications of the League bristle with attacks upon fascism but do not, in any place, express a similar disapprobation of communism.

Perhaps the most indubitable indication of the kinship of the W.I.L. to the Marxians is the fact that it has been generously endowed by the Garland Fund. The organizations which have been selected by the Fund for subsidies comprise a roll-call of those movements which the Reds themselves regard as forerunners of the Revolu-

tion. The complete administration of the Fund, it will be recalled, was in the hands of a Board of Trustees of thirteen, including such undisguised communists or socialists as Roger N. Baldwin, William Z. Foster, Scott Nearing, Robert Morss Lovett, Norman Thomas, Harry F. Ward, Sidney Hillman, James Weldon Johnson, Lewis S. Gannett, etc. Some of the causes to which the Garland money was allocated by these directors were the *Daily Worker*, the *New Masses*, the Communist International Labor Defense, the anarchist Ferrer School of Stelton, New Jersey, the I.W.W., the Socialist Rand School, etc. The stigma which attaches to the receipt of Garland money is recognized clearly by the pacifists themselves, as instanced by the protestation in an official prospectus of Frederick J. Libby, director of the National Council for the Prevention of War, that "the National Council has never received money from the Garland Fund".

Countless smaller Left-wing pacifist groups crowd the field beyond the W.I.L. Such organizations as the War Resisters League, World Peaceways, the Fellowship of Reconciliation, the Committee on Militarism in Education, exhibit virtually the same assortment of pink and red names on their letter-heads, together with a window-dressing of inactive conservative peace advocates. Most of these Left-wing groups have been beneficiaries of the Garland Fund. Each has its specific sector of the pacifist front which it cultivates with aggressive and ardent radical enthusiasm.

IV

It is difficult to chart accurately the many church peace movements, although a general view places them in the Center. Traditionally, the Christian peace groups should belong to the far Right in any scale

of political coloring. Their zeal for peace is theological rather than political. But the human element in these organizations upsets the equation. Actually, the church groups have for years been so wracked by communist and socialist propaganda that there is serious question whether some of them should not be classified close to the Marxian Left.

One has only to recall the No More War demonstration in New York in May, 1935, when eminent churchmen fraternized with communists and socialists in a parade whose marching thousands chanted "Support the Soviet peace policy!" to realize the faintness of the line which separates many of the clerical pacifists from the revolutionaries. With such supposed non-Socialist clergymen as Dr. Robert W. Searle, secretary of the Greater New York Council of Churches, Dr. S. Parkes Cadman, and Bishop Robert L. Paddock among others in the line of march, it was apparent that a large section of Christian pacifism is already prepared to accept the co-operation of the extreme Left.

Each denomination now maintains its separate bureau of peace propaganda, whose activities are continuously co-ordinated by Dr. Walter W. Van Kirk's Department of International Justice and Good Will of the Federal Council of Churches. The programs of these separate agencies, in turn, dovetail into the work of the Carnegie-supported World Alliance for International Friendship. It is all very confusing to the outsider and it is doubtless equally confusing to the clergy, who find themselves sprayed continuously by streams of pacifist propaganda and entreaty from a battery of parallel Christian peace agencies.

The extent to which the church is being mobilized for political action on peace issues was demonstrated early this year

when the ill-fated McReynolds neutrality measure received the brief and ineffectual sponsorship of President Roosevelt in Congress. The official heads of the twenty-five principal Protestant denominations were lined up by the Federal Council behind a crackling manifesto demanding the passage of a neutrality measure which would permit the President to "co-operate with other nations for the prevention of war". It is interesting to note that in the Italian-Ethiopian situation which faced Washington at the time, such a pronunciamento was tantamount to a demand that the American government obligate itself to go to war, if necessary, to prevent war. As such it was obviously a contradiction of the Christian peace concept. Since this was precisely the position which was being taken by all the Left elements at that time, it is not difficult to suspect the hand of the Leftists in this formulating of Christian political policies.

As a matter of fact, the peace and "social action" agencies in the various denominations have long been the favored stamping ground of the Reds inside the churches. Many of these denominational committees have been captured by communists and socialists who have committed them to numerous revolutionary objectives. Such outspoken communist or socialist sympathizers as the Rev. Harry F. Ward, secretary of the Methodist Federation of Social Service, the Rev. William B. Spofford of the Episcopal Church League for Industrial Democracy, and the Rev. Hubert C. Herring, secretary of the Department of Social Relations of the Congregational Church, have developed to a fine art the exploitation of these denominational names for the support of radical causes, to the indignation of the conservative majority of their co-religionists.

It is regrettable to note, in view of the

long honored peace stand which has been taken by the Society of Friends, that the Comrades have been particularly successful in injecting socialistic partisanship into the peace work of the Quakers. Indeed, it is something of a jest among radicals themselves that, nowadays, wealthy Pennsylvania Quakers have become, through their peace sympathies, among the most generous financial angels of the Leftist movements.

The spearhead of peace activities among the Quakers is the American Friends Service Committee, which recently sprang into fame as the recipient of Mrs. Roosevelt's radio earnings. It was this committee which sponsored Mrs. Roosevelt's unhappy national lecture tour on behalf of peace. But the Friends Service Committee, ever since the World War, has exhibited an inordinate tolerance of outspoken socialists and communists as participants in its various activities, as well as a willingness to sponsor and support such dubious lobbying movements as the National Council for the Prevention of War. To mention only a few, the committee has maintained on its staff at different times such militant socialists as Karl M. Borders and Paul H. Douglas. In 1922, it employed as its publicity director Robert W. Dunn, a conspicuous American communist who was later to serve as a member of the board of the Garland Fund. One of its most active lecturers at the present time is Kirby Page, outspoken socialist advocate and successor to Norman Thomas as editor of the late Christian Socialist magazine, *The World Tomorrow*. At this writing, the committee is sponsoring a nation-wide lecture tour for George Lansbury, Left-wing Socialist member of the British Parliament, who is using the Quaker platform as a microphone for revolutionary Socialist propaganda.

But probably the most important of the Centrist peace movements is the National Council for the Prevention of War. This powerful lobby at Washington comes naturally into the pacifist story at this point, since it is a stepchild of the Friends Committee. It is generally understood that the Council, which was originally projected at the time of the Washington Disarmament Conference in 1922, was made possible by an annual subsidy of \$30,000 from the Friends. To this date, Quaker opponents of war are its most reliable financial contributors.

It is no exaggeration to describe the Council as the most effective peace agency in America today. It differs from the dreamy and impractical type of pacifist organization in the hard-headed realism of its policies and tactics. It has attempted to exercise in the peace movement the technique of minority political manipulation which was employed so strikingly by the late lamented Anti-Saloon League. Instead of dissipating its resources in vague peace propaganda, the League has adopted as its slogan, "Say it with votes," and it has initiated a drive which, it hopes, will eventually set up a Peace Action Committee in each of the 435 congressional districts in the United States. Through these congressional committees it is attempting to build a political fire behind every unfriendly congressman who refuses to respond to Washington suasion.

The scope of its work is increasing year by year. In its advertising literature, the Council states that it now enjoys an annual propaganda budget of \$150,000. It recently announced the receipt of a gift of \$69,000 from an anonymous Washington woman to aid in the extension of its work. The Council now has a permanent staff of eighty persons, and it has recently taken on 500 additional workers to act as sales-

men of Peace Bonds, through which it hopes to raise a propaganda fund of \$1,000,000 before December 31.

Last year, the Council boasts, it distributed 1,316,688 pieces of peace propaganda literature. Its staff members delivered 2187 speeches in thirty-nine states and the District of Columbia. "Through manifold channels," its literature proclaims, "including press, radio, and mailing lists, the National Council reaches out to the millions of high-school students and teachers, comes into the homes of housewives and mothers, touches 100,000 farmers annually, supplies debating material to college students, stirs churchmen to new zeal for peace, addresses increasing meetings in the ranks of labor."

That the Council is a potent factor in the present hysterical situation at Washington is seen in its 1934 proclamation that "five of the policies of our last year's program have become the official policies of our government." It lists them: "(1) Repeal of the Platt Amendment; (2) Recognition of Soviet Russia; (3) Embargo on the Shipment of Arms to Bolivia and Paraguay; (4) Senatorial Investigation of the Armaments Industry; (5) Membership in the International Labor Organization."

Has the revolutionary Left penetrated this formidable organization? On the surface, there are few signs of such a development. In its literature the Council takes particular pains to point out that "it does not find co-operation possible with the communists nor with the American Legion". It is significant that it does not include the socialists in this disclaimer. But notwithstanding these sharp words, there have been signs of a curious affinity between the executive head of the Council and certain individual communists since the beginning. There has also been a friendly attitude toward those borderline

causes which engage the ardor of the extreme Left.

The personal element plays a strong part in the Council. Its founder and dominating spirit since the beginning has been the Rev. Frederick J. Libby. In many respects, Libby deserves a niche with Wayne B. Wheeler and James G. McDonald as one of the century's master merchandisers of propaganda. The job which has been done by the Council is all his handiwork. Libby stepped into his work with the Council direct from a staff position with the American Friends Service Committee, where, incidentally, Miss Detzer also received her training. Early in his new undertaking, he constituted himself as a one-man lobby to induce American recognition of Soviet Russia. In his official pamphlet of February 11, 1922, he wrote that "Soviet Russia has found an advocate in our bulletin". Despite his public protestation of communist non-co-operation, it is interesting to note that he finds nothing incongruous in the presence of communists on his own staff. For some time, his publicity man at the Council was Seymour Waldman, now a Washington correspondent for the communist *Daily Worker*. At another time, he employed as his field representative and lecturer Thomas Que Harrison, who had previously attained a wide reputation as a communist advocate and as a writer for the *Daily Worker*. Two of the movements which are listed as "participating organizations" of the Council — the Fellowship of Reconciliation and the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom — are notoriously Left-wing groups.

It would seem that the very militance of Libby's pacifism, a quality which differentiates him from the sedate and decorous peace apostles who draw salaries from the Carnegie funds, brings him into continuous touch with the Marxists. The experi-

ence of the Council illustrates the inescapable dilemma of all militant peace groups today — a dilemma either of inaction or of increasing co-operation with the volatile improvisations of the Left.

V

What may be called the Right of the American peace movement is still overshadowed by the towering figure of Andrew Carnegie. Although a score of years has passed since Carnegie died, the momentum of his money still rules the peace field. In 1919 the various Carnegie endowments added Geneva to the Hague in their peace strategy. Since that time it has been the unceasing impulsion of the foundations which has kept the League of Nations issue alive in the inhospitable atmosphere of American politics.

In an article such as this, it is impossible to do more than list the various foundations which are subsidizing peace propaganda in this country. The pillar of the pacifist Right, of course, is the princely Carnegie Endowment for International Peace. With an endowment of \$11,720,978 and under the astute leadership of Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, this well-oiled propaganda mechanism has influenced much of the unwritten history of the post-war period. It distributes an income of over \$200,000 per year among the various subsidiary bodies which work under its direction. It finances such organizations as the Institute of International Education for the exchange of scholars and lecturers with European nations; the League of Nations Association for the support of its educational program in this country and for the maintenance of the American Committee at Geneva; the International Relations Clubs for peace propaganda among college students, and the Foreign

Policy Association, for lectures and publications. A recently-launched financial beneficiary of the Endowment is the National Peace Conference, a federation of peace societies which ties in with the Federal Council of Churches through Dr. Van Kirk, its executive secretary. The primary program of this Conference appears to be the committal of the United States to support of the sanctions of the League of Nations. Another Carnegie establishment which has its own separate endowment of \$2,297,000 is the Church Peace Union which, with its subsidiary, the World Alliance for International Friendship Through the Churches, maintains an elaborate organization for the diffusion of peace propaganda through the American churches.

The power of the Carnegie influence in the peace movement is subtly felt in every direction. Independent peace agencies, hopeful of subsidies from this Croesus hand, are disinclined to diverge from the Carnegie viewpoints. A large professional staff of high-salaried publicists and lecturers occupies these various endowed offices and has a vested interest in the perpetuation of the peace cause. The Carnegie payroll signers are a compact group which jealously endeavors at all times to hold the reins over the general pacifist movement.

Radicalism has penetrated the Carnegie agencies only to a slight degree. The types which are found in the executive chairs of these endowments are mild, middle-of-the-road liberals, whose high sense of social service is tempered by the restraining conservatism of invested money. Occasionally the Carnegie coterie executes a gesture of patronizing tolerance toward the Left as when, last year, the Carnegie Endowment devoted its monthly publication to the reprint of a Stalin speech with a supplementary article by the American Marxist, Sidney Hook. Such episodes, however, are

conspicuous only for their infrequency. Generally speaking, the Carnegie agencies, aside from their fanatical obsession with the League of Nations, may be said to be a dependable Right-wing bulwark amid the oscillations of American pacifism toward the Left.

Belonging also to the Right is the World Peace Foundation which, although not one of the Carnegie chain, closely resembles it in policy. This body was established in 1910 by an endowment of \$1,000,000 from Edwin Ginn. It has identified itself closely with the League of Nations in recent years, and acts as the American disseminator of League and World Court publications.

VI

To summarize, then, a survey of American peace movements from Left to Right reveals an appalling confusion of aims and political attitudes. There is an opportunistic interlocking of activities and personnel among the rival pacifist groups beyond the controlled area of Carnegie endowments and the League of Nations propagandists. There is an irresponsible willingness on the part of both the Centrist and the Left groups to stultify their pacifism by open co-operation with insincere communist and socialist agents. Particularly, there is an alarming disposition on the part of sincere church peace groups to permit their activities to be directed by the Wards, the Pages, the Niebuhrs, and the Schmalzes whose political loyalties have already gone over definitely to the cause of the social revolution.

Unquestionably the number of men and women in the peace movements who are conscious supporters of communist revolution is small. Outside the American League Against War and Fascism, and

possibly the Methodist Federation for Social Service, the revolutionists do not openly control any of the major peace movements. Even in these two groups, their control is disguised by a fiction of phrases. But it is the genius of the revolutionist that he is most dangerous when most disguised. He is fortified at all times by a fixed goal, a unifying plan, and he easily outmaneuvers the drifting majority which is planless before the challenge of events. Particularly does the Leftist find it easy to dominate when he enters the ambiguous environs of pacifism. Since pacifism is an attitude rather than a philosophy, the Marxists with their clearly-defined objectives find it easy to manipulate their peace co-workers toward collectivist ends.

From the standpoint of real world peace, the interpenetration of the Reds in the pacifist movement is little short of disastrous. It has weakened the disinterested

moral appeal of peace education by confusing it with the social and economic issues of the radicals. And unfortunately, there is little hope of the reversal of the present pacifist trend toward the Left, so long as the Right remains incoherent.

The Marxist seeks not peace but class war. He marches with pacifism, not to end war but to exploit pacifism for the launching of the most deadly internecine strife which has ever been suffered by mankind. To admit such incompatible allies into its ranks is to forfeit for pacifism the moral respect of the world. Without a resolute and realistic attitude on the part of the genuine pacifist — an attitude which pacifism has not yet exhibited — there can be no checking of the present Red advance. Pacifism will become merely another party line for the resourceful schemers who have determined that American democratic government must perish.

STRANGER'S QUESTION

BY JOHN HOLMES

Do you know a country where the brave are brave,
Where no one hates the lonely or the wise,
A country where, till death, no mortal dies?
It is not childhood. It is not the grave.
It is a real country, I believe, where skies
Like these are rainy or with wind blown blue.
Is it the very country I am passing through,
Where no man fights the dark with fists and lies?
Is it somewhere along this common street
That I may hear man's love for man sung loud?
Is it in this country that the poor are proud? — ”
The stranger asked, not hearing me repeat
Denial, not even guessing I was kind
Because I thought him lost, or mad, or blind.

GAMBLING HELL'S OF NEW ORLEANS

BY HERBERT ASBURY

THE dominating vice of Creole New Orleans, early in the last century, was a passion for gambling which has never since been equaled on this side of the Atlantic Ocean. Addiction to games of chance was so nearly universal, and became so definitely a trait of local character, as to foster a tradition that the first of the riffraff colonists sent to Louisiana by the Mississippi Company stepped ashore with a deck of cards in his pocket and a roulette wheel under his arm. Professional gamblers appeared on the scene in large numbers as soon as the flatboats and keelboats began coming down the Mississippi, and Girod and Tchoupitoulas Streets bloomed as the favorite haunts of the boat crews and the rougher elements of the city's population. In both of these areas every dive, even the bordellos, furnished facilities for gambling, and practically all of them were crooked.

So far as the records show, the only square game among the scores frequented by the river men was to be found in a little roulette house on Tchoupitoulas Street, operated by an old Frenchman named Grampin, who went bankrupt in an extraordinary fashion. Among his regular customers was a flatboat captain who came in every night while he was in port and bet twenty-five cents—never more and never less—on the red at roulette. One night the captain sat down, staked his coin, and leaned his head on his hand while Grampin spun the wheel. Red won, and

the money was doubled. As the captain did not pick up his winnings, Grampin again started the little ball rolling, and again it stopped on red, once more doubling the stake. Again and again the frantic Frenchman spun the wheel, and each time red won, while the flatboat captain sat like a stone image, apparently oblivious both to his good fortune and to the excitement which his play was creating. At the sixteenth turn of the wheel, when the captain's winnings amounted to about \$8000 on his original investment of a quarter, Grampin pushed all the money he had across the table and excitedly ordered the river man to leave. When the latter still did not move, Grampin pushed him, and he rolled stiffly from his chair to the floor. He was dead. With great promptness several members of his crew, who had accompanied him to the gambling house, gathered up the body, the roulette wheel, the money, and all the furniture, and rushed from the place. When a dozen of the night watch appeared a little later, they found the old Frenchman weeping in the middle of a bare room.

For some twenty-five years after the American accession the gambling houses of the town were as shabby and unpretentious as their proprietors; small places in the side streets, fitted with roulette wheels and a few card tables. The first of the sumptuous palaces of chance, which became famous as the most pleasant spots in the United States in which to lose money,

was opened in 1827 by John Davis. He established also a branch, of equal magnificence, a mile from the city, which was operated only from Saturday noon to early Monday morning. On Sunday evening an elaborate dinner was served free to all players. The Orleans Street house, however, was open day and night seven days a week, with croupiers and dealers working in four-hour shifts. Although Davis started both of these establishments during one of the periods in which gambling was being rigorously suppressed, he was not molested by the authorities, and he had the field practically to himself until 1832, when the Legislature legalized gambling in New Orleans and thus permitted any man to open a place who would pay the license fee of \$7500 a year. Under the protection of this law a score of high-class places quickly appeared.

In these establishments there were a dozen ways by which a man and his money might be parted, but the most popular methods of separation were faro, roulette, and *vingt-et-un*, from which came the American game of blackjack. The proprietors also provided private rooms for the convenience of aristocrats and officials who refused to demean themselves by gambling with *hoi polloi*. Most of these exclusives were devotees of *écarté* and brag, the latter an ancient card game from which poker probably developed. There was no limit in the gambling houses; a loss of \$25,000 at a sitting was not uncommon, and many men of wealth poured from \$50,000 to \$100,000 a year across the gaming tables. Others became paupers overnight, staking their plantations, their city real estate, their slaves, and everything of value they possessed. As a Louisiana historian said, "captains of vessels lost their salaries, ship-owners their cargoes, planters the money which they had gained from

the sale of the year's crops". Members of the Marigny family are said to have gambled so heavily, and so unsuccessfully, that in order to pay their losses they were compelled to sell their famous plantation. Perhaps the most consistent loser in New Orleans history was Colonel John R. Grymes, the wealthy lawyer who had acquired considerable notoriety by his defense of the pirate Jean Lafitte. Colonel Grymes' law practice brought him a large income, but he dissipated it at the gaming tables and died a poor man. Tradition has it that although he gambled at every opportunity, not once did he win a hand, and that for more than a decade his losses averaged \$50,000 a year.

In the middle 'Fifties, when Price McGrath, James Sherwood, and Henry Perrott, who had successfully operated large establishments in St. Louis and other cities, invaded the field, the industry underwent a great renaissance of splendor. The newcomers formed a partnership under the firm name of McGrath & Company, acquired a property at No. 4 Carondelet Street, refurnished it at a cost of \$70,000, and opened a gambling house which for richness of appointment, and elegance of service, outshone even Davis' famous place of the earlier day. It is said to have been the first resort of the kind in America wherein the croupiers and dealers were required to wear evening dress. The sumptuous buffet suppers served free each evening were celebrated all over the country. Besides being one of the most splendidly equipped gambling houses in the United States, the establishment of McGrath & Company was perhaps the most honest, and the partners really tried to keep from the tables men who could not afford to lose.

The great success of this policy influenced the dozen other large houses which

were opened about the same time, and New Orleans enjoyed some half-dozen years of remarkably upright gambling. One of the palatial establishments was the scene, about 1860, of a wild gambling spree by the representative of a large Greek importing firm. He is said to have gambled steadily for four days and nights, with only a few hours' rest, and to have lost \$80,000 in one night's play. His losses during the four days amounted to \$250,000.

II

But the professionals who operated in New Orleans were drab fellows compared with their gaudy brethren of the steam-boats; in dress and demeanor they were scarcely distinguishable from the general run of citizens. Whatever color and spectacularity attached to the gamblers themselves in early Creole times were provided by river sharpers who occasionally stopped ashore for brief vacations from their arduous labors of fleecing the traveling sucker. For gambling on the river was recognized as an established institution. Many steam-boat captains considered it bad luck to leave a wharf without a gambler on board, and no attempt was made to hinder him when he started operations. He was in his heyday from about 1835 to the Civil War; from 600 to 800 men regularly worked the big boats between New Orleans and St. Louis. During this period, when the "floating palaces" were renowned as the ultimate in luxurious travel, the gambler gave to life on the Mississippi a picturesqueness which in earlier days had been provided by the swaggering bullies of the flatboat crews.

Contemporary writers agree that as a class he was the best-dressed man in the United States; certainly he was the most dazzling. His basic garments were somber

enough — black soft hat, black broadcloth coat and trousers, black high-heeled boots, black tie and white shirt — but it was the manner in which he embellished this groundwork that earned him his reputation. The shirt was cut low in the neck, with a loose collar, and a bosom marvelously frilled, and only partly concealed by a fancy vest of unspeakable gaudiness, fastened with pearl, gold, or diamond buttons. At least three diamond rings encircled as many smooth fingers, and another stone, known as "the headlight" and as large as he could afford, gleamed amidst the frizzles of the white shirt. In a pocket of the vest was his watch, usually a big gold repeater set with gems, and attached to the watch was one end of a long gold chain which was looped about his neck and draped across his shirt-front.

Jimmy Fitzgerald, a New Orleans sharper who made — and lost — a fortune playing poker and faro on the river, was perhaps the best dressed gambler of his time. He sent to Paris for his boots, possessed four overcoats and a score of expensive suits, and wore a golden chain a rod long and as big around as his little finger. When he came aboard a steamboat he was followed by three slaves bearing his raiment. He was a reckless and spectacular player, and what he made on the river he lost in the gambling houses ashore. He was frequently known to "call the turn" at faro, and, guessing incorrectly the order in which the last two cards in the box would appear, lose his wardrobe, his diamonds and golden chain, and his Negroes. But a few weeks after such a disaster he invariably reappeared on the steamboats as resplendent as ever, complaining because his newest pair of boots had not yet arrived from France.

Another noted fashion-plate was Colonel Charles Starr, a tall, handsome man of im-

posing presence, who was also celebrated among the gamblers as the biggest liar on the river. To hear him tell it, he owned at least half of the plantations on the Mississippi, and gambled only because he was bored by his uncountable wealth. He was able to impart a certain air of verisimilitude to his boastings by hiring Negroes to meet whatever steamboat he was traveling on at various landings and hail him as "Massa Kunnel", representing themselves as overseers on his broad acres and asking for instructions. And these the Colonel always gave, pompously and in great detail. Starr accumulated a sizeable fortune by his activities on the Mississippi, but in his later years lost all his money in futile attempts to break the faro banks. When he was finally at the end of his resources, and driven to cadging food, he entered a New Orleans restaurant, where he had been a welcome guest in the days of his prosperity, and ordered an elaborate dinner. The manager demanded payment in advance. Without a word Colonel Starr left the place. In an hour he returned with five dollars (for which he had pawned his overcoat), and ordered the best dinner obtainable for that amount. When it was served, deliberately and very carefully he turned each dish upside down. Then he walked out. That night he died.

At least ninety per cent of the elegant tricksters who preyed upon the river traveler were known in the vernacular as "sure-thing players", a euphemistic way of saying that they were as crooked as the proverbial corkscrew, and ran "brace" games exclusively. They were adepts at palming cards and dealing from the bottom, called "laying the bottom stock"; and used such cheating devices as vest, table, sleeve, and belt holdouts; shiners for reading hands held by opponents; and poker rings fitted with needle-like points for

making tiny indentations in the backs of cards. These and other appliances of a like character, known to the trade as "advantage tools", were sold by dealers in New York and Chicago, who flooded the river country with their catalogues, and sent salesmen to demonstrate samples. Most of the big killings on the steamboats, however, were made with marked cards or "readers", which were planted beforehand with the bartender, and sent to the gambler's table when new decks were called for. Sometimes, instead of actually marking the cards, the decks were stripped; that is, a fraction of an inch was cut from the edges of all but three or four of the highest cards, with a tool called a "stripper plate". The fact that these few cards were a trifle larger than the others passed unnoticed, but the expert manipulator, in shuffling, dealing or cutting, could place them wherever he wished. "The benefit of these cards," said a dealer's catalogue, "can be estimated only in one way, and that is: how much money has your opponent got? He never knows what hurt him".

Of the few old-time river gamblers who were known as "square players", and who depended entirely upon luck and skill, the most celebrated were Dick Hargraves, John Powell, and Major George M. White. The last-named followed gambling as a profession for sixty-two years, and won and lost a dozen fortunes. He began his career in New Orleans in 1825, when twenty years old, and dealt his last card in 1887, his hand still firm and his eye clear at eighty-two. Major White made a profit of \$30,000 in one year -- 1857 -- on the Mississippi, and for several years received \$400 a week to run a faro bank in New Orleans, said to have been the highest salary ever paid to a faro dealer in the United States. He died in San Francisco in 1900, at the age of ninety-five.

Hargraves, a slim, dapper man with suave manners, had an extraordinary career. He came to New Orleans from England about 1840, when he was sixteen, and became a bartender, but turned to gambling when he won \$30,000 in a poker game. Hargraves followed the river for more than a decade with phenomenal success; at one time he was said to be worth \$2,000,000. At the height of his renown he became involved in an affair with the wife of a New Orleans banker, and killed the banker when the latter challenged him to a duel. Then the brother of the wife sent word that he would kill Hargraves on sight. They met in a resort at Natchez-under-the-Hill, one of the famous hell-holes of the Mississippi, and the gambler killed the brother in a desperate fight. When he returned to New Orleans, Hargraves' paramour stabbed him and committed suicide. Hargraves recovered, married a girl whom he had rescued from a fire in Mobile, joined a filibustering expedition to Cuba and, when the Civil War began, became a Major in the Union Army.

John Powell, a native Missourian who lived in New Orleans most of the time he was ashore, was the *beau ideal* of the river gamblers—tall, handsome and distinguished, well-educated, always richly dressed without the vulgar flashiness of his colleagues, and possessing a charm of personality which made him welcome in the best of society—except among the haughty descendants of the casket and correction girls in New Orleans. He refused a nomination for Congress in Missouri when he was a young man, but continued to take an active interest in politics both in his native state and in Louisiana; he was a friend of Andrew Jackson and Stephen A. Douglas. During the period of his greatest success as a gambler—from

about 1845 to 1858—Powell was considered the most daring and expert poker player on the river, and was always ready to back his judgment on cards with everything he possessed. With the exception of Hargraves, he was probably the most consistent winner, and the richest, of all the square gamblers who worked the steam-boats. When he was fifty, in 1858, Powell owned a theater and other property in New Orleans, a \$100,000 farm stocked with fine horses and slaves in Tennessee, and considerable real estate in St. Louis. His friends urged him to retire, but he declared that gambling was in his blood, and that he would gamble until he died.

Powell's triumphs, however, ended in 1858 when he was one of the participants in a famous poker game aboard the steamer *Atlantic*, with two other professional gamblers, square players, and Jules Devereaux, a rich planter. Within an hour after play had begun there was \$37,000 in gold on the table, and on the first hand Powell is said to have won \$8000. The game continued without intermission for three days, during which time the four men, drinking the finest wines only, ran up a bar bill of \$791.50. Devereaux' losses are said to have been approximately \$100,000, of which Powell won slightly more than half. A few months after, Powell played a two-handed game of poker with a young English tourist, and won \$8000 and the visitor's luggage. Next morning the Englishman came on deck, shook hands with all the passengers, and then put a pistol to his head and blew his brains out. Powell sent the young man's money and luggage to his relatives in England, and retired from gambling for a year. But when he returned to the river both his luck and his skill had deserted him; he is said to have never won another pot after his tragic triumph over the Eng-

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lishman. Within another year he had lost all his property, and was a shabby, desperate man. When the Civil War began he went to Seattle, where he died in poverty in 1870.

III

Many of the river gamblers abandoned their labors on the steamboats at the outbreak of hostilities between the North and the South, and sought refuge in New Orleans. With the gamblers who had remained in the city they formed a military company called the Wilson Rangers, but better known among the gamblers themselves as the Blackleg Cavalry. The *True Delta* of October 23, 1861, said proudly that "a finer-mounted troop of cavalry, we think, can hardly be found anywhere in the South than the Wilson Rangers . . . From what we have seen of them at drill, we judge them to be a valuable support to our army of gulf coast defense". But George Devol, a noted gambler, has a different tale to tell in his autobiography:

I was a member of the company. We armed and equipped ourselves, and the ladies said we were the finest looking set of men in the army. . . . When we were ordered out to drill (which was every day), we would mount our fine horses, gallop out back of the city, and the first orders we would receive from our commanding officer would be "Dismount! Hitch horses! March! Hunt shade! Begin playing!" . . . In less than ten minutes there would not be a man in the sun. They were all in the shade, seated on the ground in little groups of four, five and six; and in each group could be seen a little book of tactics (or at least it looked like a book at a distance). We would remain in the shade until the cool of the evening, when the orders would be given: "Cease playing! Put up books! Prepare to mount! Mount! March!" When we would get back to the city, the people would come out, cheer, wave handkerchiefs

and present us with bouquets; for we had been out drilling in the hot sun, preparing to protect their homes from the Northern invaders. . . . The citizens called us their defenders; and we did defend them—so long as there was no hostile foe within five hundred miles.

The gamblers' company was ordered on active service in April, 1862, when Farragut's fleet launched its attack, and was sent down the river to engage a large Federal land force which was reported marching on the city. "As we went through the streets," wrote Devol, "the ladies presented us with bouquets, and cheered us; but there was but little cheer in that fine body of gamblers." The Rangers were some six miles below the city when one of the Federal ships saluted them with a salvo of canister, whereupon the doughty gamblers retreated at full speed. "When we got back to the city," according to Devol, "we dismounted without orders . . . cut the buttons off our coats, buried our sabers, and tried to make ourselves look as much like peaceful citizens as possible; for we had enough of military glory, and were tired of war."

Major-General Benjamin F. Butler, in command of the Yankee army, took possession of New Orleans on May 1, 1862, and was the despotic ruler of the conquered city until December 16, when he was recalled to Washington. In those seven months he succeeded in making himself the most thoroughly despised man in all the history of New Orleans; he is still referred to as Butler the Beast, and if one-twentieth of the stories told about him are true he was veritably a scoundrel of the deepest dye. His brother, A. J. Butler, made \$2,000,000 in New Orleans by various means, and the General is said to have left with an even greater fortune.

Butler promulgated two orders which directly affected the gamblers. One, issued

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through regular military channels, closed all the houses; the other, circulated privately, permitted any gambler to reopen who would pay a license fee and accept the General's brother as a full but silent partner. Most of the establishments reopened under this arrangement, and from this source the General received a number of huge payments.

Butler's military successors failed to molest the gamblers, and they enjoyed great prosperity for some two years. But practically all of them were Southerners, and they took a keen delight in fleecing the officers and paymasters of the Federal army, most of whom were inveterate gamblers. Devol was fined \$1000 and sentenced to a year in prison for showing Federal officers a few tricks at three-card monte. He was released after six months, and celebrated by winning \$19,000 from a Federal paymaster at poker.

It was not long, however, before the Legislature placed opportunities for gambling in the way of virtually every man, woman, and child in the United States as well as in Louisiana by granting a charter to an institution which soon became famous as one of the most successful gambling schemes in American history—the Louisiana State Lottery Company. In return for an annual contribution of \$40,000 for the support of the Charity Hospital in New Orleans, and whatever private disbursements were necessary to maintain its political influence, the Company was granted a monopoly of the lottery business and the Policy game, which is still played extensively in all American cities, especially among the Negroes. Policy was in its heyday in New Orleans during the 'Eighties, when the whole city went mad over the game.

The Company appears to have had hard sledding for the first ten years, due largely

to competition from established lotteries in Alabama, Kentucky, and other states, but the great popularity of Policy enhanced its prestige, and thereafter it was extraordinarily prosperous. At one time, when the question of renewing the charter was being debated, the Company was able to offer the state an annual payment of \$1,250,000. By dint of expert lobbying, the Company acquired tremendous political power, and despite strenuous opposition, maintained its existence until 1907. It was finally put out of business by the national government, which not only closed the mails to the company's tickets and advertisements, but prosecuted its agents under a law, passed in 1895 by Congress, which prohibited interstate transportation of lottery tickets.

The Lottery sold tickets in vast numbers all over the United States—in Chicago alone the monthly sales amounted to \$85,000, and in Boston, \$50,000. Drawings were held daily, semi-monthly, and semi-annually, with a grand prize, awarded semi-annually on a \$40 ticket, of \$600,000. There were also prizes of \$15,000 on a \$1 ticket, \$30,000 on a \$2 ticket, \$75,000 on a \$5 ticket, \$150,000 on a \$10 ticket, and \$300,000 on a \$20 ticket. The yearly total of the daily drawings was \$20,000,000, and of the others, about \$28,000,000. There is no record of a single person winning the grand prize, but a New Orleans barber once won the prize of \$300,000 on a whole \$20 ticket, and was promptly paid. Until the last few years of its existence, when the company called itself the Honduras National Lottery and operated clandestinely, a winning ticket was as good as a certified check, and was cashed anywhere. The company gained the confidence of the whole nation by having its drawings supervised by commissioners in whom there was universal confidence. The first of these

were Generals P. G. T. Beauregard and Jubal A. Early, renowned leaders of the late-lamented Confederacy, who were each paid \$30,000 a year for two days' work a month.

IV

During these years virtually every known game of chance was being played on the steamboats. The most popular were poker, faro, twenty-one or blackjack, seven-up or old sledge, three-card monte, and that hoary old standby—the shell game. Faro, one of the oldest of all card games, was better known on the river as “the tiger”, while playing it was called “bucking the tiger”. It has always possessed a strange fascination for the professional gambler; the river trickster, when ashore, usually lost at faro the money he had gained at his own specialty on the steamboats.

Draw and stud poker were developed on the Mississippi about 1825; before that time cold hands were played with a deck of twenty cards, from the deuce to the six, or the ten to the ace. The hands possessed the same values as now, except that a straight flush was inferior to four of a kind, and remained so until a few years after the Civil War. In those early days there were two unbeatable hands in poker—four aces, and four kings with an ace for a confidence card.

In their essentials, three-card monte and the shell game were very similar, since both took advantage of the fact that the hand is quicker than the eye. The monte operator simply displayed three cards, called “the tickets”, usually two aces and a queen, threw them face down upon a flat surface, and then bet that the victim couldn't turn over “the old lady”. The shell man moved a dried pea or a little rubber ball rapidly back and forth under

three shells or cups of wood or metal. Then the sucker, having staked his money, was invited to lift the shell under which the pea or ball was hidden. If the gambler knew his business, it wasn't under any of them; it was between two of his fingers. Both the shell and monte players were usually assisted by cappers, who got the game started and showed prospective victims how easy it was to win.

The most successful of the monte operators were Canada Bill Jones and Devol, the latter describing himself in his autobiography as “a cabin boy in 1839; could steal cards and cheat the boys at eleven; stack a deck at fourteen . . . fought more rough-and-tumble fights than any man in America, and was the most daring gambler in the world”. Devol and Canada Bill worked the steamboats together for many prosperous years, but lost all of their earnings playing faro ashore. About 1850 they formed a partnership with two other gamblers, Tom Brown and Holly Chappell, and the four operated for several years on the Ohio and Mississippi, with frequent excursions to other navigable streams. When the combination finally dissolved, each man's share of the profits was more than \$200,000.

The body servant of this quartette was an intelligent free Negro boy called Pinch, whom Devol had found shining shoes in a steamboat barbershop. His real name was Pinckney Benton Stewart Pinchback, and he was born in Macon, Georgia, in 1837, two years before Devol ran away from home to become a cabin boy. Devol taught Pinch the tricks of the trade, and thereafter, while the partners were fleecing the white folks in the saloon with monte, faro, and poker, the boy was on deck roping in the Negroes with a chuck-a-luck game. In later years Pinch continued to do well for himself. After the War he

organized the Fourth Ward Republican Club and became a member of his party's state committee. Thereafter he was increasingly important in carpet-bag affairs. In 1868 he was elected to the State Senate, and in 1871 was chosen Lieutenant Governor to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of Oscar J. Dunn. He was acting Governor of Louisiana from December 9, 1872, to January 13, 1873, during the impeachment of Governor H. C. Warmoth, and in 1873 he was elected to the United States Senate. The Senate, however, after three years of debate, refused to seat him.

Devol was always the acme of sartorial perfection, but Canada Bill was conspicuous among the elegant dandies of the river by the slovenliness of his dress. Probably no man on the Mississippi looked less like a gambler. Devol described him as "a medium-sized, chicken-headed, two-haired sort of man with mild blue eyes, and a mouth nearly from ear to ear, who walked with a shuffling, half-apologetic sort of gait, and who, when his countenance was in repose, resembled an idiot. For hours he would sit in his chair, twisting his hair in little ringlets. . . . His clothes were always several sizes too large, and his face was as smooth as a woman's, and never had a particle of hair on it. . . . He had a squeaking, boyish voice, and awkward, gawky manners, and a way of asking fool questions and putting on a good-natured grin, that led everybody to believe that he was the greenest sort of country jake". But as Devol said, Canada Bill was "a slick one". His uncouth appearance disguised one of the shrewdest gamblers in the United States. He was by far the most expert of the monte players, and was one of the few men who could show the two aces and a queen and then, almost in the very act of throwing the cards, palm the queen and substitute a

third ace. He made enormous sums of money, but he lost it all ashore, for while almost every professional gambler was an arrant sucker for some particular game, Canada Bill was a sucker for all of them. He would bet on anything and play any sort of game, and the fact that it was a brace made no difference; he loved gambling for its own sake. It was Canada Bill who originated the story which has become the classic gambling anecdote. He and one of his partners were marooned for the night in a little river town, and after diligent search Canada Bill found a faro game and began to play. His partner urged him to stop.

"The game's crooked," he declared.

"I know it," replied Bill, "but it's the only one in town."

Canada Bill worked the river boats until traffic was virtually stopped by the War, and then transferred his activities to the railroads. Some ten years before his death he offered one of the Southern roads \$25,000 a year for permission to operate monte and confidence games on its trains without being molested. The offer was refused, although he promised to victimize only preachers. Canada Bill died a pauper and was buried by the mayor of Reading, Pennsylvania, who was afterward reimbursed by Chicago gamblers. As two of his former associates stood watching the coffin being lowered into the grave, one of them offered to bet \$1000 to \$500 that Canada Bill was not in the box.

"Not with me," said the other. "I've known Bill to squeeze through tighter holes than that."

Devol was not quite the kingpin he made himself out to be in his autobiography, but he was nevertheless an important personage among the sure-thing players of the Mississippi. He began gambling professionally at fifteen, while

working as cabin boy on a Rio Grande steamboat, and within another year he was an accomplished cheat with a sizeable bankroll. At the end of some fifty years of gambling, at least \$2,000,000 had passed through his hands, most of it eventually lost to the faro banks. With the exception of Canada Bill, Devol was probably the most proficient monte player who ever trimmed the suckers of the steamboats. He was also remarkably skillful at poker, seven-up, and other card games, and also at faro when he had the bank and could control the skulduggery. He was particularly adept at "laying the bottom stock" and ringing in cold decks; once in a friendly poker game with four other gamblers he rang in four cold decks on the same hand, dealt each of his opponents four aces, and then sat back and watched the fireworks. Within a few minutes everything the gamblers possessed was on the table, and when the showdown finally came, hours were required to get things straightened out.

Much of Devol's fame was based on his extraordinary ability as a fighter; he was probably correct in saying that he had engaged in more rough-and-tumble fights than any other man in America. He always carried a pistol, which he called Betsy Jane, but he never used it. He seldom hit a man with his hand, either; in most of his encounters he simply butted his opponent into submission with his

head; and with the weight of his two-hundred-pound body behind it, his massive, dome-shaped cranium was a formidable weapon. Several doctors who examined him at the height of his fame as a boxer said that his skull was more than an inch thick. "It must be pretty thick," Devol wrote, "or it would have been cracked many years ago, for I have been struck some terrible blows on my head with iron dray-pins, pokers, clubs, stone-coal and bowlders . . . I have had to do some hard butting in my early days on account of the reputation I had made for my head. I am now (1886) nearly sixty years of age, and have quit fighting, but I can today batter down any ordinary door or stave in a liquor barrel with that old head of mine."

For several years during and after the Civil War one of the attractions of Robinson's Circus was Billy Carroll, who was advertised as "the man with the thick skull, or the great boxer". In the arena Carroll demolished barrels and heavy doors with his head, and butted all comers. He was never downed until Robinson's Circus played New Orleans in the winter of 1867. At the behest of a New Orleans sporting man, Carroll and Devol butted one another "just for fun". When the circus star recovered consciousness he walked over to Devol, put his hand on the gambler's head, and said:

"I have found my papa at last."

NEW DEAL FEMALES

BY U. V. WILCOX

HERE is no sound reason for expecting that women will ever renounce the jolly and exciting privilege of running a good share of our government. They do as much for other businesses: by prompting the boss, by subtly inoculating him with appealing vanities and prejudices, by assisting him to forget the things they prefer he should not remember, and by being artfully helpful in all the ways in which women excel when they have a man around to look at and time on their hands. The system of diverting more and more of the government's business at Washington through feminine channels—and perfuming it with the boudoir touch, so to speak—has thus been building up through nearly forty years of Presidential administrations: in fact, ever since the first female secretary was encouraged to edge herself up to the first bureau chief's chair and ask him how the lumbago was getting on. At present there are more female bureaucrats in the aggregate and more money is spent on them proportionately than on any government payroll ever before ordained under God.

The best key to the temperamental complexities of this public service harem is to divide the ladies into five types: the Congressional, the Intellectual, the Executive, the Secretarial, and the Emotional. When the voter from Oshkosh has mastered all that the Washington press corps finds out about these special varieties in the course of a year's stalking of statesmanship, the

subject of female New Dealers may not be exhausted, but he probably will have learned all that he needs to know about the technique of American government, *circa* 1936. The girls fit neatly into the five categories, as follows:

The Congressional Type

Epitomizing the advance guard of woman's future rule over national affairs stands the congresswoman. While, as a matter of custom, she wears skirts, she asserts that she is without sex in the realm of politics. On the other hand, when, in her zeal for national welfare, she allows herself to exhibit her breed, she prefers the mantle of motherhood and its accoutrements, such as knitting needles and pink yarn. These are always handy when religious delegations appear. In one instance a half-finished baby dress did service for an entire session of Congress, last reports showing the garment still uncompleted.

In bodily structure the Congressional Type may be either short or tall, thick or thin, flat-chested or full-rounded. The final development is yet to be determined. Physically, she is past the menopause, and thus her interest in sex is merely professional, academic, or based on memory. In mentality, the evidence is more definite. There is constant harping on pure public-spiritedness; a willingness to express an opinion on any question that may be propounded—political, economic, social, medical, or engineering. On all matters appertaining

to the home there is the greatest assurance. Being a woman, it is her assertion that her sex gives her automatic authority—the right of final *dicta* on courtship, conception, and digestion. Conversation on other topics often finds her confused.

Her pose, as she sits in her grandiose office, is that of the supposedly astute congressman, yet if a visiting delegation arrives representing a national bloc of votes, she will immediately assume the role of Whistler's *Mother*. Her conversation then indicates that she is the savior of the Union, teaching the little boys of Congress to be pure and sweet as their mothers wanted them to be. To this end she attends committee meetings, poses for photographers, and wonders about the jokes that the men stop telling when she approaches.

It is true that this standard bearer of feminism finds her dual role of stateswoman and ideal motherhood somewhat fatiguing. In the quiet of her apartment she slips out of binding corsets, kicks off tight shoes, relaxes on the bed, and reaches for a detective story magazine, secretly wondering if public life is worth the glory after all.

Typical Case

Mrs. Q is a large woman, with graying hair, occasionally touched up. She hails from a populous state west of the Mississippi. She is sometimes wittily sarcastic when reporters are around, moody and glum when alone with her secretary. She has been in Congress long enough to wish she had never aspired to office, and is now willing to let the younger girls carry the banner of her sex. She is often called upon for advice when the widow of a congressman receives an appointment, after the husband has been buried at federal expense. She tells the newcomer, if pressed:

"Don't take yourself too seriously. You don't mean very much in the scheme of things under the Capitol dome. Be politically regular. Vote according to party orders; or if there are no orders, be absent—be ill that day. Insist on your share of patronage; don't let the men hog it all. Don't try to be cute—you're too old for that sort of thing. You can't gambol with stays and a girdle. If you must talk to the public, stick to the Flag, God, and the Home. Remember, being a woman makes you an authority on the trials, tribulations, and all problems arising from the marriage relationship. Never cease bluffing about the power of Women's Votes."

Mrs. Q has learned not to demand her rights in the cloakrooms, but she has a standing order with her secretary to pass along any good, new cloakroom story. Away from her duties in Congress, she prefers an old and roomy kimono. She loosens her hair, washes off the rouge, sighs, and lights a cigarette. Her pleasures of the sense are largely vicarious. She eats as much starchy food as she dares, considering her waistline; she takes a drink or two, but only in private, for the Bible Belt mustn't know. She carefully watches her bank account, expecting to retire to comfortable laziness when the political wheel turns. She also watches her family tree, and is flint-like in her denial of relationship to second and third cousins who call upon her to get government jobs. She praises her Party, which can do no wrong. And although woman's supremacy is a beloved theory, she secretly longs for the admonitions and demands of an intimate male.

Favorite expletive: "Blasted snake!" Favorite amusement: a certain lively detective magazine. Favorite food: chicken eaten *sans* knife and fork. Favorite drink: tea. Secret hope: lucky turn on invest-

ments, making the financial future secure. Best approach: with colorful story on men, or news of the folks back home.

The Intellectual Type

While the Congressional Type is developing slowly, the Intellectual, under the New Deal, is achieving great influence, even approaching dominance in some governmental fields. Intensity is the keynote of her life. Her nearest masculine counterpart is found in the Brain Truster. She may be married, she may have children, for these experiences she counts as necessary aids to a full understanding of the More Abundant Life.

She is pre-eminently the classifier of all things. She has a pigeonhole or a file for every contact made during the day and, if by chance she finds it difficult to label an experience, she becomes frantic, exuding intense irritability. She believes that all human emotions should be marked and bottled, with directions. She has a name for every degree of love, for all political effort, in short, for every human trait; there is nothing that has transpired since Eve that she hasn't read about, or studied.

In all her professional conversation she exhibits strong Freudian leanings, since Freud has conveniently provided her with a simple master-file. This, in no sense, means that the Intellectual feminine executive is emotional. Far from it. She holds that these labels are necessary in the same sense as a dictionary is necessary. It is the erudite attitude. Actually, emotion to her is as thrilling as an algebraic equation and as clearly definable. Personally, she is unmoved by smiles, flowers, silk stockings, or hair on a he-man's chest.

In the governmental sense, this type sees the nation as a vast scientific field, suitable for testing, observing, and recording. To this end she works long hours, imbued

with the abstract principle of Service. She exhibits impatience at delays, she is zealous for the cause of reform, she is determined that nothing shall stand in the way of accomplishment. It may be Relief that she is administering; it may be information she is supplying; it may be statistics from the Treasury or the WPA; but whatever it is, she does her job intensely, with disconcerting vigor and an entire lack of emotion, after the manner of an electrical comptometer.

Typical Case

Mrs. X holds a master's degree from Columbia University; small, blonde, attractive; dresses severely; wears a particular sort of headpiece summer and winter; is sensitive about criticism but arrogant to those who give it; exhibits a leaning toward the Social Service method.

She expresses sympathy for the underprivileged, but this is theoretical. Evidence shows she secures her home servants through a governmental agency of employment and for this help she will pay no more than the minimum. There is a constant procession of servants in and out of her establishment, for her demands are great and she cuts her wages to the lowest possible figure, arguing that domestics should realize how lucky they are to have work. In the role of evangelist for the Uplift of the underprivileged she maintains that an aristocracy of brains must rule the Republic. She admits to membership in this aristocracy. Strata of citizenship would be defined through intelligence tests, aptitude tests, and other psychological devices. The emotional urges of cats, dogs, and laboratory rats apply to humans. The sex drive, being the most primitive, is recognized as the most powerful insofar as the masses are concerned. She eloquently argues that this powerful drive can be sub-

limited for the political good of humanity.

Mrs. X has been known to sip a cocktail. She swears eloquently and profusely and with considerable discrimination. These outbursts come when delays are encountered or she finds disagreements in government policy.

Favorite expletive: "Damn schizophrenic!" Favorite amusement: solitaire. Favorite food: anchovies. Favorite drink: black coffee. Secret hope: to be President.

The Executive Type

The Executive Type should not be confused with the Intellectual, which it might seem at first to resemble. The extensive data collected show there is a vast difference. The Executive Type, in Washington, may at first appear forbidding, and the Intellectual companionable, but this conclusion is to be avoided. The Intellectual has no emotional reactions despite her apparent friendliness, while the Executive is merely attempting to conceal or protect her emotions when she is nasty, quick-tempered, and hard-boiled. She is usually the secretary who has been advanced because of her skill and her ability to comprehend the anfractuosities of politics. It is thus natural that she should carry over with her some of the characteristics of the Secretarial Type.

She often smokes and drinks with intensity. Rarely, however, does she consume alcoholic beverages in public, at least to a degree that indicates a notable difference in her predetermined actions, since her success is primarily due to her mental controls, which are kept in excellent working order. Cigarettes are her weakness. She smokes constantly and with gusto.

Upon occasion, the Executive Type has trivial affairs of an emotional nature. She has been known to be absent on business

while keeping a rendezvous with a government official, who will be treated no differently than a visiting politico during office hours. Sometimes she has a husband who is, however, rarely seen, certainly never around the wife's office.

This type is not concerned with ideals or noble concepts; she is practical-minded, whether at work or in her amours; she gives and takes, being a realist. Romance she may have once known, but she has no compunction about obtaining additional thrills of a carefully chosen sort. She is often a fatalist, making an agreeable companion for an evening or a week-end, for she argues that enjoyment must be taken when offered.

Typical Case

Miss Y is of medium build, somewhat underweight, has molasses-colored hair which she sometimes dyes or bleaches. Her eyes are blue, her voice low-pitched except when she is annoyed, when it rises to a shriek. She can swear lustily, although such swearing is now and then ludicrous. She admits to smoking two packages of cigarettes a day. She may be seen hurrying down a government building corridor with a cigarette in her fingers or between her lips. She enjoys flattery if adroitly extended, particularly so if published.

Miss Y has never married, but has several good and loyal masculine friends, one of whom lives in a not too distant city where Miss Y goes on business trips. Her philosophy of life is practical and simple — everyone is appraised according to his influence in government, which is the beginning and end of her experience.

Miss Y understands men better than she does women. On first acquaintance, men have complained that they do not care for her, but later they have found that she has the knack of making herself most agree-

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able. Her willingness to take a sporting approach to any problem, freeing it of all moral significance, is understandable since she subscribes to the *dictum* that the end justifies the means. She is not immoral, but rather unmoral, although reports vary on this point. Miss Y likes alcohol and has been known to keep a bottle in her desk or slip out during the afternoon for a drink, but she has never been seen under the influence. She compares to the steady masculine drinker.

Miss Y dresses well, with a leaning toward the conservative as a matter of office policy. She knows, or appears to know, all the gossip of her department, but has never been heard expressing a desire to reform anyone. She belongs to a popular church where she will often kid the pastor as successfully as she does the senator who calls upon her. Keeps her promises only if it is convenient to do so.

Favorite expletive: "Hell-twitter!" or "Hellish twitter!" Favorite amusement: a musical show. Favorite food: steak, rare. Favorite drink: Tom Collins. Secret hope: for a man "who understands".

The Secretarial Type

The largest distinct type of woman in the governmental camp. She sometimes graduates into the Executive class, but rarely reaches the rarified strata of the Intellectual and, being without franchise in Washington, has no ambition toward the Congressional. The difference between the Secretarial Type in Washington and the type found in any large city is merely a matter of politics. The Capital secretary cannot assume that all visitors are nuisances, since all visitors are voters and have representatives and senators who may make trouble. Hence the Secretarial Type must be generous and pleasing, whether contacted in person or by telephone. This

fundamental requirement makes a vast difference between the individuals of this class found in the Capital and elsewhere.

There are many who seek to fill the ranks of this category and many fail in some particular. The unsuccessful are sooner or later disposed of as follows:

- a. Made minor executives or straw bosses, librarians, receptionists.
- b. Given an apartment where they can be found by their bosses seeking escape, or
- c. Returned to stenographic status.

The Secretarial Type early learns that she must dress well, look fresh, and treat each newspaper correspondent with a degree of courtesy commensurate with the influence and the rating of his paper. She must keep policies secret, but not too secret, allowing some information to leak out if it will aid the general political program. She must take all responsibility for her chief's mistakes, care for his morals, and aid his political fortunes, as circumstances may direct. Now and then she accompanies her boss on a trip, which may or may not be significant to the boss's wife.

In her cultivation of reporters she is often a good party girl, a good drinker, sometimes getting delightfully sozzled. As reporters never publish these things, she can be as intense in her behavior as she desires.

Typical Case

Miss Z is the hail-fellow-well-met type of brunette, slightly taller than the average. She has fair taste in clothes, but is especially fastidious about her lingerie. She is a frequent beauty parlor patron, likes the theater, particularly sophisticated movies, is a buyer of light literature, and a steady patron of a renting library. She has accompanied friends to a burlesque show.

Miss Z expresses a special fondness for newspapermen, an occupation she believes

is glamorous. She has particular favorites among the reporters, but these are not always the favorites of her boss. She has, at times, appealed to her masculine writing friends to help her obtain increased pay or to solve office difficulties.

At one time Miss Z was such a frequent visitor, after hours, to a government press-room where reporters were filing their copy, that a number of them doubled her up in a giant wastebasket, her legs projecting ceilingward. She was furnished with a bottle of beer and ordered to be quiet. She exhibited no hurt dignity and was voted a good sport, a title which now gives her much satisfaction.

Miss Z drinks steadily and gets drunk artistically, laughing about it afterwards. She hails from a small town in Iowa, saying that she left all her inhibitions behind her, believing this was necessary if she was to be a success in Washington. While she has learned to play golf she doesn't care for the game, preferring to lie on warm sand in a bathing suit.

Miss Z has an excellent memory for facts; is shrewd in sizing up callers; can exchange wisecracks with adroitness; and has very few blunders to mar her record. She has, nevertheless, been known to allow her favorites to secure confidential information from letters and records, but thus far has never been caught or accused. She demands of her masculine friends the following: gayety, money that can be spent without apparent concern, sufficient alcoholic drinks for enlivening the evening, and witty conversation. Miss Z will return loyalty in protecting a good story about to break, give tips on coming events, and allow occasional freedom in caresses.

Favorite expletive: "God damn it!" Favorite amusement: bathing. Favorite food: quail on toast. Favorite drink: Horse's Neck. Secret hope: to be truly loved.

The Emotional Type

Geographically peculiar to Washington is the Emotional Sister of the press. In other cities she is known to the newspaper trade as a sob sister. In the Capital, she has been classified for her Pollyanna qualities since she thrills to hold a seat on the White House floor when the First Lady stages a press conference. Even though her posterior parts may ache while recording the uplifting philosophy flowing from the oracle of feminine and civic turbulence, all such inconvenience is forgotten in the high honor of being in The Presence. The Emotional Sister belongs to a closed corporation, the members of which are sworn to tell a panting and palpitant world what the First Lady feels, wears, eats, thinks, and plans.

Strangely, the Emotional Sister may be cynical or she may be hard-boiled, but in all matters where the First Lady is concerned she reverts immediately to type. Pursuing her craft of writing, she keeps out of her copy all irony, all detracting phrases. Her writing must radiate light, sweetness, and purity. It having become a habit to glorify and beautify, the Sister not infrequently comes to believe her own statements. The only fly in her sacred nectar cup is the unkind masculine remarks when she tells of the pat on the arm or the stroke on the head given by the First Lady as a reward for her published material.

When not under the immediate influence of the Lady of Light, the Emotional Sister does her stint about new projects for the underprivileged. To maintain the rapture, she smokes, strides, stretches, and strains to find fresh ways of attuning her production to the harmonies of the New Deal and the ideology of the More Abundant Life.

Typical Case

Miss K is buxom; she has written copy on buying American-made goods in preference to all others; on airplane travel; on diplomatic didoes; all of this before being assigned to record the life of the First Lady. She basks in this radiance until now she shows the visible effects of continued exposure; her former boy-friend wonders if she is not becoming hysterical about it all, and is urging a long rest in the mountains or at the seashore. Miss K scorns him when in her periods of abstraction, but she may be aroused to quote the Queen, maintaining the assumption of superiority on Up-lift problems.

Miss K is a heavy user of nicotine and a regular imbiber of alcohol. She is somewhat sexually inhibited. She will talk about doing a great magazine piece interpreting the First Lady and her philosophy and character to the world. The fact that no editor seems interested causes her to rage the more against the cynical detractors. After a half-dozen drinks, Miss K will confide that she and the First Lady are very much misunderstood. There are tears.

Favorite expletive: "Rat!" Favorite amusement: talking. Favorite food: *pâté de foie gras*. Favorite drink: Scotch and soda. Secret hope: to be the First Lady's Number One Ghost.

FAITH'S FIERCE TREASON

BY ALBERT CLEMENTS

THIS was a season of good deeds, and many
A muddled man brought his heart's worship here
Who had no home nor near country nor any
Name that could buy off warring doubt and fear.
And the imperial breath of prayer, how small
It started and how large and furious grew
Until comparisons with men were all
Ridiculous and confused. There were so few
Things understandable and in good season.
The light that branded the sky with burning dark
Flamed both because of faith and faith's fierce treason,
Making of mortality a hideous lark
Since men who worshipped here were men who saw
Faith's image, though faith struck them dead with awe!

BILBO: MISSISSIPPI'S MOUTHPIECE

BY HUGH RUSSELL FRASER

ABILBO, says the learned Webster, is "a long bar or bolt of iron with sliding shackles, and a lock at the end, to confine the feet of prisoners". Hence, when Theodore G. Bilbo, now junior United States Senator from Mississippi, commenced referring to himself in the third person as The Man Bilbo, some of the more literate Mississippians went into a huddle with the nearest unabridged dictionary to emerge therefrom with the statement that, for the first time, Bilbo had told the truth about himself. But as a matter of fact, it is somewhat less than the truth. A sovereign state which has yet to achieve a hard-surface North-South or East-West highway, and whose educational and economic status is the lowest in the Union, cannot fairly be said to have even the slight freedom of sliding shackles.

As if he consciously enjoyed the word-play involved, The Man Bilbo has contributed more than his share to these unhappy conditions. He has been twice (1916-20, 1928-32) governor of his commonwealth of cultural squalor—itself a considerable distinction since Mississippi has long had a one-term law forbidding a governor to succeed himself. But in office and out, for approximately thirty years, Mr. Bilbo has labored with painstaking diligence and some genius to leave the mental, moral, and emotional aspects of the Mississippians more confused than he found them.

It is on this point that he differs most sharply from the other members of the gaudy crew of cracker paladins who have cast their puckish shadows on Southern demagogic history since the downfall of the Confederacy. With the Ben Tillmans and Cole Bleases, the Tom Heflins and Tom Watsons, the Huey Longs and the Ma Fergusons, the red-necks of the magnolia-and-mansion country have actually voted themselves into something. These various folk heroes may have got the big gravy, but the rag-tag in the ranks at least have got easier farm-lease laws, cheaper mortgages, fancier schoolhouses, smoother highways to the evangelical camp-meeting grounds, more plentiful convict labor, better official co-operation at lynchings: in one way or another, more power to the sharecroppers' soviets all around. But from The Man Bilbo, barring thirty years' orgiastic titillation of the political glandular centers, the Mississippi jungle tribes have got precisely nothing. Instead, The Man's authentic talents have been wholeheartedly devoted to improvising a new method for the art of statesmanship. For thirty years he has dominated the affairs of an unique and sovereign commonwealth by hog-caller's billingsgate and broken promises.

Under the circumstances, the social scientists who now and then refer somewhat patronizingly to The Man as "a typical voice of Southern agrarian discontent" may, with considerable plausibility,

be charged with confusing their onions. The voice may be the voice of Populism, but the hand, as it guides Mississippi's destinies, looks, to an impartial diagnostician, more like the steering gear of demagoguery in *delirium tremens*.

II

The Man came by both his invective and his promissory genius honestly. During all his adolescent years he was headed straight for the Southern Baptist ministry — an ordination peculiarly consecrated to tongue-lashing the sinners and publicizing the raptures of Paradise. Indeed, in a sense, he was invested with its sanctities. Yet the scholarship which took him from the family farm in Pearl County, Mississippi, to Nashville University in the late '90's as a preparatory theological student was a bad investment for the church. Young Mr. Bilbo never completed his studies in Baptist homiletics, and midway in his educational career switched to worldly Vanderbilt University and the law. But in the meantime a convention of Baptist holy men had paid him off for secretarial services during a summer vacation by granting him a preacher's license. Ever since, in his crusades for the political fleshpots, the canebrake Galahad has used its exhortatory privileges in both barrels.

The first application of his native gifts seems to have been, however, rather on the amatory side. In the early 1900's, after spending a year or two supervising dormitory morals in a girls' boarding school at Wiggins, Mississippi, young Bilbo — then an eligible widower no doubt operating under considerable temptation-pressure — decamped after a violent quarrel with his professorial partner and on the heels of a juicy seduction scandal, involv-

ing a Mississippi orphan. The circumstance is notable chiefly as having provoked in Mr. Bilbo's political career a singular experiment in fulfilling a promise. In campaign after campaign the "orphan scandal" bobbed up, to the prurient consternation of the red-necks. At length he laid its libidinous ghost by offering his former professorial partner the office of State Superintendent of Education, and actually delivering it.

In any case, the pitfalls of the intellectual catering to the opposite sex drove The Man by rapid stages into the safer game of politics. After the Wiggins embarrassment, the young pedagogue hastily resumed his law studies at Vanderbilt. As soon as his degree was granted, although there was some question of his Mississippi voting residence, he was offering the Pearl County voters their first chance to become Bilbo constituents. He ran for the State Senate, and as was shortly to become customary, his appeal was a conglomeration of fantastic campaign pledges and blistering pulpit epithets. The issue of the hour — it was 1907 — was the corporate rascality of the Gulf & Ship Island Railroad Company, which, with some assistance from friendly legislators, was developing southern Mississippi to the apparent detriment of the northern section where young Mr. Bilbo was cultivating his stump talents. Mr. Bilbo assailed the builders of the commonwealth's future in the terms with which Southern Baptist evangelists of the moment were denouncing bawdyhouse proprietors, and at the same time promised his sweltering audiences that, when elected, he would liquidate all corporate sinners and grafters *via* the chain gangs.

He wore the flaming red tie and hard straw hat of current fashion, and affected the slightly soiled linen suits which in

those days set the cross-roads town sports apart from the mere nigger-beating yokelry. But these touches of rustic elegance had their charm for the sartorially starved sharecroppers, and, to atone any offense their frivolous quality may have given, young Mr. Bilbo also had the thin-lipped mouth, the beady eyes, the sullen frown, and the hatchet-hacked features which pass in the Deep South for symbols of evangelical piety. When he turned loose the full horsepower of his sin-scourging vocabulary, the red tie merely made him look like a young man who had been so interestingly reclaimed from the stews of diabolism for the mourner's bench that he hadn't had time to change his clothes. Such an insinuation of religious melodrama was emotionally charming around Poplarville, and The Man was triumphantly elected.

Thereafter, the Mississippians heard nothing more about the crimes of the Gulf & Ship Island, but they were just beginning to hear about young Mr. Bilbo. The climax of his first session was the election of a United States Senator—under the rules of the old constitutional game which wished the choice back on the legislature usually to the accompaniment of tornadic violence in state capitol politics. The 1908 candidates were James K. Vardaman, an orotund statesman who cultivated the flowing ties and hair-cuts (if not the genealogical refinements) of the Old Massas and whose political stock in trade was a periodic outburst against the menace of Negro propinquity to the purity of white womanhood; and one LeRoy Percy, a gentleman of somewhat more clearly defined lineage who had once made the mistake of referring to the red-necks as "cattle".

Mr. Percy, to the horror of the hookworm counties, was elected. Whereupon

Senator Bilbo, previously an inconspicuous Percy supporter, announced in open session that he had cast his vote for the foe of democracy simply because one Dulaney, a Percy political fixer, an amiable go-between in the factional warfares and "down the line" stag parties of the city of Jackson, had given him \$645.

The young Senator Bilbo produced \$645 in marked bills before a grand jury, and a year of juicy judicial exhibitionism was on. Mr. Dulaney was tried and acquitted by his peers, with the octoroon madam of one of the capital's fanciest bawdyhouses as a witness. Mr. Bilbo was tried by his fellow senators and by one vote escaped expulsion. But Jackson and the Mississippi gapers-on at political circuses unquestionably took in the hottest burlesque of statesmanship they had enjoyed since blackamoor lawgivers were whipped back to the green pastures at the close of the Reconstruction period.

Out of it, however, certain discrepancies arose. Statesman Bilbo explained one of them away by citing that he had gone through with his alleged Dulaney contract and failed to mention it before the senatorial election merely in order to deepen the guilty stain on the briber's soul and the court record. This strategy, he insisted, was of a piece with his program of abandoning the ministry for politics as a means of coming to closer grips with the devil.

On another question-stirring point Mr. Bilbo was for the time being somewhat more reticent. A United States Treasury official had testified in Defendant Dulaney's behalf that the marked bills in the \$645 batch of "evidence" belonged to a series which had not yet been issued on the night when Mr. Bilbo had come to his prayerful decision to entrap the corruptionist. Senator Bilbo pondered his an-

swer on this technicality considerably. In fact, he pondered it for several years. But when finally, as a *tour de force* of Mississippi politics, the question was put to him if he had not actually made \$1000 in the Dulaney-Percy intrigue and, after the swag had been spent on his genteel pleasures, raised the actual "evidence money" in small change contributions from his Vardaman friends, he was unusually ready with the answer.

It was in the middle of his 1915 campaign for the governorship. The Man crushed his challenger, a temporarily disaffected Vardamanite by the name of John Armstrong, with the choicest of his evangelical billingsgate. Said Mr. Bilbo:

John Armstrong is a vicious, malicious, deliberate, cowardly, pusillanimous, cold-blooded, lop-eared, blue-nosed, premeditated, and self-made liar.

Young Mr. Bilbo was made. He had a hotter press for his statesmanly utterances than Mississippi had ever given John Sharpe Williams or Jefferson Davis; the musks of juicy scandal and of persecution for a holy cause clung to his glamorously ascetic body; he had given indubitable proof that he could pack more sulphur into a string of adjectives than any pietist since the Great Revival of 1800.

III

Meanwhile the kudos of the senatorial election scandal had swept its chief vaudevillian onward and upward into the lieutenant-governorship. Previously, most Mississippians had taken their ease in this office on their way to Congress or to Confederate burial rites; but The Man, with his rich gifts for showmanship, created more excitement in the sideshow than his gaping red-neck audience had seen for forty years in the main tent.

Having learned that there was political luster in the hurly-burly of bribery trials and insinuations, Mr. Bilbo went into the business of manufacturing these excitements with a brisk, professional thoroughness. As combination ward-boss and ringmaster of the Legislature's performance, the Lieutenant-Governor built up early in his term a lurid crusade for one of those measures for hijacking the insurance companies which were popular with provincial statesmen during the first two decades of the century. The bill which expressed Mississippi's version of this profitable squeeze play proposed that seventy-five per cent of all the life insurance reserves on policies sold in the state be invested inside Mississippi borders.

The Man remained, with becoming mystery, somewhat in the background of the agitation. But with the blessing of the red-necks, whose imagination foresaw Yankee insurance magnates rushing to Mississippi on de luxe trains to inaugurate a bull market on farm mortgages, the bill was introduced by George A. Hobbs, The Man's chief House lieutenant, while Mr. Bilbo ostentatiously closeted himself in the Lieutenant-Governor's office with the state's leading insurance-company-baiters. Jackson meanwhile swarmed with insurance lobbyists with bulging bankrolls, overflowing liquor stocks, and charge accounts at all the Confederacy's more decorous sporting houses from New Orleans to Memphis. In the way of free debauchery, few politicians have had a better time since Roman millionaires stopped buying consulships, and the air crawled as thickly with scandal rumors as at a Holy Roller heresy trial.

But when the vote was taken in the Legislature's lower chamber, the Bilbo following — the trusting Mr. Hobbs excluded — walked out on civic virtue and the

Hobbs bill to a man. Quite obviously with the young Lieutenant-Governor's silent blessing, the insurance companies could go on doing business in the same old bad way at the same old stand. The Man, as he hurried back to his post on the Senate rostrum, explained the defeat in language somewhat singular for a political strategist.

"I never dreamed," he said, "that the bill would be so unpopular."

The red-necks, in a word, had been led into their first Bilbo slaughter house. But if they missed their bull market on farm mortgages, they still had their consolations. As rumors and campaign charges hurtled through the sultry Delta air that the Lieutenant-Governor had built up the whole Hobbs Bill agitation simply as a means of feeling out the "take" in the insurance companies' war chest, The Man went from one political platform to another, flashing his thin-lipped, suffering smile. The red-necks could still believe that their hero was a martyr to the scoundalmongers.

Just to prove it to them, The Man shortly plunged up to his neck in another bribery melodrama. One Steve Castleman, a northern Mississippi land promoter, was interested—presumably to the vote-buying point—in the creation of a new county to further his real estate operations. The Lieutenant-Governor put it to the shattered but faithful Hobbs that the best way to retrieve the insurance bill discomfiture would be to entrap Mr. Castleman. The intrigue was rolled up for months—more or less to the accompaniment of bands, crowded grandstands, and press announcements. On the final night when the tainted money was to be delivered, the Edwards Hotel in Jackson swarmed with detectives—Castleman detectives out to catch Bilbo, Bilbo detectives out to catch Castleman, and the detectives of Governor Earl LeRoy Brewer, who distrusted both the Lieutenant-Gov-

ernor's and his entrapment victim's detectives, out to catch everybody, including the other detectives.

The Man entered the hotel lobby, took one look at the Brewer detectives, and without making even a move to go to the entrapment chamber, fled. The Mississippi press stormed with such furies as might have been let loose if the challenger had failed to show up for a world's championship prize fight. The Man had actually broken a promise to go through with a bribery circus.

Yet to the red-necks he was still their suffering, their villainously persecuted hero. "The Crooks", according to the folk interpretation of the great man's miscarriage, had so malignantly banded together against him that his most expensively publicized efforts to "kotch 'em" had ended in personal tragedy. By the emotional illuminations of the canebrakes he was like the faithful old hound dog who had failed to tree the coon merely because he was set upon by a ring of wildcats.

When The Man eventually was tried because the disbursement of some fairly lavish "traveling expenses" which Mr. Hobbs had collected from Mr. Castleman proved difficult to audit, the pietist oratory of his defense battery and his triumphant acquittal left the Mississippi veldt ringing with happy war cries. The Man was a "sho' thing" for the governorship.

IV

In and between governorships and afterward, Bilbo the Statesman has geared in with Bilbo, the Happy Irresponsible of the rabble-rousing arts. In an early campaign he denounced one Henry, a former penitentiary warden, as "a cross between a hyena and a mongrel . . . begotten in a nigger graveyard at midnight, suckled by

a sow, and educated by a fool". Eventually Mr. Henry, at a chance meeting on a railway day coach, did things to Mr. Bilbo from which it took him twenty-four hours to regain consciousness. But neither this experience nor the responsibilities of office have impressed him with the advantages of exact diction, even as exactness is understood by demagogues.

So in his first gubernatorial campaign — the 1915 one — The Man went in for what might be called vitrified brick imagery. Every Mississippi farm, he informed his sweating audiences, possessed somewhere between a few dozen and a few thousand cubic acres of red clay. What could be more profitable than that each farmer should sell his sovereign state a few carloads with which to make brick highways, and keep the rest to plant boll weevil food and niggers in?

"We can wear the bricks on one side for fifty years," The Man assured them ecstatically, "turn them over on the other side and wear them for fifty years more, and then stand them up on end and wear them forever."

There was to be a \$60,000,000 bond issue to pay for the state brick plant and the highways — still unconstructed in 1936. Every rural voter visualized himself as getting paid for letting the state build a bright, smooth road, crowded with church-goers and Saturday dram-drinkers, right past his door.

Along with the vitrified bricks went other enticing fancies. There was to be a state printing plant which would free Mississippi from the clutches of the Book Trust and supply endless free school texts to the future generations of Mississippi children. There were to be agricultural experiment stations in every tier of counties, and a state farmers' loan institution that would shovel out money to distressed sharecroppers at

interest rates which would make the Jackson bankers feel downright ashamed of themselves.

Yet when The Man took his seat in the Governor's office, nothing happened. The agricultural experiment stations bill was vetoed, ostensibly for technical reasons. The farm loan bank measure was slain with the gubernatorial pen on the grounds that the author was a political enemy and therefore it must have a joker in it. Midway in his first session, Bilbo support for the state printing plant and free school books was withdrawn because of quarrels with the legislative leaders, while the vitrified brick poem simply was never again mentioned.

To The Man, in short, last year's stump promises were no more than last year's love lyrics to a poet now in the grip of fresh and hotter passions. Indeed, the artist in the gubernatorial chair succeeded in removing even the memory of his late offerings from the easily diverted minds of his constituents. The method was simple. In the cane-brakes, anathemas against legislators and other breeds of fellow politicians were infinitely more exciting than free school books. Mr. Bilbo gave the red-necks anathemas, dripping with the juice of Baptist pulpit cadences, and left items like school books and agricultural experiment stations to be collected in a Fundamentalist heaven.

But when the matter of unfulfilled pledges occasionally was brought up in meeting by a reckless heckler, The Man would crush the marplot by pointing a bony, ministerial finger at him and shrieking:

"If *you* aren't getting the services you think you ought to have out of the State of Mississippi, it's because *you* elected a bunch of damn fools to the Legislature."

Having put the blame where it belonged, on some lonely butt of his vast audiences, the Governor would sweep on. There were

times when, without once making a concrete accusation, he proved his ability to expatiate oratorically on the theme of the "damn foolishness" of legislatures, for a full Mississippi word-painter's day of sixteen hours.

When, at the end of his first year in the Governor's mansion, the World War came along to save him from further embarrassments on the score of the late campaign's slogans, The Man did not seriously need it. And long before the Armistice, he was so deep in the pyrotechnics of a campaign to seat his Lieutenant-Governor, Lee Russell, as his successor that the 1915 issues had come to seem as remote on the cane-veldt as the politics of Mississippi's former ruling races of Creeks and Cherokees.

In or out of office, however, The Man continued to dominate the political scene. He went through the motions of giving orders to the Russell Administration even when the new Governor was proving most restive. Finally, as the Russell regime was drawing to its close in 1923, he proved how close he was to the center of authority by dramatizing himself as the star witness in a \$100,000 seduction suit brought against Governor Russell by a Jackson stenographer. Characteristically, he placed himself in the role of a persecuted folk hero by refusing to testify. Less characteristically, considering his high average of personal inviolacy in his long record of court tussles, he finally came up before a judge who sent him to jail for it.

Those ten days in the prison shadows insured Mississippi, however, thirteen more years of fancy exhibitionism. The Martyr went behind the bars bawling that he would get revenge on his enemies by promoting himself to another term in the governorship. He came out, with a fully organized campaign staff in his wake, howling electioneering speeches. From then

on the sole issue in five years of Mississippi politics was whether The Man was a wanton accomplice in governor's palace seductions, or a plain man of the people being crucified for his loyalty to a noble-hearted fellow-statesman caught in the badger game.

In the 1923 election, Dr. Henry L. Whitfield, president of the Mississippi State College for Women, had slightly the better of the argument, and the star seduction witness, for the first time in his Democratic primary experience, took the count. So in 1927 the battle of Bilbo's Virtue had to be fought all over again. It led to The Man's overwhelming vindication among the red-necks and to the most startling "blood purge" in American educational history.

Dr. Whitfield had taken the governorship away from The Man in 1923 by mobilizing the Mississippi educators against the moralist's light on the ethics of tale-bearing in seductions. Now, as The Man saw things in his triumph, the educators could pay for it. As the first act of his second administration he called Hugh Critz, the somewhat astonished press agent of an electric power company, into his office, and asked him how he would feel about firing most of the faculty if he should happen to be appointed president of the Mississippi Agricultural and Mechanical College.

Mr. Critz subsequently explained in public that the proposal gave him a slight "Garden of Gethsemane" feeling, but partly, no doubt, out of his delight in being restored to the bosom of an alma mater where he had spent five years doing four years of not very arduous degree work, he managed to conquer it. He accepted, at the same time that The Man appointed a degree-less real-estate salesman president of the University of Mississippi, a bachelor of arts of less than a year's standing, president

of the Mississippi State College for Women, and put a former public stenographer in charge of affairs at the State Teachers' College.

Then the blow fell. One hundred and twelve faculty members were dismissed from the Agricultural and Mechanical College, fifty from the University, and seventeen from the College for Women. Not only was every educator who had taken an active part in an anti-Bilbo campaign thrown back to the bread-line, but also every educator whose neighbor's maiden aunt had heard—or fancied she heard—him breathe a syllable's criticism against The Man's sense of honor in seduction mysteries. While educational panjandums thundered from San Diego to Boston, The Man dismissed the affair cavalierly to his followers as a routine engagement in a plain Mississippi moralist's lifelong war against Satan and the highbrows. But he knew, and they knew, that the Battle of Bilbo's Virtue had ended in the most decisive victory the Delta country had seen since the Battle of New Orleans.

V

"The People," Mr. Bilbo is credited with having remarked in one of his rare moods of philosophical relaxation, "will forget." It explains, perhaps, why The Man's career has never yet been successfully trapped in anti-climax.

At the close of his second gubernatorial term, he seemed on the verge of it. The delirium of billingsgate and graft charges, of smashed promises and messianic prophecies with which his public service closed, was bewildering even to the red-necks. In the canebrakes they were demanding to know why out of an \$80,000,000 road bond issue, the flivvering sharecroppers had got only 800 miles of paved highway. The in-

mates of the state insane asylum, sleeping five in a bed, were disturbing each others' slumbers with jittering outbursts about how long it was taking a maddened commonwealth to build them a new \$5,000,000 pleasure palace, and how much time the \$10,000 architect in charge of the work was spending on the Pearl County first citizen's earthly mansion—publicized among the new breed of cracker plantation barons as Bilbo's Dream House.

As Deep South politics go, The Man, in his 1931 phase, was as discredited as it seemed possible for a white Mississippian to be without being a suspect atheist or an avowed Republican. To cap the climax, two years later, even the New Deal Administration took cognizance of his potential nuisance value, and walled him in at Washington in a \$6000 a year job superintending the news clipping collections of the Agricultural Adjustment Administration. As nearly as could happen to a burnt-out folk hero in the odor of Baptist sanctity, The Man had been put away in a monastery.

Yet he came back. Deep in the fastnesses of the "Paste-Master General's" office in Washington, the voices of the outer world still reached him. So, in the summer of 1934, Mississippi discovered, to its delight or consternation, that its Bilbonic plague was chronic. The Man rushed home at the height of the United States senatorial campaign and entered the contest with loud cries that if he was elected he would "raise more hell than Huey Long." In their confusions with the New Deal economic issues, it was precisely the medicine the red-necks were yearning for. And it knocked over aging and conservative Senator Hubert Stephens, who had stopped raising political hell in early adolescence.

True to his promissory technique, The Man as yet has raised no hell in Washing-

A MAN WITHOUT WILDERNESS

ton. During their brief simultaneous term of office, he never once so much as attempted to brush a chigger from Long's coat lapel. His only explosion in national statesmanship was an outburst — of merely four hours' duration — against the promotion of the federal judge who sentenced him in the Russell seduction case.

Quite evidently, as his analytical fellow-Mississippians see it, he is saving his verbal poisons for the place where their potency has been established: for the piney woods and the canebrakes where the happy red-necks choose them in lethal doses and, year in and year out, prefer them to civilized government.

A MAN WITHOUT WILDERNESS

BY LIONEL WIGGAM

A MAN without wilderness to challenge him
Is a strong blade rusting in a corner.
His thighs are curved to fit a saddle,
His hands are shaped to hold a harness-rein:
A man without miles of brush to clear
Is a field that gives no grain.

There must be peril imminent about him;
He must hear water, restless and rebellious;
He must see thorns beyond his window sill,
Sharp to bring his blood.
A man without mountains on his horizon
Is an ax that cleaves no wood.

A man without brambles to tear his fingers
Before he can sow a stretch of earth with seed,
Is a plow that crumbles in a farmyard.
His mind must think in terms of harvest-yield,
His ear listen to axles turning,
His eye compute the stacked sheaves to a field.

A MILITARY ALLIANCE WITH ENGLAND

BY LORD BEAVERBROOK

THE United States and Great Britain will, I believe, enter into a military and naval alliance in the course of time. They will make such an alliance because they must do so. There is no alternative for these two nations but to find security for the future in the companionship of one another.

In some quarters in Britain it is believed that the United States will not have the alliance. And there is, accordingly, a reluctant tendency to put this ideal of closer relations in the category of admirable but unattainable objects. This regretful conviction is, in my view, profoundly mistaken. Perhaps the people of the United States take the view that Britain's liabilities are too big and her assets not big enough. If this were an accurate estimate of the situation of Britain, then, of course, it would be a reasonable attitude to adopt. No one could quarrel with it. The matter would be at an end. But it is not accurate. Indeed, it is totally wrong. Britain would bring very substantial assets to any joint account that the two nations might enter on. And, if we are to have a true picture of the situation between the two countries, we must not leave the liabilities of the United States out of the reckoning. Make no mistake, those liabilities are great indeed, and you do not escape from them by withdrawing from the Philippines. On balance, I believe the surplus of assets is to be found on the side of the British Empire.

There is, to begin with, the very great

burden you have incurred under the Monroe Doctrine, to defend all the independent States of the American continent against the aggression of a foreign power. This is a heavy responsibility. It may seem that an attack on any South American country by a foreign State is a very remote contingency. But are you so sure that it is? For instance, we have seen Italians in the Argentine determining the policy of that Republic to the League of Nations. Will the Italians go further? We live in an age of hungry and ambitious powers whose governments are not subject to the same democratic checks upon reckless adventure as exist in the United States and in Britain.

But another liability is, of course, much more immediate and obvious: the peril in the Pacific. The threat of the Japanese fleet, with, behind it, the threat of the Japanese army. There is no need to indulge in scaremongering on this subject. It would be as foolish as it would be wicked. But the simple fact is that in the Japanese Empire we have a proud and ambitious race, fanatically devoted to a national ideal, courageous in battle, and highly equipped for war. This Oriental race of splendid qualities has shown itself in recent years swift and ruthless in action, patient and resolute in carrying out a program of expansion. For the moment, its activities are directed to the continent of Asia. But there are necessities which cannot be fulfilled in China. The Japanese

seek an outlet for their population. They cannot find it in China, already overcrowded, or in Manchuria, where the climate is unsuitable to their people. Where will they find it? They must look out, across the Pacific Ocean. And what do they see as they look towards the rising sun, the symbol of their national flag? The beautiful seaboard of California.

It may be said that the Japanese will look rather to Australia. But an invasion of Australia would be a military enterprise fraught with immense perils. The tropical archipelago which separates Japan from Australia would be infested with mines, with submarines, and with other destructive craft. Japanese communications would be intolerably harassed. And besides, the British naval base at Singapore, with the Indian Ocean behind it, would provide Britain with the necessary authority, so long as we did not abandon our naval domination.

An attack by the Japanese on the Pacific Coast of the United States would certainly have to deal with a serious obstacle in Hawaii, although an attack on Pearl Harbor would not compare in danger with an assault on Singapore. And whereas a landing on the north coast of Australia would be a landing on an undeveloped tropical territory with a small population, and separated by deserts from the centers of Australian life, a landing in California would not present such problems. California, moreover, has something which the Japanese want very badly and which they would not find in Australia — oil.

So far as the Pacific is concerned, then, it seems that the United States carries heavier liabilities than the British Empire. But there are other things to be borne in mind. Britain has assets of a positive character. She has the biggest merchant fleet in the world, valuable in itself and with

an additional potential value as a source of splendid seamen in time of war. Her navy — on paper, equal to the navy of the United States — is in all probability more powerful in fact. Her air force is reported to be of the highest efficiency and is expanding swiftly at the present time — some say at the rate of more than a squadron a week. There are, in the British Empire, immense resources of raw materials and of industrial power, sufficient to equip, for a war of modern character, her millions of white people who, though peaceful, are not without courage.

If there were closer relations between the two nations, if there were an understanding, Britain would not come empty-handed into the association. Indeed, it is obvious that she could contribute something of the highest value to the security of the United States, an undertaking to protect the Atlantic seaboard of your country with her fleet. If America could concentrate her whole navy in the Pacific with the knowledge that her front door was barred and bolted by battleships flying the British flag, that would be a matter of great comfort to the American people in a moment of stress. And Britain has the resources, the ships, and the naval stations to confer this benefit.

II

It is quite true that there are liabilities as well as assets on the British balance sheet. One of these is of a serious character. As an island lying off the coast of the European continent, Britain has for centuries taken an interest in the affairs of the European peoples. We have fought in their wars, believing that our own safety was involved in the fortunes of one side or another in the conflict. It has for long been a basic doctrine of British policy that the

mouth of the River Scheldt must not be in the hands of a great power. And, so slow are statesmen in awakening to changed circumstances, that some of them still fail to realize that the policy which was suitable for an island kingdom is quite out of place for an Empire which spans the globe and contains vast Dominions populated by vigorous and growing peoples.

Americans may argue that closer relations with Britain involve the danger of entanglement in European wars. It is well understood that this would be too high a price to pay for the British association. For this reason those who desire most earnestly to advance towards an understanding with America are most determined and persistent in urging a policy of isolation upon Britain, a policy of detachment from European quarrels.

It is remarkable how slow a nation is to learn by bitter experience, how readily it forgets painful lessons. The Crimean War, so painful in its memories for the British people, sprang out of a situation similar to that with which we recently have had to deal in the war between Italy and Ethiopia. In that case, the British Government egged on the Turks to defy the power of Russia. Left to their own devices, the Turks would have submitted to the Russians in the trifling dispute which arose over the possession of the holy places in Palestine. But, with the might of Britain behind them, they chose to resist. In the end there came war, not only upon Turkey but upon Britain also—a long, weary, bloody war on which the nation looked with gloomy horror.

Yet there is no doubt about it: the Crimean War was, in the beginning, a popular war. The people favored it. A section of the newspapers demanded it. The mood of the people was expressed at a dinner held in the Reform Club when Ad-

miral Sir Charles Napier, commander of a British fleet about to leave for the Baltic, said in public that he expected he would be able to declare war against Russia when he reached there. The audience greeted this with cheers and shouts of "Good old Charlie!" And when John Bright opposed the war he was looked upon as a base man guilty of unpatriotic actions.

We have not got so far as that on this occasion. But we have had an English archbishop telling us that it may be necessary to have another great and horrible war to establish the efficacy of the League of Nations. "This generation or the next will probably have to be sacrificed," said the distinguished ecclesiastic.

But there is good reason to suppose that this is a passing mood of the people, not a fixed attitude. It has sprung up swiftly during days of excitement, and generous, although misguided, emotion. The cause of "Little Abyssinia" appealed very much as the cause of the Cuban rebels did to the people of the United States forty years ago. And these storms of passion rarely, if ever, have an influence in shaping permanent policy. The mood changes too swiftly. Certainly, the change in viewpoint is very marked compared with the situation we had in 1922. At that time I was able to take part in a movement which brought down the Prime Minister, Mr. Lloyd George, and destroyed his government. And what was the charge against him? What was the crime he had committed in the eyes of the public? Simply that he had threatened to use military sanctions against the Turks for an offense against a peace treaty, and, therefore, against the League, every bit as glaring as the Italian invasion of Ethiopia.

The growing strength of the isolation sentiment in the country will be sufficient to defeat any attempt to saddle Britain

with a fixed commitment to take part in war on the continent of Europe. And, if there is any movement in the direction of the United States — a movement for which the American people can give the signal — it would inevitably be accompanied by a decision to turn away from Europe.

III

I have tried to establish my belief that in such close relations of the two peoples the balance of advantage would not be all on the one side. It would be an equal association of risks and benefits. By uniting our resources, we both gain a measure of security such as we can hardly hope to attain by any other means. Indeed, if we cannot work together, if we must conduct separately our preparations for defense in this troubled world, then, of course, there will be an expenditure on arms, a concentration on military affairs, which our peoples would find irksome, and maybe intolerable. We are peaceable-minded folk; we wish to be left to mind our own business and contribute to the welfare of ourselves and our fellows. We hate war. We detest the compulsion and regimentation which is a characteristic of militarist societies. These things are alien to both of us.

Yet we face this situation. The dictator-ruled States are powerful and warlike, openly ambitious and predatory; they use a monopoly of information and the press in order to shape the minds of their populations and prepare the war-spirit. And therefore the democracies, standing alone, may have to choose between imitating the methods and emulating the armaments of the dictatorships, or, on the other hand, going down to defeat.

Is there any way out of this dilemma which faces us? Indeed there is. The way out of the dilemma is an association of the

two great democracies, children respectively of the Puritan Revolution and the American Revolution, which would offer us the prospect of security without the loss of the civilian freedom which we cherish, and which would enable us to look on the threatening ambitions of other nations without weighing ourselves down with a load of armaments.

And certainly this conception of closer relations does not rest on self-interest alone. It is based on the belief that there are bonds between the two peoples closer and stronger than those between any two free nations on earth. It is the presence of these bonds which argue most persuasively for the association and which would be the surest guarantee of its success. We spring from the same racial stock. We speak the same language. We cherish the same religious ideas. If there are differences between the creeds and rites found in one country, these differences are repeated in the other. And, having inherited a common stock of traditions, we pursue the same ideals in politics, morals, and social life. Our life, as peoples, consists in the protection, the strengthening, and the spreading of those ideals. And the fact that we hold them in common offers us a reasonable confidence that a real basis of co-operation exists between us. Already it can be said the relations between us are not conceived on the usual pattern of mutual distrust and envy which exists between two foreign nations. We are agreed at least in declaring that war between us is impossible. And this is not a mere commonplace. There are three thousand miles of undefended common frontier to give it reality.

I do not deny that there have been in the past misunderstandings between our two peoples, sometimes of a serious character. But on no occasion for many gen-

erations have these misunderstandings given rise, in the most pressing circumstances, to the fear of war between our nations. It is true that President Cleveland, in 1896, made use of the old, time-honored expedient of twisting the lion's tail over a boundary dispute in Venezuela. But what was the result? His political opponents at once charged him with attempting to make political capital at the expense of the national interest. Most of his supporters refused to follow him in such expedients. The New York and other newspapers condemned him out of hand. Ministers of the gospel over the length and breadth of the land advised the President to pursue the paths of peace. But if fight he must, the preachers took the view that the cause of Armenia might be of more interest to the American people than boundary disputes in Venezuela. And, while jingoes sang the words of the national anthem, a cartoon which had given the public in an earlier campaign a representation of Mr. Cleveland joining in the demonstration with a variation of the sentiment by singing "My country, 'tis of me!", was widely reproduced.

Only a few years had passed when Admiral Dewey, moving to the attack on Manila and pursued by German naval forces, was protected by British warships under the command of Captain Chichester. These British ships, ready for action, deliberately sailed into the path of the oncoming Germans, thus forming a rear-guard for the advancing American squadron.

Those pages in history are, I regret to say, not well known nor widely read on either side of the Atlantic. Nor is it realized in Britain or the United States that at the time of the War of Independence, the American cause was more popular in the City of London than in the City of

New York, and that the American insurgents got support of more value in the House of Commons at Westminster than in the Congress sitting in Philadelphia.

IV

That is the story of the past. What of the days to come?

The issues are graver now than they used to be. War brings with it not the danger of defeat, indemnity, loss of territory, but the possibility of complete devastation, destruction—it may be, the wiping out of whole populations. That is what we have to face. If science has made war so much more deadly and damaging, we should adjust our policies to the new situation. We should, if possible, double our insurance. And what better guarantee of the safety of ourselves and our children could we have than a broad understanding between our two nations, a resolve to walk in companionship?

In that association we should be unsailable, for no possible coalition of hostile nations could equal our strength. We should be free from external quarrels, since we do not harbor aggressive designs in any quarter of the globe. We should follow the rightful purposes of our peoples, free from the obsession of war and able to devote ourselves to beneficial projects. We should be an example to the whole world of the advantages of a determined policy of peace. And in this we should realize, as we can do in no other way, the highest ideals of those Christian peoples, the United States and the British Empire.

These are some of the benefits which will flow from closer relations between the two nations, sundered for more than a hundred years, and now, I believe, destined to be reunited in a community of interest and of purpose.

THOMAS HARDY

BY FORD MADOX FORD

THE first words of Thomas Hardy's that I ever read I read editorially and they were the title of a poem—*A Sunday Morning Tragedy*. They were in his clear, large handwriting that seemed like the cuttings of a chisel on hard stone. That I should have read him only so late—in 1907 or so—was because my youth was crushed between the upper and nether millstones of Somerset House and the vast Ionic building in Great Russell Street. As a child, that is to say, I was carefully shielded from the companionship of Common Little Boys. In consequence, such consciousness of the Higher Things as has been vouchsafed me was awakened in the contemptuous companionship of the children of Dr. Garnett of the British Museum and the still more contemptuous society of the still younger Rossettis, whose father, my uncle by marriage, was another prop of the Empire in that he was Secretary to Her Majesty's Inland Revenue—pronounced *Revennu*. The one gang of my persecutors represented orthodox Anglicanism and Virtue; the other stood militantly for Established Rationalism, which was a menacing affair. The result was that I never read Hardy, whom I understood to represent reasoned revolt against Established Anglicanism. I wanted a plague on both those houses. . . . Nevertheless I was extremely aware of a sort of astral presence of Thomas Hardy, as if he were planing, eagle-like in the empyrean, far from the sphere of our quarrels.

That was in the days before *Tess* whilst Mr. Hardy had an aura of being just as "advanced" as the Quite Nice could allow themselves to go. It was a little daring that to a Church of England Ruling Class the English peasant should be represented as having a psychology at all. But once you had got over that there was considered to be lots of buttercups and chaffinches and country dances and hawfinches and bottletits, and little in his pages that could shock the most delicate mind. . . . I suppose I wanted my mind to be shocked.

To normal, healthy youth, then, Mr. Hardy was already a Classic—and a Classic is a thing you do not read. I am not talking of the Classics. A good many of us would still read with enthusiasms both the *Bacchae* and the *Satyrikon* and most of what lay between. But when we read for entertainment we read Artemus Ward's *Among the Mormons* or *Sam Slick* or *Soldiers Three* or *Life on the Mississippi* . . . not *The Mayor of Casterbridge* . . . not even *Tess* when she came. We were aware that Deans and Archdeacons condemned that work as being immoral; but the Distinguished Unorthodox, the followers of Darwin, Huxley, and Ingersoll, proclaimed that to the pure it would prove a miracle of Uplift. That was enough for us. If we wanted smut we knew where to get it. So that Hardy became even more aloof and solitary-soaring . . . a part, as it were, of Her Majesty's Opposition and thus unreadable.

Besides we could not but be aware that the book concerned itself with the hanging of a nice young woman. I don't know that I didn't even glance at the last pages and read the episode of the black flag going down over Salisbury Gaol. And I did not think — as I don't now, just after reading the book for the first time — that one ought to be harrowed by having to read of nice young women being hanged.

At the same time I was keenly aware of a Mr. Hardy who was a kind, small man, with a thin beard, in the background of London tea parties . . . and in the background of my mind . . . I remember very distinctly the tea party at which I was introduced to him by Mrs. Lynn Lynton with her paralysing, pebble-blue eyes, behind gleaming spectacles. Mrs. Lynn Lynton, also a novelist, was a Bad Woman, my dear. One of the Shrieking Sisterhood! And I could never have her glance bent on me from behind those glasses without being terrified at the fear that she might shriek . . . or be Bad. I think it was Rhoda Broughton who first scandalized London by giving her heroine a Latchkey. But Mrs. Lynn Lynton had done something as unspeakably wicked. . . . And I was a terribly proper young man.

So, out of a sort of cloud of almost infantile paralysis — I must have been eighteen to the day — I found myself telling a very, very kind, small, ageless, soft-voiced gentleman with a beard, the name of my first book which had been published a week before. And he put his head on one side and uttered, as if he were listening to himself, the syllables: "Ow . . . Ow . . ."

I was petrified with horror . . . not because I thought he had gone mad or was being rude to me, but because he seemed to doom my book to irremediable failure. . . .

I do not believe I have ever mentioned

the name of one of my own books in my own print . . . at least I hope I have been too much of a little gentleman ever to have done so. But I do not see how I can here avoid mentioning that my first book was called *The Brown Owl* and that it was only a fairy tale. . . . I will add that the publisher — for whom Mr. Edward Garnett was literary adviser — paid me ten pounds for it and that it sold many thousands more copies than any other book I ever wrote . . . and keeps on selling to this day.

And on that day I had not got over the queer feeling of having had a book published. . . . I hadn't wanted to have a book published. I hadn't tried to get it published. My grandfather had, as it were, ordered Mr. Garnett to get it published. . . . I can to this day hear my grandfather's voice saying to Mr. Garnett, who was sitting to him on a model's throne:

"Fordie has written a book, too. . . . Go and get your book, Fordie!" . . . and the manuscript at the end of Mr. Garnett's very thin wrist disappearing into his capacious pocket. . . . And my mother let me have ten shillings of the money paid by Mr. Garnett's employer. . . . And that had been all I had got out of authorship. . . . So that I thought authorship was on the whole a mug's game and concealed as well as I could from my young associates the fact that I was an Author. I should have told you that that was my attitude and should have believed it. My ambition in those days was to be an Army Officer!

And then suddenly, in Mrs. Lynn Lynton's dim, wicked drawing room, in the face of this kind, bearded gentleman, I was filled with consternation and grief. Because it was plain that he considered that the vowel sounds of the title of my book were ugly and that, I supposed, would mean that the book could not succeed. So

I made the discovery that I—but tremendously!—wished that the book should succeed . . . even though I knew that if the book should succeed it would for ever damn my chances as one of Her Majesty's officers. . . .

And I could feel Mr. Hardy feeling the consternation and grief that had come up in me, because he suddenly said in a voice that was certainly meant to be consolatory:

"But of course you meant to be onomatopœic. Ow—ow—representing the lamenting voices of owls. . . . Like the repeated double O's of the opening of the Second Book of *The Aeneid*. . . ."

And he repeated:
"C^Onticuer' Omnes intentiqu' Ora tene-
bant

Inde t^Or^O pater Aeneas sic Orsus ab
alt^O—"
making me really hear the Oh . . . Oh's
of those lamenting lines. . . .

. . . . Years and years afterwards, when I was walking with him over the links at Aldeburgh, I reminded him that he had quoted those onomatopœisms to me and he would not believe that he had ever thought anything of the sort. Then he said:

"Oh, yes, of course. . . . And isn't it true? Because if you go on to the third line you get: "Infandum, Regina, iubes
ren^Ovare d^Ol^Orem. . . ." And then, "Myrmid^On^um, D^Ol^Opum^u' aut duri
miles Ulixⁱ. . . ."

. . . . But, on that distant day in Mrs. Lynton's drawing room, I was struck as dumb as a stuck pig. I could not get out a word whilst he went on talking cheerfully. He told me some anecdotes of the brown owl and then remarked that it might perhaps have been better if, supposing I had wanted to represent in my title the cry of the brown owl, instead of two "ow" sounds I could have found two "oo's". . . .

And he reflected and tried over the sound of "the brooding coots" and "the muted lutes". . . .

And then he said, as if miraculously to my easement:

"But of course you're quite right. . . . One shouldn't talk of one's books at tea parties. . . . Drop in at Max Gate when you are passing and we'll talk about it all in peace. . . ."

Marvelously kind . . . and leaving me still with a new emotional qualm of horror. . . . Yes, I was horrified . . . because I had let that kind gentleman go away thinking that my book was about birds . . . whereas it was about Princesses and Princes and magicians and such twaddle. . . . I had written it to amuse my sister Juliet. . . . So I ran home and wrote him a long letter telling him that the book was not about birds and begging his pardon in several distinct ways. . . .

Then a storm burst on the British Museum. The young Garnetts went about with appalled, amused, incredulous, or delighted expressions, according as the particular young Garnett was a practicing Anglican, an Agnostic, or a Nihilist. . . . It began to be whispered by them that Mrs. Hardy, a Dean's daughter, had taken a step. . . . She had been *agonized* . . . she hadn't been able to *stand* it. . . . The reception of *Tess* had been too *horrible* . . . for a Dean's daughter. . . . All the Deans in Christendom had been driven to consternation about *Tess*. They had all arisen and menaced Max Gate with their croziers. (I know that Deans do not wear croziers. But that was the effect the young Garnetts had produced.)

It came out at last. . . . Mrs. Hardy had been calling on Dr. Garnett as the Dean of Letters of the British Isles and Museum to beg, implore, command, threaten, anathematize her husband until he should be

persuaded or coerced into burning the manuscript of his new novel—which was *Jude*. She had written letters; she had called. She had wept; like Niobe she had let down her blonde hair. . . . The Agnostic and Nihilist young Garnetts rejoiced, the Anglicans were distraught. Dr. Garnett had obdurately refused. . . . I don't believe I cared one way or the other. I didn't like the Church of England. On the other hand I didn't want any lady or a multitude of Deans to be distressed. . . .

A long time after—six months, I dare say—I had my answer from Mr. Hardy. It seemed to be part of his immense kindness that, though he should have so long delayed the answer, nevertheless he should have answered. The tendency of ordinary men, if they have not answered a letter for a long time, is to tear it up and throw it into the waste-paper basket. I imagined him to have waited until the tremendous stir and racket over *Jude the Obscure* should have died away, but never to have put out of his mind altogether the letters that his kindness told him he ought eventually to write.

Mr. Hardy told me again to drop in on him any time I might be in the neighborhood of Dorchester. He told me not to be ashamed of writing fairy tales. Some of the greatest literature in the world was enshrined in that form. When I came to Dorchester he would perhaps be able to give me pointers out of his store of Wessex folklore. So I staged a walking-tour that should take me by Weymouth and Wooler and the Lyme Regis of Jane Austen and Charmouth . . . and of course Dorchester, for I could not bring myself to take the straight train down to that city. I had to obey his orders and “drop in” casually whilst strolling about that country of chalk downs and the sea.

Alas, when I got to Max Gate, Mr.

Hardy was away for the day. He had gone, I think, to witness a parade of the militia at Weymouth which I had just left. So, instead of listening to Mr. Hardy's Wessex folklore, I listened nervously whilst Mrs. Hardy in her Junonian blondeness of a Dean's daughter read me her own poems over a perfectly appointed tea-table in a room without roses peeping in at the windows but properly bechintzed.

I don't know whether it was really a militia parade that he had gone to Weymouth to witness any more than Mrs. Hardy was really a Dean's daughter. That was merely the Garnettian slant on the Hardy household. Those lively young people whose father was really very intimate with the novelist, had projected such an image of that household that I had gone there expecting to find in a low inner room of a long white farmhouse with monthly roses peeping in at the window, the kind elderly gentleman who had held his head on one side and said: “Ow . . . ow” . . . And in another room the Dean's daughter would be burning the manuscript of *Jude the Obscure*.

It was all naturally nothing of the sort. Max Gate was not an old, long, thatched farmhouse; it was quite new, of brick, with, as it were, high shoulders. Not a single rose grew on it at that date. And the Dean's daughter was not a dean's daughter but an Archdeacon's niece . . . the Archdeacon of London's niece. And she was not burning *Jude the Obscure*, but read me her own innocuous poems. And the kind, bearded gentleman whose beardedness made him resemble any one of the elder statesmen of the day—Sir Charles Dilke, or Lord Salisbury, or the Prince of Wales, or Mr. Henry James . . . that kind, bearded gentleman was not there. . . .

And immediately on hearing that he was out, my mind had jumped to the conclusion that he was witnessing a review of the militia . . . I suppose because I knew that one of his stories was called *The Trumpet Major*. . . .

And then nothing more for years. *Jude the Obscure* came out amidst a terrific pother. But the pother took place in circles remote from my own . . . circles where they still fought bloodily about the Real Presence, the Virgin Birth, or whether the human race had in the beginning been blessed with prehensile tails . . . none of which seemed to be any affair of mine. . . . And the Literary Great of the country sat about each on his little hill . . . Mr. Meredith at Box Hill, Mr. Kipling at Burwash, Mr. Hardy at Max Gate, and the William Blacks and James Payns and Marion Crawfords and Lord Tennysons each on his little monticule. . . . Official Literature in short drowns on on its profitable way and we, *les jeunes*, had other fish to fry.

For myself, I could not believe that that kind, bearded gentleman could have written anything that need really have brought the blush to the cheek of the purest virgin in her white chamber. That I knew to be the real test of the Official Literature of the day. There must be some mistake. And if I could have convinced myself that *Jude the Obscure* was really terrible I should have read it. Once or twice I nearly did. But the impulse passed and with it Mr. Hardy himself passed regretfully from my mind . . . regrettfully, because my one contact with him had left me with the impression of his great, benevolent, though slightly muted charm. . . .

Then I heard that he had given up novel-writing for good . . . because of the pother over *Jude the Obscure*, and was

going to take to poetry. I remember thinking that he might do something good, for in those days I held — and I don't know that I don't still hold — that the British novelist would almost invariably be better employed writing verse. The climate, the unmanageable language, the untidy minds, the dislike of definiteness, all seemed to make it desirable that they should employ the easier, the less scientific method. . . . Mr. Meredith was certainly a better poet than novelist; Thackeray might well have been; or Dickens; or Mr. Blackmore, author of *Lorna Doone*. . . . So it might very well be with Mr. Hardy. In my bones I felt him writing very English, fantastic, a little harsh, woodland idylls . . . a cross, perhaps, between Donne and Tibullus . . . so in my mind I wished him well and didn't see how his wife and the Archdeacons could get at him anymore.

And then one day there burst on me, sitting on the terrace of my cottage that overlooked the Romney Marsh and the Channel and the coast of France, beneath the immense pale blue sky flecked with little pink, dolphin-shaped clouds . . . there burst in, his features white and rigid with fury, that Tory Yorkshire Squire, Arthur Marwood — usually pink-and-white-faced, stolid, expressionless, bulky — like a meal sack. His voice shook as he held out a paper — I never knew what it was — and exclaimed:

"The *Cornhill* has refused to print Thomas Hardy's last poem!" And as a corollary: "We must start that *Review* at once to print it."

II

The incident introduced me immediately and forcibly to Thomas Hardy as a poet. And I am glad the introduction took that form . . . that, I mean, the first words of

Hardy to which I paid any serious attention should have been in his lovely, rugged manuscript and should have been a poem called *A Sunday Morning Tragedy*. It gave me at once if not the measure of the very great man that England, in Hardy, had produced, then the very strong sense of what his exact excellence really was.

Till then I had felt strongly enough his personality and the sense that he existed — gentle, modest, kind, unassuming . . . extremely sensitive and easy to hurt, even. He had seemed, for me, till that moment, to float as I have said like a serene eagle, in heights not meant for me and mine. . . . Very high, in a blue heaven, on a Sunday morning, with, miles beneath, the scent of Russian leather hymn books and gloves, of the beef roasting for dinner and cauliflower a-boil, and the rustle of starched petticoats running downstairs so as to be in time to walk very slowly to church, and the bells pealing from the steeples . . . all over the country of my birth . . . that perpetual irruption into the hoddern Victorian week of a gilt-framed half-day when what spirituality there was — and all its adiposities of comfort — manifested themselves at their fullest and most tranquil all over the broad counties and the rolling shires.

It had always seemed to me, in short, that such a civilization — if it could be called a civilization — so interrupted, could not possibly produce a Great Man since it had so little to express that its expression could not possibly lead to greatness. . . . But there, in the enraged, pale face and shaking voice of my Yorkshire Tory friend, I had at once at least the forewarning that I was going to come on Greatness. A Yorkshire Tory of his intensity had to be continually expressing contempt for the stupidities of his Party over the innumerable small matters with

which Parties occupy themselves. But this white flame of passion could only have been induced by a manifestation so stupid that it must be of the type that causes disaster not only to Parties but to Countries themselves.

And that was what it really was. . . . Marwood was not the man to pay any more lip service than George II to “bainting and boetry”, but he had vision sufficient to see that a Toryism that permitted its principal Organ to refuse publication to its chief Brain was a Toryism that must soon die . . . and with it the spirit that had given greatness to the nation. It was about the end of what Toryism could allow itself. . . . So there *must* be a Tory organ that could publish Hardy.

Until that time we had regarded our proposed *Review* mostly as a means for putting money into the pockets of Conrad, for whose career that Yorkshireman who affected to despise literature was at least as anxious as myself. And we had hitherto hesitated in the uncertainty as to which would the more contribute to Conrad’s material prosperity — to set up for him a sort of fund or to spend the money on a *Review* which should give him less money but greater public backing and support. The censoring of *A Sunday Morning Tragedy* left no doubts in Marwood’s mind and I was ready to follow him. I was not actively interested either in Toryism or in Saving the Nation, but if Marwood could get that much extra fun out of our joint venture I was going to be glad enough. In the meantime I knew that my scale of things was going to be presented with another great man.

So, in due course, that sheet of manuscript that I can still see with a startling plainness came onto my desk . . . and it did not take me two lines of reading of harsh, unsinging, but as if chanting,

words that had been knocked out of old woodland rocks . . . not two lines, not even one whole one, to see that what I had foreseen had come true . . . and that I had at my disposal a long tale of living reading.

To say that my eyes had never fallen till that day upon a word of Thomas Hardy's might not be true literally. I had vaguely at the back of my mind the idea of the servant girl who got her letters to her lover written for her by her mistress — which is the tale called *On the Western Circuit*, and another story of a man who met his own executioner somewhere on the tiresome cliffs of Wessex. So I must actually have looked into *Life's Little Ironies* or one or other of Mr. Hardy's books of short stories. But my active professional mind had not been occupied with the tales. It was completely taken up with what was then Literary Modernism.

Thus the stories had made almost no impress on me. They were good enough anecdotes put down with the gentlemanly amateurishness that distinguished my countrymen. . . . Yes, good anecdotes. . . . Indeed, I had then the impression that today's re-reading merely strengthens in me, that the rather tremendous situations the anecdotes set up were merely glanced at and not treated at all. There was about Hardy none of the tremendous passion that Conrad displayed for getting the last drop of interest out of a "subject". He heard a good story, got it down anyhow and always rather listlessly — as if his heart was not much in his work — and let it go at that. This was particularly the case with *On the Western Circuit*, which is one of the worst instances of the throwing away of a subject that I have ever come across. Listen to it. . . .

A servant girl who has been seduced by a young barrister gets her kind young

mistress to write him delicate and uncomplaining love letters . . . because she cannot write. Writing the love letters, the kind young mistress falls in love with the barrister and the barrister falls in love with the writer of the letters . . . thinking of course that it is the servant girl who has written them. So he marries the girl who, anyhow, is going to have a baby. And on the wedding day the truth comes out between barrister and kind young mistress. . . . And the story ends there.

But for the merest tyro amongst professional novel writers the "subject" could only begin there, given that the barrister was any kind of man at all. For even if you didn't — which you probably would — want to treat the subsequent relations of the barrister and the kind young mistress as an adulterous "affair", there would still remain the relations of the barrister and the illiterate servant girl whom he had married because he had taken her to be an epistolary poetess. . . . Goodness me! . . . Hardy might at least have taken the trouble to invent an accident in which the girl could have had her hand cut off or rendered nerveless. As it was he took a subject that every real novelist would itch and ache to handle and, having thus spoilt it for others, just dropped it as he might have dropped a bunch of withered flowers. It was rather wicked of him.

It was wicked of him in the sense that it was wicked to "restore", as in his youth he did, innumerable beautiful and ancient churches . . . against his conscience, just to make a living and in the barbarous fashion of the mid-Victorians. He used, he said, sometimes to writhe in his bed when he thought of what he had done to those beautiful monuments of antiquity. And if he didn't go as far as to admit to himself or anyone else that he had as cruelly mangled in his Wessex novels and

tales an infinity of beautiful subjects, his novels and tales seemed to present almost no interest to him at all once he was done with them.

Indeed, one may be pretty certain that it was with a sigh of relief that he dropped from his shoulders the yoke of the prose writer, once *Jude the Obscure* was published and the outcry with which it was received by Mrs. Hardy and all the Archdeacons, Deans, and female columnists of two hemispheres, reached its height. One may even imagine that he took, in his perverse, ironic way, a little pleasure in exaggerating the outrageousnesses of his hero and heroine because he wished to bring about an outcry that would give him an excuse to abandon novel-writing forever. . . . *Jude* is at any rate so far and away his best book . . . is to such an extent inspired by the passionate mind of a great nature . . . that one can be pretty certain that in its working out he did employ some sort of conscious artistic knowledge. And it is interesting to speculate as to what he would have done in the way of novels if he had not abandoned the trade just at the moment when he seemed to have awakened to the fact that that avocation was really an art. For the difference between *Jude* and *Tess* is the difference between a mass of clay handled rather indifferently by a tiredly sentimental sculptor and another mass bitterly handled and struck and wrestled with by a creator until suddenly it comes alive. The other novels form indeed a long, more listless or less listless string of prentice works for that last near-masterpiece. *The Mayor of Casterbridge* isn't "done" at all—if we compare it with the bubbling, boisterous *Grandeur et Décadence de César Birotteau* of another—but an immense, high-blood-pressed amateur. *The Woodlanders* is enlivened by the

touches of rather impish adultery, the rendering of which always brought Mr. Hardy to life.

But in *Jude*, the passionate protest of the great writer's soul against, not the creed, but the practices of mid-Victorian Anglicanism—against the Russian leather of the hymn books, the starched petticoats, the sirloin and cauliflower and the cap-touchings beneath the pink clouds to the peals from the steeples—that passionate revolt of a being who was a woodland man shot through with the impishnesses of Pan, inspired him in those pages to a skill such as he only elsewhere displayed in his poems.

He was, in short, a great poet of a great nature. It is impossible not to be thrilled by any two or three pages of Hardian prose that you take up and into which you dip. I was, as it were, startled out of my life a month or so ago when, after not having looked at the Wessex novels for at least twenty years, I read the first three of four pages of *The Mayor of Casterbridge*. Like Thackeray over his own work I struck my forehead and exclaimed: "Why, this is genius!" Because the writing, if it isn't the writing of me and mine, if I may be excused the phrase, is the authentic writing, chiseled and firm, of a real writer. And the temperament, in the comment on bird or married couple, is the contemplative temperament of the tranquilly consummate poet. And the projection of the incidents seems to herald the unfolding of an immense tragedy.

But Hardy was not a novelist, never wanted to be a novelist, didn't care what he did in his novels so long as decently they brought him in enough money to maintain the niece of an Archdeacon in the style to which she was entitled. And once he could find a decent pretext for giving up labor of that sort, he took it,

and for the rest of his life was like a man who having for years been married and faithful to an uncongenial and domineering wife suddenly sees himself at liberty for the rest of time to sport in woodlands with . . . the muses! . . . It had not been for nothing that, at about the time when he was contemplating the writing of *Jude*, he shaved off his beard. It is always an ominous sign, that.

I don't mean to say that he was not lamentably hurt by the world-wide, sadistically imbecile chorus of abuse that saluted *Jude*. He was to a singular degree naïve in the ways of the world. So that he really imagined that if he revealed, powerfully, overwhelmingly, the core of heartlessness that underlay the Russian leather of the Sunday morning hymn books, the Deans and Archdeacons would get down off their stalls and thrones and say to the first intelligent man who happened to be standing about; "Please take my seat, Mr. So and So!" . . . Something like that. . . .

But it is to be remembered that, criticize as he might the temporal dispositions of the Anglican Church, he remained a Believer. Indeed, I think one of the most memorable occasions of my life occurred when before the fair-sized houseparty at Mr. Clodd's at Aldeburgh, Thomas Hardy made the curiously shy avowal that he was a practicing and believing communicant of the Church of England. It fell, I believe on all the rest of the party, with a little shock of surprise.

The party itself has, I believe, been made famous by another writer. Mr. Clodd had invited some representative English people for a long week-end with the purpose of ascertaining to that extent the complexion of the religious belief of the country at the time. Mr. Clodd had been in the 'Eighties a militant leader of

the agnostic wave that swept over the world after the publication of *The Origin of Species*, and Mr. Hardy's shyness at making his confession arose from his dislike of hurting the feelings of his old friend. It was indeed a bad day for Mr. Clodd. Of the nine people present, five of us announced ourselves as Roman Catholic at least in tradition and turn of mind — all being writers of a certain position. A very distinguished Professor of Greek at Oxford professed belief in some form of spiritualism that included somewhere a black velvet coffin. There was another spiritualist or theosophist present, the only agnostic besides Mr. Clodd being a relative of his. The agnostic pendulum seemed indeed to have swung back.

In such a body Mr. Hardy's confession might well come as a shock since neither Catholics nor Spiritualists — nor yet indeed Agnostics — are inclined to regard the Church of England as anything but a social Institution. . . . And Mr. Hardy's profession of belief impressed myself — and I dare say several of the others — with a feeling that if the creed of that church could in that day and hour hold the mind of a man so indisputably great as the author of *The Dynasts*, the church was as a spiritual organization worthy of a respect that one had hitherto withheld from her . . . just indeed as one may well feel today that if Victorian England could produce a figure so authentically great as that little, inwardly smiling, ineffably modest poet, there is more to be said for Victorian England than one is usually inclined to say.

He stood there indeed a singular and intriguing mystery. He seemed to have dropped on that remote seashore out of clouds of temporal glory such as could have attended on few not themselves temporally royal in origin. As far as one

could trust the papers, behind the billowing skirts of Mrs. Hardy he passed continually across the lawns of royal garden parties; sat in the carriages of the vice-regal lodge at Dublin; mounted the stairs of the Admiralty; vice-presided at his own table over incredibly be-coroneted ranks of guests. . . .

And there he was—infinitely simple, extraordinarily self-effacing; as if ineradicably a peasant, with a face varnished and wrinkled by the weather as the exposed roots of ancient oaks are gnarled amidst their moss . . . and with amazing powers of perception in his keen, limpid, liquid, poet-peasant's eyes . . . and as instinct with the feeling of escape as a schoolboy who had run out from his school ranks on some down and was determined on naughtiness. . . . Much as I have seen Henry James suddenly look naughty when, temporarily escaping from the vigilance of his doctors, nephews, and housekeepers, he had determined to have a glass of port. . . .

I imagined Mr. Hardy to have looked like that when, shaving off his elder-statesman's beard and waxing his mustache till it stuck out like that of the sergeant major of a bantam regiment, he determined to abandon prose for poetry. . . . He was a man obviously of free passions who had borne long disciplining with a silent patience and had now definitely retired from trade to take up his life's hobby to the exclusion of all else.

Because first—and long before he had had any prevision of becoming a novelist—he had yearned with an almost greensickness to be a poet. And he had practiced poetry and studied prosody minutely and with passion . . . for years. At a turning of the ways such as must be occasioned by the contemplation of marriage with a young woman of position, he had

had to decide whether to earn his living as an architect—by restoring churches—in a profession in which he was already middling well-established. In that way he would have been able to continue being a poet on the side. But at the pressing instance of his bride-to-be, he had launched out into the occupation of the commercial novelist—an occupation of a breathless labor that left him almost no time for anything else.

That he cared almost nothing for novel-writing, though he was almost over-sensitive about the reception of his works of fiction, is amply proved by the continual alterations he made in his stories to suit the prudishnesses of editors and of old-maid readers. No novelist of passion could have done that, whereas he gave almost as much trouble to restoring his novels to their original form after they had been mangled for purposes of serialization as he gave to the original writing. The restoration of *Jude* took years and left him long prostrate with exhaustion.

Of his verse, on the other hand, he was fiercely jealous. No one could have persuaded him to alter a word either in the interests of fluidity of meter or of the delicacies. The shocked *Cornhill* would have published *A Sunday Morning Tragedy* if he would have omitted some verses and changed others, and would have published "Who now remembers Almack's balls?" if he would have altered a word or two—though I can't imagine what words they could have desired to see altered. . . . unless they are perhaps contained in the lines:

Is Death the partner who doth mow
Their wormy chaps and bare?

And I like to think that some of his lightness of heart during that Aldeburgh week-end was caused by the fact that he

had at last at his disposal a periodical that would publish whatever he wrote exactly as he chose to write it. It was, as it were, another escape. . . . And it was symbolic that at Aldeburgh he only once mentioned his novels . . . that being to say that until the publication of *Tess* he had made almost no money in the United States by his books because of the nonexistence till that date of copyright for foreign authors. . . . On the other hand he talked—after sufficient pressing—by the hour about *The Dynasts*, going over page after page minutely in a nook on the beach, explaining why he had used here heroics, here Alcaics or Sapphics or ballad forms or forms invented by himself, explaining how such and such an incident had been suggested to him . . . and keenly delighting in his achievement. For you could trust that mercurial, simple old peasant to know what he had done and what a great thing that tragedy is. . . .

For me, I have a passionate liking for passages in literature which open up physical immensities of landscape, and that pleasure I get supremely from that work. One stands on a height and sees at infinite distances tiny sailors hauling up

boats, tiny hussars dismounted, digging entrenchments, tiny tricolors prancing from Paris to Rome. . . . I can get no greater pleasure from literature.

But indeed the whole of his poetic work forms such another immense panorama . . . of the great landscape of the human heart. It is a matter of observation of minutenesses rendered with an immense breadth and breath. You would imagine there is nothing human, hidden, and down to the ground that he had not noticed with his quick glances. They penetrated right in behind nearly all surfaces as if he had been an infallible sleuth of all human instances. I still remember my extreme amazement—as if of a Doctor Watson—when looking at a fisher boy who was patching an old boat, he told me that that boy whom he had never seen before was probably the stepson of a woman lately widowed—who got on well with him. . . . He had deduced it—and it was quite correct—from the boy's red canvas trousers which had been cut down and patched with blue cloth. . . . Think what an amazingly handy gift that was for a projector of panoramas of the human heart.

THE FALLACY OF FREE TRADE

BY MERRYLE STANLEY RUKEYSER

ALTHOUGH academic economists throughout the world still adhere tenaciously to free trade principles, such doctrines are no longer considered wholly respectable in the realm of practical politics. When Great Britain, the cradle of free trade, switched over to a protectionist policy five years ago, the climax in the modernization of world policies was reached. In this country, however, under the tutelage of Secretary of State Hull, who still retains mid-Victorian predilections on matters pertaining to foreign trade, there has been a partial throwback to tariff conceptions of an earlier period. Rates have been cut furtively, instead of openly. Realizing that it would be politically dangerous to recommend a general downward revision of American tariff schedules by Congress, the New Deal has attempted to achieve the reality of reductions without the appearance. The process, moreover, has involved lawmaking by New Deal bureaucrats instead of by the national legislature.

In these efforts to revise American tariff policies, Secretary Hull has been running counter to nationalistic policies in the other principal countries. He is cognizant that he is bucking the trend, yet he believes that the United States, in the messianic spirit, should set a good example to the rest of the world. In other words, Mr. Hull presupposes that tendencies to bolster domestic economy in various countries, rather than foreign trade, are based on

error and confusion. But as a matter of fact, newer instruments for foreign trade control can be forged only from a realistic grasp of the fundamental economic forces sweeping the world. The old British free trade theories, which reflected the former *status quo* when England planned to be the workshop of the world, no longer fit changing conditions in which most of the principal nations are in the midst of a period of quickened industrial development. Likewise, the recurrence of the martial spirit in Europe discloses the naïveté of the assumption that it is safe for nations to specialize in their own economic activities and draw upon the outside world for the remainder of their needs. Similarly, a survey of practical conditions indicates that free trade among nations with unequal living standards tends to bring those with superior living conditions down to the status of those with coolie standards.

As the debating points of the free traders are subjected to scientific analysis, it will be understood why practical statesmen and captains of industry alike have been rejecting the teachings of the classical school. The real need is for a scientific and effective technique for relating foreign trade to the requirements of the domestic economy. The successful post-war history of the American chemical industry reveals ways and means of using trade barriers to foster science and invention, rather than to retard them. Indeed, the very reluctance of the Roosevelt Administration to advo-

cate an old-fashioned slashing of rates entails in itself a recognition of changes that have taken place in informed opinion. But though the State Department pays lip service to the ideal of protection, it has been using the series of so-called reciprocal trade agreements as a furtive means of breaking down American tariff rates. Dr. Henry F. Grady, an economic advisor to the State Department, gave the plan away in a recent article in *Foreign Affairs*, in which he described the subtle technique by which the New Deal has been reducing American protection under the guise of reciprocal agreements. He declared:

One of the large barriers to world trade has been our own excessively high tariff. The tariff policy of this country since the war has gone far beyond the bounds of legitimate protection. It has given rise to retaliatory measures, which, implemented by new instruments of commercial warfare, have greatly injured our trade. The trade agreements program is not in any sense a free trade program. It is merely an attempt to remove the causes of retaliation and to restore thereby to American enterprise its natural markets abroad and to retain at the same time reasonable protection for domestic industry.

We have already lowered many rates, which have been generalized to other countries. When we shall have gone the rounds of most of the important countries of the world, reducing in each case the duties on commodities of which it is the principal or important source, we shall have lowered our tariffs on a great many items where the case for lowering is justified. As a result of extending these reductions to virtually all countries, we will obtain, it would seem, what the proponents of unilateral tariff reduction desire; but we will do it more carefully and scientifically than is possible by legislative action. We will at the same time bring about a substantial downward revision of foreign trade barriers.

Apparently the Administration's reciprocal treaties have benefited foreign coun-

tries more than America, because imports to this country have been rising faster than exports. Whereas last year exports amounted to \$2,282,000,000, or seven per cent more than in 1934, the total value of goods entering the country amounted to \$2,948,000,000, or a twenty-four per cent increase over 1934. This reduction in America's favorable trade balance has occurred while Secretary Hull was undertaking to revive a dead horse of economic doctrine. Free trade theories have been losing favor so rapidly among practical men throughout the world that the State Department, in bringing about tariff reductions, has been obliged to proceed indirectly rather than directly. For during recent times, free trade was not only respectable, but anyone who had the temerity to reject the theory was considered somewhat of an economic rebel. Even Frederick List, the German economist, who threw down the gauntlet to Adam Smith, the father of free trade, wrote a century ago to a friend that anyone who did not accept free trade was considered an idiot. If free trade principles now are being rejected, this does not mean that today's generation is necessarily more sophisticated and more discriminating in dissecting economic theory than its forebears. It may merely signify that new and important factors have come into play in this changing and developing world since 1776, when Smith wrote his *Wealth of Nations*.

II

The old ideas of free and unrestricted international trade were based on the premise of international specialization. Each country, it was assumed, possessed special endowments in the form of natural resources and human talents. Accordingly, the free

traders advocated that nations should concentrate on those things in which they excelled, sell their surplus in world markets, and buy from overseas the products in which other countries specialized. This plausible doctrine, which was made in England, seemingly rationalized the earlier British ambition to serve as the industrial center of the world. The original conception was that other countries—relatively backward—would concentrate on the production of agricultural products and other raw materials to be traded for British manufactured goods.

As long as England was the manufacturing center, the free trade doctrines accurately described the world that then existed. But gradually the set-up was transformed by the ambitions of other peoples to participate in economic progress. Gradually, competitive manufacturers appeared in the North Atlantic States in America, in continental Europe, especially in Germany, later in Japan, and even in Latin America. Since the World

War, nearly all countries have felt the urge to stand on their own economic legs, and industrialization has spread with astounding celerity. The old balance of backward and progressive powers has been disturbed and the wide demand for a different set of policies in foreign trade springs from a recognition of these changes.

The war made nations everywhere conscious of the hazards of undue dependence on foreign sources of supply. Even Great Britain was amazed in 1914 to discover the extent of German economic penetration in England itself. It was soon learned that modern warfare was fought as much in the laboratories and the factories as in the trenches. The British naval blockade of Germany aroused neutral nations, including the United States prior to April

6, 1917, to the fact that maintenance of living standards hinged on ability to assure a continuous volume of essential imports. So dependent were American institutions on specialized German manufactures that care of the sick in our hospitals was jeopardized by the shutting off of German shipments of basic drugs. Anxious to bring pressure on the United States to force Great Britain to relax the blockade, Germany, it was charged, deliberately withheld exports of therapeutic chemicals. In brief, it soon became apparent that the defense of countries which depended on imports was vastly weaker than had been assumed. Lesson One was then grasped, namely, that classic free trade was practicable only in a world in which a lasting peace was assured. As long as the possibility of war hung over the horizon, it was sheer blindness to lean on warships, submarines, and artillery for defense while neglecting essential aspects of the technique of modern, scientific, industrial production.

But this was no exclusive discovery by the militarists. The need was equally discerned by humanitarians of pacifistic leanings. After the Armistice, President Wilson, on May 20, 1919, sent a message to Congress advocating unusual protection for the American coal-tar chemical industry, saying:

There are parts of our tariff system which need prompt attention. The experiences of the war have made it plain that in some cases too great reliance on foreign supply is dangerous, and that in determining certain parts of our tariff policy, domestic considerations must be borne in mind which are political as well as economic. Among the industries to which special consideration should be given is that of the manufacture of dyestuffs and related chemicals. Our complete dependence upon German supplies before the war made the interruption of trade a cause of exceptional

economic disturbance. The close relation between the manufacture of dyestuffs, on the one hand, and of explosives and poisonous gases on the other, moreover, has given the industry an exceptional significance and value. Although the United States will gladly and unhesitatingly join in the program of international disarmament, it will, nevertheless, be a policy of obvious prudence to make certain of the successful maintenance of many strong and well-equipped chemical plants. The German chemical industry, with which we will be brought into competition, was, and may well be again, a thoroughly knit monopoly capable of exercising a competition of a peculiarly insidious and dangerous kind.

Now in order to render feasible the classic doctrine of international specialization in production, it would be necessary to create an international super-state, which would displace national governments. But until such time as a single world state is invented to supplant nations, the doctrine of free trade and international specialization is inconsistent with national defense. In the present militarized status of the world, it is natural to observe a quickened trend away from free trade toward protection and national self-containment. Yet even if the problem of national defense were not involved, there are other controlling reasons for the tendency of nations to seek to come of age in an economic sense.

The theory of international specialization, instead of widespread diversification, places a country in a highly speculative position. A specialized nation has too many of its eggs in one basket; it is unprepared for revolutionary discoveries by creative scientists. For example, Chile built up its national economy upon the nitrate trade, in which it had long enjoyed a virtual world monopoly. The revenues of the state, like the national income of the people, came largely from

this key industry. The monopoly seemed to make Chile's position impregnable, and as a result the Republic was able to float huge foreign loans. But meantime, creative chemistry succeeded in developing synthetic methods for producing nitrates, and suddenly the props were knocked from under Chile's monopoly. This is not an isolated incident, but is typical of how scientific research is producing synthetic substitutes which liberate peoples from dependence on foreign monopolies.

A further premise of the free trade movement rests on differing national skill and talent. The academicians point out that each group of peoples is equipped to do certain jobs more effectively than others. By concentrating on the work for which they are most fitted, they are supposed to procure the best results, buying other products from foreigners who because of natural resources or peculiar racial fitness excel in making these products. This doctrine, if ever valid, would apply only to a static, motionless world — scarcely to the dynamic, fast-moving world of today. It is entirely inconsistent with the modern application of the scientific mind to business. Modern business is guided by research, which is animated in turn by the hope that it will always be possible to shake new secrets from the hidden bushes of undisclosed knowledge.

III

From its beginning, the United States has pursued a protectionist policy. When, occasionally, the policy was debated — or momentarily altered — the country was subjected to temporary setbacks. Under protection, this country succeeded admirably in establishing better living standards than ever previously reached by any nation at any stage of history. Hence, it

would be an immensely costly undertaking to turn the United States into a gigantic laboratory for tariff experimentation. If, for example, the deviations from American traditional policy which Secretaries Hull and Wallace advocate, should be found by experience to be fallacious, the testing period might set back the economic development of the country for generations. Fortunately, however, this generation can without expense profit from examining similar proposals made in England nearly a century ago by Richard Cobden, who uttered the same type of trade doctrines which Secretary Hull now expounds.

Cobden advocated repeal of the Corn Laws which gave protection to British farmers. At Manchester on January 15, 1846, he made this inaccurate forecast:

I believe that, if you abolish the Corn Law honestly, and adopt Free Trade in its simplicity, there will not be a tariff in Europe that will not be changed in less than five years to follow your example.

Other prognostications of Cobden proved equally fatuous. In following his advice to abandon protection of home agriculture, England gradually lost much of her domestic farming industry, and became dependent on imports for sixty-five per cent of her foodstuffs. Yet in an address at Manchester on October 19, 1843, Cobden made this strange prediction:

I have never been one who believed that the repeal of the Corn Laws (a free trade gesture) would throw an acre of land out of cultivation.

A year later, he attempted to foreshadow what the future historian would say about the repeal of the Corn Laws, in the following words:

It was not until, by the aid of the Anti-Corn Law League, the Corn Law was

utterly abolished, that agriculture sprang up to the full vigor of its existence in England, to become what it now is, like her manufactures, unrivalled in the world.

England tried these doctrines and found them wanting. They tended to make depression the normal in Great Britain. Yet in the last five years, since England reversed its policy and became committed to protection, the nation has risen spectacularly from its prolonged recession. It now is more prosperous than in 1928, and the improvement has come primarily out of domestic economy rather than external trade. Exports are lower than in 1928. In that year, exports were £843,862,333, compared with £447,371,016 (provisional) in 1934, and £481,800,000 (provisional) in 1935. Thus England has become conscious of the desirability of developing a balanced internal economy. She has set out to repair the deficiencies in her agriculture which grew out of the repeal of the Corn Laws; she is concentrating on home industries; she is showing new energy in rebuilding her transportation, her communications, and her roads.

Yet marked as progress has been in England since 1931, it would have been still greater if she had not tempered her new protectionist policy to meet the formula of imperial preference. Specifically, imperial preference has restrained the Minister of Agriculture from going the whole way in a program for developing home agriculture. As a result, Empire goods, particularly agricultural products, are still displacing English working men. As the British leaders, however, are coming to recognize that prosperity under the new technology of the power age depends on balance, which enables the principal social and economic groups, such as farmers and factory workers, to employ one another through interchanging the prod-

ucts of a year's labor, Britain seems destined for a period of accelerated economic progress. And she will do this job, unlike Italy and Germany, without surrendering her traditional democratic institutions.

Public opinion in England by 1931 had been converted to the viewpoint that other nations had valid reasons for rejecting the free trade doctrines of the classical British economists. Realists recognized that the whole principle rested on a false premise, namely, that hours of labor are equally valuable in the principal trading countries. For example, under the disparities in living standards existing between the American skilled worker and the coolie in the Orient, free trade would lead to infinite complications. This warning is more applicable to the United States than to any other nation because, with barely more than six per cent of the world's population, America has more than one third of the world's wealth and from forty to fifty per cent of the world's income. As a matter of fact, it has been computed that more than half of the world's foreign and domestic trade takes place within the borders of the United States. The essential truth is that because of rich natural resources, superlative management technique, and an intelligent working population, Americans have vastly more of the world's goods than they would have on a per capita basis as citizens in a world state. Once this country safeguards the home market through embargoes where necessary and then limits exports to amounts which foreigners can purchase by shipping to the United States essential raw materials, such as coffee, tea, and rubber, then the pressure of excessive and dangerous international competition will abate. Thus an enlightened and streamlined economic nationalism can become a healing, peace-making influence throughout the world.

IV

When American liberals speak of free trade, they really mean one-sided free trade. They want their own government to let down the barriers in the vague hope of setting a good example to the rest of the world. Though these suggested changes would expose the rich home market of the United States to world competition, it by no means follows that they would result in a corresponding new regime in other countries. Foreign governments—and Japan has been pre-eminent in this movement—co-operate closely with their business interests. When it becomes a matter of national policy to expand particular industries, especially in the export trade, governments pay subsidies during the developmental period. Moreover, undeterred by a Sherman anti-trust law, foreign governments, including Germany, permit cartels, which are combinations of an entire industry, to raise prices arbitrarily on goods intended for domestic consumption in order temporarily to recoup losses incurred in the foreign field, where it seems advantageous to kill off international competition through selling below cost.

In order to pursue to a logical conclusion the old-fashioned international economic ideas which the Roosevelt Administration has espoused, it would be necessary to change radically the relationship between business and government in the United States. The anti-trust laws relating to combinations in restraint of trade and prohibitions against price-fixing would have to be scrapped. Accordingly, if liberals, who in their confusion have sided with the free trade school, would think this subject through, they would find themselves in the illogical position of reversing themselves on the fundamentals

of federal legislation designed to curb arbitrary power in the domestic field of industry.

During the era of this country's highest post-war foreign trade, Americans not only exported goods and services, but also the money to pay for them—in the form of loans, many of which are now uncollectible. Moreover, a substantial portion of the trade recorded in official statistics was not profitable business. Much of it represented reprisals consisting of price-cutting overseas for the purpose of punishing foreign concerns in their home markets for similar tactics within this country's borders. And yet, if the new fashion is to be a trend toward economic self-containment, the United States has the easiest adjustment to make. Even in the prosperous years 1927 to 1929, Americans depended on exports for only six per cent of their national income, compared with a ratio of twenty to sixty-five per cent in other principal countries of the world.

Curiously enough, protection in the United States was originally intended almost exclusively for industry. The opposition to it came largely from agriculture. Now, as a result of the kaleidoscopic changes in world economy, our domestic agriculture, crowded increasingly out of foreign markets, needs the protection of a monopoly at home. In spite of this growing need, the United States is in the peculiar position of taxing heavily native agricultural products, such as tobacco, while exempting many foreign products, such as coffee, tea, and other non-competitive imports. Likewise, the recently outlawed processing taxes fell on native agricultural products used at the American dinner table. This system amounts, in effect, to applying tariff protection in reverse.

Since England turned to protection,

comparatively few articles remain on her free list. In this country, however, 60.5 per cent of total imports by value in 1934 entered free of duty. Upwards of seventy-six exempt commodities are regularly brought into the United States, embracing numerous agricultural products in addition to tea and coffee, rubber, silk, bananas, wool, herbs, and spices. As a result, the average American duty on total imports in the calendar year 1934 was only eighteen per cent, compared with the average British duty of twenty-seven per cent.

Secretary Hull took advantage of the large number of items on the free list to induce foreign nations to make reciprocal tariff agreements with the United States. He offered the seemingly innocuous commitment on the part of this country to bind such items to the free list for a period of years. Nominally this entails no sacrifice. But in reality it tends to tie the hands of Congress at the very time when it is searching for new sources of revenue. Apparently foreign negotiators were more canny than the American diplomats. Representatives of other countries, foreseeing that in the logical sequence of events Congress might want to impose an excise tax on coffee, tea, and other non-competitive imports for purely revenue purposes, as England used to do when it was still on a predominantly free trade basis, persuaded the American government to keep such items on the free list.

With national interest as the touchstone for evaluating policy, tariffs or embargoes should not be used to subsidize the inefficient and the greedy. The government, acting for all the people, should expect a *quid pro quo* from protected industrialists and agrarians. If the records reveal a significant influx of certain products from overseas, this country's tariff authority—

THE ADMONITION

a reconstructed Tariff Commission of first-rate men of scientific bent of mind—should inquire into the reasons behind such a movement. As part of this survey, the Commission should determine whether American interests can produce the imported article. It should insist on proof that goods of at least as excellent quality can be produced in this country. If not, it should encourage the industry to start research to enable it to turn out such merchandise.

Until equal quality can be attained, imports should be permitted in order to give American consumers access to the best

offered in the world markets. To do less would be to interfere with opportunities to live well, and would tend to protect incompetence and to reward backwardness. Once goods of equal or better quality can be produced, the price factor would next be considered. Decision as to this would rest on what would be best for the interests of the American people as a whole. As long as millions of Americans are unemployed, it is false economy to buy cheaper imported goods, which affords employment to foreign labor while leaving idle American workers as a burden on the taxpayers.

THE ADMONITION

BY LESLIE CROSS

LIKE a white antelope in rivered storm,
You heard the admonition of the flesh,
Putting a finger to the lips: *Be warm*
As blood, but never as the fire's mesh.

Be gay as peasant shawls, but never half
So gay as fire running through the wheat,
For fire burns the cloak and chars the staff;
Keep the white fire from your dancing feet.

I am the flesh, the very body of life:
Nay, I shall have none other, hotter gods;
Than me, you shall not wive another wife;
I bring no rod save that which breaks the rods.

You heard the voice. You saw the waving hands.
You turned and walked into the fiery lands.

WORK IN PROGRESS

THE MERCURY presents herewith portions of forthcoming novels by three of America's most distinguished writers. The selections, incomplete in themselves, are offered in advance of book publication as interesting previews of the writing these novelists are at present undertaking. WORK IN PROGRESS will appear semi-annually in THE MERCURY henceforth.

I. THE BELL REMEMBERED

From the forthcoming novel, now in preparation, title as yet unchosen, to be published by Scribners.

BY THOMAS WOLFE

IT sometimes seems to me my whole life has been haunted by the ringing of the courthouse bell. The courthouse bell gets into almost every memory I have of youth; it beats wildly with receding and advancing waves of sound through stormy autumn days; and in the sharp burst suddenness of spring, the blade of April and the green of May, the courthouse bell is also there with its first stroke, giving a brazen pulse to haunting solitudes of June, getting into the rustling of a leaf, cloud shadows passing on the hills near home, speaking to morning with its wake-o-day of come-to-court; jarring the drowsy torpor of the afternoon with "court again".

It was a rapid and full-throated cry; a fast stroke beating on the heels of sound; its brazen tongue, its fast hard beat was always just the same, I knew, and yet the constant rhythm of its stroke beat through my heart and brain and soul and through the pulses of my blood with all the pas-

sionate and mad excitements of man's fate and error.

I never heard it — as a boy — without a faster beating of the pulse, a sharp dry tightening in the throat, the numb aerial buoyancy of deep excitement, even though I did not always know the cause. And yet, at morning, shining morning, in the spring, it would seem to speak to me of work-a-day, to tell me the world was up-and-doing, advancing to the rattling traffics of full noon. And then, in afternoon, it spoke with still another tongue; it broke the drowsy hush of somnolent repose with its demand for action; it spoke to bodies drowsing in the mid-day warmth, and it told us we must rudely break our languorous siesta, it spoke to stomachs drugged with heavy food, crammed full of turnip greens and corn, string beans and pork, hot biscuit and hot apple pie, and it told us it was time to gird our swollen loins for labor, that man's will and character must

rise above his belly, that work was doing, and that night was not yet come.

Again, in morning it would speak of civil action; of men at law and the contention of a suit; its tone was full of writs and summonses or appearances and pleading; sometimes its hard fast tongue would now cry out "appear!"

"Appear, appear, appear appear appear appear appear appear appear appear appear!"

Or, "Your property is mine — is mine — is mine — is mine — is mine!"

Or, again, harsh and peremptory, unyielding, unexplained:

"You must come to court — to court."

Or, more brutal still and more peremptory, just:

"Court — court —"

In afternoon, the courthouse bell spoke of more fatal punishment: murder on trial, death through the heated air, a dull slow-witted mountain wretch who sat there in the box, with a hundred pairs of greedy eyes upon him, and still half unaware of what he did, the killer's sudden sob, itself like blood and choking in the throat, the sun gone blood-smeared in the eyes, the feel and taste of blood throughout, upon the hot air, on the tongue and in the mouth, across the visâge of the sun, with all the brightness of the day gone out — and then the sudden stroke, and the gold-bright sun of day returning, a cloud-shape that passes on the massed green of a mountain flank, bird-thrumming wood-notes everywhere, swift and secret, bullet-wise within the wilderness, the drowsy stitch and drone of three o'clock through coarse wet grasses of the daisied fields, and the life-blood of a murdered man soaking quietly before him down into an unsuspected hand's-breadth of familiar earth on moun-

tain meadow — all as sudden, swift, and casual as this, all swiftly done as the swift thrummings in a wood — and all unknowing of the reason why he did it; now the prisoner's box, two hundred greedy eyes upon him, a stunned animal caught in the steel traps of law, and the courthouse bell that pounds upon the torpor of hot afternoon the brutal imperative of its inflexible command:

"To kill to kill to kill to kill to kill to kill —"

And then, simply:

"Kill kill kill kill kill kill kill kill —"

II

I sometimes wonder if the people of a younger and more urban generation realize the way the courthouse bell, the county courthouse, shaped life and destiny through America some sixty years ago. For us in Libya Hill, at any rate, it was the center of the life of the entire community, the center of the community itself — for Libya Hill was first a county courthouse, then a town — a town that grew up round the courthouse, made a Square, and straggled out along the roads that led away to the four quarters of the earth.

And for the country people round about, even more than for the people who lived in the town, the courthouse was the center of their life, and of more interest to them than it was to us. They came to town to trade and barter — they came to town to buy and sell, but when their work was over it was always to the courthouse that they turned.

When court was being held one could always find them here. Here were their mules, their horses, ox-teams, and their covered wagons; here their social converse, their communal life; here were their trials, suits, and punishments; here their drawl-

ing talk of rape and lust and murder—the whole shape and pattern of their life, the look of it, its feel, its taste, its smell.

Here was, in sum, it seems to me, the framework of America; the abysmal gap between our preaching and performance, our grain of righteousness and our hill of wrong. Not only in the lives and voices and the persons of these country people, these rude mountaineers, who sat and spat and drawled and loitered on the courthouse steps, but in the very design and shape and structure of the courthouse building itself did the framework of this life of ours appear. Here in the pseudo-Greek façade with its front of swelling plaster columns trying to resemble stone, as well as in the high square dimensions of the trial courtroom, the judge's bench, the prisoner's box, the witness stand, the lawyer's table, the railed-off area for participants, the benches for spectators behind, the crossed flags of the State and of the nation, and the steel engraving of George Washington—in all these furnishings of office, there was some effort to maintain the pomp of high authority, the dignified impartial execution of the law.

But, alas, the impartial execution of the law was, like the design and structure of the courthouse itself, not free from error, and not always sound. The imposing Doric and Corinthian columns were often found, upon inspection, to be just lath and brick and plaster trying to be stone. And no matter what pretensions to a classic austerity the courtroom itself would try to make, the tall and gloomy-looking windows were generally unwashed; no matter what effect of Attic grace the grand façade could make upon the slow mind of the country man, the wide dark corridors were full of drafts and ventilations, darkness, creaking boards, and squeaking stairways, the ominous dripping of an unseen tap.

And the courthouse smell was also like the smell of terror, crime, and justice in America—a certain essence of our life, a certain sweat out of ourselves, a certain substance that is ours alone and unmistakable—the smell of courthouse justice in this land.

It was—to get down to its basic chemistries—first of all a smell of sweat, tobacco-juice, and urine—a smell of sour flesh, feet, clogged urinals, and broken-down latrines. It was, mixed in and subtly interposed with these, a smell of tarry disinfectant, a kind of lime and alum, a strong ammoniac smell. It was a smell of old dark halls and old used floorways, a cool, dark, dank, and musty cellar-smell. It was a smell of old used chairs with creaking bottoms; a smell of sweated woods and grimy surfaces; a smell of rubbed-off armrests, bench-rests, chair-rests, counter-desk-, and table-rests; a smell as if every inch of woodwork in the building had been oiled, stewed, sweated, grimed, and polished by man's flesh.

In addition to all these, it was a smell of rump-worn leathers, a smell of thumb-worn calfskin, yellowed papers, and black ink; it was a smell of brogans, shirtsleeves, overalls, and sweat and hay and butter; and it was a kind of dry exciting smell of chalk, starched cuffs that rattled, the incessant rattling of dry papers, the crackling of dry knuckles and parched fingers, the dry rubbing of white chalky hands; a country lawyer smell of starch and broad-cloth.

And oh, much more than these—and *all* of these—it was a smell of fascination and of terror, a smell of throbbing pulse and beating heart and the tight and dry constriction of the throat; it was a smell made up of all the hate, the horror, the fear, the chicanery, and the loathing that the world could know, a smell made up of

the intolerable anguish of men's nerve and heart and brain and sinew; the sweat and madness of man's perjured soul enmeshed in trickery — a whole huge smell of violence and crime and murder, of shyster trickeries and broken faith — it was one small smell of justice, fairness, truth, and hope in one high and mountainous stench of error, passion, guilt, and graft, and wrong.

It was, in short, America — the wilderness America, the sprawling, huge, chaotic, criminal America; it was murderous America soaked with murdered blood, tortured and purposeless America; savage, blind, and mad America, exploding through its puny laws, its pitiful pretense; America with all its almost hopeless hopes, its almost faithless faiths; America with the huge blight on her of her own error, the broken promise of her lost dream and her unachieved desire; and it was America as well with her unspoken prophecies, her unfound language, her unuttered song; and just for all these reasons it was for us all our own America, with all her horror, beauty, tenderness, and terror, with all we know of her that never has been proved, that never yet was uttered — the only one we know, the only one there is.

III

I suppose my interest in the courthouse and the courthouse bell was a double one; the sound of that great and brazen bell not only punctuated almost every experience of my youth, but it also punctuated almost every memory that I had of my father. He had been made a Judge of the Circuit Court some years after the War, and the whole record of his life about this period might have been chronicled in the ringing of the bell. When the bell rang, court was in session and my father was in town;

when the bell did not ring, court was not in session, and my father was holding court in some other town.

Moreover, when the bell began to ring, my father was at home; and before the bell had finished ringing he was on his way to court. The ceremony of his going was always the same; I suppose I watched him do it a thousand times, and it never changed or varied by a fraction. He would get home at one o'clock, would eat dinner in a pre-occupied silence, speaking rarely, and probably thinking of the case that he was trying at the moment. After dinner, he would go into his study, stretch himself out on his old leather sofa, and nap for three-quarters of an hour. I often watched him while he took this brief siesta; he slept with a handkerchief spread out across his face, and with only the top of his bald head visible. Often, these naps produced snores of very formidable proportions, and the big handkerchief would blow up beneath the blast like a sail that catches a full wind.

But no matter how profound these slumbers seemed to be, he would always rouse himself at the first stroke of the courthouse bell, snatch the handkerchief from his face, and sit bolt upright with an expression of intense and almost startled surprise on his red face and in his round blue eyes:

"There's the *bell!*!" he would cry, as if this was the last thing on earth he had expected. Then he would get up, limp over to his desk, thrust papers, briefs, and documents into his old brief case, jam a battered old slouch hat upon his head, and limp heavily down the hall where my mother would be busy at her sewing in the sitting room.

"I'm going now!" he would announce in a tone that seemed to convey a kind of abrupt and startled warning. To this my

mother would make no answer whatever, but would continue placidly at her knitting, as if she had been expecting this surprising information all the time.

Then my father, after staring at her for a minute in a puzzled and undecided manner, would limp off down the hall, pause half-way, limp back to the open door, and fairly shout:

"I say, I'm *going!*"

"Yes, Edward," my mother would answer placidly, still busy with her needles. "I heard you."

Whereupon Father would glare at her again, in a surprised and baffled manner, and finally blurt out:

"Is there anything you want from town?"

To which my mother would say nothing for a moment, but would lift the needle to the light, and squinting, thread it.

"I say," my father would shout, as if he were yelling to someone on top of a mountain, "*is — there — anything — you — want — from town?*"

"No, Edward," Mother would presently reply, with the same maddening placidity. "I think not. We have everything we need."

At these words, Father would stare at her fixedly, breathing heavily, with a look of baffled indecision and surprise. Then he would turn abruptly, grunting, "Well, good-by then," and limp down the hall and down the steps, and heavily and rapidly away across the yard—and that would be the last I would see of my father until evening came: a stocky, red-faced man, with a bald head and a battered-up old brief case underneath his arm, limping away up the straggling street of a little town down South some sixty years ago, while the courthouse bell beat out its hard and rapid stroke.

I have heard my father say that, outside

of a battlefield, a courtroom could be the most exciting place on earth, and that the greatest opportunity for observing life and character was in a courtroom; and I think that he was right. When an interesting case was being tried, he sometimes took me with him; I saw and heard a great many wonderful and fascinating things, a great many brutal and revolting things, as well; but by the time I was fifteen I was not only pretty familiar with courtroom procedure, but I had seen men on trial for their lives; the thrilling and terrible adventure of pursuit and capture; the cunning effort of the hounds of law to break down evidence, to compel confession, to entrap and snare—hounds running, and the fox at bay; and I had heard trials for every other thing on earth as well—for theft, assault and robbery; for blackmail, arson, rape, and greed and petty larceny; for deep-dyed guilt or perjured innocence—all of the passion, guilt, and cunning, all of the humor, love, and faithfulness, all of the filth and ignorance, the triumph or defeat, the pain or the fulfillment, that the earth can know, or of which man's life is capable.

Although my father's house on College Street was just a few blocks from the courthouse on the Square—so near, in fact, that he could be in court before the bell had finished with its brazen ringing, in those days we could pass a large part of the whole town's population in the course of that short journey. It certainly seemed to me, every time I went along with him, that we *spoke to* the whole town; every step of our way was punctuated by someone greeting him with "Hello, General," or "Good morning, General," or "Good afternoon"—(outside the courtroom everybody called him General)—and my father's brief, grunted-out replies as he limped along:

"Lo, Ed," "Morning, Jim," "Day, Tom."

He was a good walker in spite of his limp and, when in a hurry, he could cover ground fast — so fast indeed that I had to stir my stumps to keep ahead of him.

Arrived at the courthouse, we were greeted by the usual nondescript conglomeration of drawling country folk, tobacco-chewing mountaineers, and just plain loafers who made the porch, the steps, and walls of the old brick courthouse their club, their prop, their stay, their fixed abode and almost, so it seemed to me, their final resting place — certainly some of them were, in Father's phrase, "as old as God", and had been sitting on the courthouse steps or leaning against the courthouse walls longer than most of us could remember.

Chief among these ancient sons of leisure — I think he was, by tacit consent, generally considered chief of them — was the venerable old reprobate who was generally referred to, when his back was turned, as Looky Thar. My father had given him that title, and it stuck forever after, chiefly because of its exceeding fitness. Old Looky Thar's real name was Old Man Slagle; although he called himself Major Slagle, and was generally addressed as Major by his familiars, friends, and acquaintances, the title was self-bestowed, and had no other basis in fact or actuality.

Old Looky Thar had been a soldier in the War and in addition to the loss of a leg, he had suffered a remarkable injury which had earned for him the irreverent and flippant name of Looky Thar. This injury was a hole in the roof of his mouth, "big enough to stick your hull fist through", in Looky Thar's own description of its dimensions, the result of an extraordinary shrapnel wound which had

miraculously spared his life, but had unfortunately not impaired his powers of speech. I think he was just about the lewest, profanest, dirtiest-minded old man I ever saw or heard, and furthermore his obscenities were published in a high cracked falsetto and accompanied by a high cracked cackle, publishable for blocks, and easily heard by people a hundred yards away.

He was, if anything, prouder of that great hole in his mouth than he was of his wooden leg; he was more pleased about it than he would have been over election to the Legion of Honor, the bestowal of the Victoria Cross, or the winning of a famous victory. That hole in the roof of his mouth not only became the be-all and the sufficient reason for his right to live; it became the be-all for his right to loaf. Moreover, the hole not only justified him in everything he said or thought or felt or did; but he also felt apparently that it gave to all his acts and utterances a kind of holy and inspired authority, a divine and un-debatable correctness. And if anyone had the effrontery — was upstart enough — to question any one of Looky Thar's opinions (and his opinions were incessant and embraced the universe) whether on history, politics, religion, mathematics, hog-raising, peanut growing, or astrology, he might look forward to being promptly, ruthlessly, and utterly subdued — discomfited — annihilated — put in his place at once by the instant and infallible authority of old Looky Thar's chief "frame of reference" — the huge hole in the roof of his mouth.

It did not matter what was the subject, what the occasion, what the debate; old Looky Thar might argue black was white, or top was bottom, that the earth was flat instead of round — but whatever his position, no matter what he said was right, was right because he said it, because a man who

had a big hole in the roof of his mouth could never *possibly* be wrong in anything.

On these occasions, whenever he was questioned or opposed in anything, his whole demeanor would change in the wink of an eye. In spite of his wooden leg he would leap up out of his old splint-bottomed chair as quick as a monkey, and so angry that he punctuated almost every word by digging the end of his wooden peg into the earth with vicious emphasis. Then, opening his horrible old mouth so wide that one wondered how he would ever get it closed again, exposing a few old yellow fangs of teeth, he would point a palsied finger at the big hole, and in a high cracked voice that shook with passion, scream:

“Looky thar!”

“I know, Major, but — ”

“*You know?*” old Looky Thar would sneer. “*Whut do you know, sir?* A miserable little upstart that don’t know *nothin’* tryin’ to talk back to a man that fit all up an’ down Virginny an’ that’s got a hole in the roof of his mouth big enough to stick your hull fist through. . . . *You know!*” he screamed, “*Whut do you know?* . . .

Looky thar!”

“All right, I can see that hole, all right, but the argument was whether the earth was round or flat, and *I* say it’s round!”

“*You* say it’s round!” Looky Thar would sneer. “What do *you* know about it, sir — a pore little two-by-fo’ upstart that *don’t know nothin’?* . . . How do *you* know whether it’s round or flat? . . . When you ain’t *been* nowhere yet . . . and ain’t *seen* nothin’ yet . . . an’ never been five miles from home in your hull *life!* . . . talkin’ back to a man that’s fit all up an’ down Virginny an’ that’s got a hole in the roof of his mouth you could stick your hull fist through — Looky thar!” and he would dig viciously into the earth with his

wooden peg, crack his jaws wide open, and point to the all-justifying hole with a palsied but triumphant hand.

Otherwise, if not opposed in any way, old Looky Thar was amiable enough, and would talk endlessly and incessantly to anyone within hearing distance, who might have leisure or the inclination to listen to unending anecdotes about old Looky Thar’s experiences in war, in peace, with horses, liquor, niggers, men and women — especially with women, his alleged relations with the female sex being lecherously recounted in a high cracked voice, punctuated by high-cracked bursts of bawdy laughter, all audible for several hundred yards.

My father loathed him; he represented everything my father hated most — shiftlessness, ignorance, filth, lechery, and professional veteranism; but hate, love, loathing, anger, or contempt were not sufficient to prevail above old Looky Thar; he was a curse, a burden, and a cause of untold agony, but he was there in his splint-bottomed chair against the courthouse porch, and there to stay — a burden to be suffered and endured.

Although old Looky Thar could pop up from his chair as quick and nimble as a monkey when he was mad, and someone had opposed him, when he greeted my father he became the aged and enfeebled veteran, crippled from his wounds, but resolved to make a proper and respectful greeting to his honored chief.

At Father’s approach, old Looky Thar, who would have been regaling his tobacco-chewing audience with tall tales of “how we fit ‘em — we fit ‘em up an’ down Virginny” — would cease talking suddenly, tilt his chair forward to the ground, place his palsied hands upon the arms of the chair, and claw frantically and futilely at the floor with his wooden stump, all the

time grunting, groaning, and almost sobbing for breath, like a man at the last gasp of his strength, but resolved to do or die at any cost.

Then he would pause and, still panting heavily for breath, gasp out in a voice mealy with hypocrisy and assumed humility:

"Boys, I'm 'shamed to have to ask fer help, but I'm afraid I got to! Here comes the General an' I got to get up on my feet; will one of you fellers lend a hand?"

Of course, a dozen lending, sympathetic hands were instantly available; they would pull and hoist old Looky Thar erect. He would stagger about drunkenly and claw frantically at the floor with his wooden peg in an effort to get his balance, catch hold of numerous shoulders in an effort to regain his balance—and then, slowly, and with a noble effort, come up to the salute—the most florid and magnificent salute you ever saw, the salute of a veteran of the Old Guard saluting the Emperor at Waterloo.

There were times when I was afraid my father was going to strangle him. Father's face would redden to the hue of a large and very ripe tomato, the veins in his thick neck and forehead would swell up like whipcording, his big fingers would work convulsively for a moment into his palms while he glared at Looky Thar; then without another word he would turn and limp away into the court.

To me, however, his comment on one occasion, while brief, was violent and descriptively explosive.

"There's another of your famous veterans," he growled. "Four years in War and forty years on your hind-end. There's a fine old veteran for you."

"Well," I protested, "the man *has* got a wooden leg."

Father stopped abruptly, faced me, his

square face reddened painfully as he fixed me with the earnest, strangely youthful look of his blue eyes:

"Listen to me, my boy," he said very quietly, and tapped me on the shoulder with a peculiar and extraordinarily intense quality of conviction. "Listen to me; a wooden leg is no excuse for *anything*!"

I stared at him, too astonished to say anything; and not knowing what reply to make to what seemed to me one of the most extraordinary and meaningless remarks I had ever heard.

"Just remember what I tell you," he said. "A wooden leg is no excuse for *anything*!"

Then, his face very red, he turned and limped heavily and rapidly away into the court, leaving me still staring in gape-mouthed astonishment at his broad back.

IV

One day, about six months after this conversation with my father, I was in his study reading an account of the Battle of Spottsylvania by one of the generals in Hancock's command who had been present at the fight. I had finished reading his description of the first two movements of that bloody battle—namely, Hancock's charge upon the Confederate position and the thrilling counter-charge of our own troops—and was now reading the passages that described the final movement—the hand-to-hand fighting that was waged by the forces of both armies over the earth embankment—a struggle so savage and prolonged that, in the words of this officer, "almost every foot of earth over which they fought was red with blood". Suddenly I came upon this passage:

There have been other battles of the War in which more troops were engaged, where the losses were greater, and the operations carried on on a more extensive scale, but

in my own estimation, there has been no fighting in modern times that was as savage and destructive as was the hand-to-hand fighting that was waged back and forth over the earth embankment there at Spottsylvania in the final hours of the battle. The men of both armies fought hand to hand and toe to toe; the troops of both sides stood on top of the embankment firing pointblank in the faces of the enemy, getting fresh muskets constantly from their comrades down below. When one man fell, another sprang up to take his place. No one was spared—from private soldier up to captain, from captain to brigade commander; I saw general officers fighting in the thick of it shoulder to shoulder with the men of their own ranks; among others, I saw Mason among his mountaineers, firing and loading until he was himself shot down and borne away by his own men, his right leg so shattered by a Minie ball that amputation was imperative—

Something blurred and passed across my eyes, and suddenly all of the gold and singing had gone out of day. I got up and walked out of the study, and down the hallway, holding the book open in my hand.

When I got to the sitting room I looked in and saw my mother there; she looked up placidly, and then looked at me quickly, startled, and got up, putting her sewing things down upon the table as she did.

"What is it? What's the matter with you?"

I walked over to her, very steadily, I think.

"This book," I said, and held the page up to her, pointing at the place—"read what it says here—"

She took it quickly, and read. In a moment she handed it back to me, her fingers shook a little, but she spoke calmly:

"Well?"

"What the book says—is that Father?"

"Yes," she said.

"Then," I said, staring slowly at her and swallowing hard—"does that mean that Father—"

Then I saw that she was crying; she put her arms around my shoulders and said:

"Your father is so proud—he wouldn't tell you. He couldn't bear to have his son think he was a cripple."

Then I knew what he had meant.

A cripple! Fifty years and more have passed since then, but every time the memory returns, my vision blurs, and something tightens in my throat, and the gold and singing passes from the sun as it did on that lost day in spring, long, long ago. A cripple—he, a cripple!

I see his bald head and red face, his stocky figure limping heavily away to court . . . and hear the fast hard ringing of the bell . . . and remember Looky Thar, the courthouse loafers and the people passing . . . the trials, the lawyers, and the men accused . . . the generals coming to our house the way they did all through the 'Eighties . . . the things they talked of and the magic that they brought . . . and my heart boy-drunk with dreams of war and glory . . . the splendid generals and my father, who was so un-warlike as I thought . . . and the unworthiness of my romantic unbelief . . . to see that burly and prosaic figure as it *limped* away toward court . . . and tried to vision him with Gordon in the Wilderness . . . or charging through the shot-torn fields and woods at Gettysburg . . . or wounded, sinking to his knees at Sharpsburg, by Antietam Creek . . . and failing miserably to see him so; and, boy-like, failing to envisage how much of madness or of magic even brick-red faces and bald heads may be familiar with . . . down the Valley of Virginia, long years ago. . . .

But a cripple!—No! He was no cripple, but the strongest, straightest, plainest, most

uncrippled man I ever knew! . . . And fifty years have gone since then, but when I think of that lost day, it all comes back . . . the memory of each blade, each leaf, each flower . . . the rustling of each leaf and every light and shade that came and went against the sun . . . the dusty Square, the hitching posts, the mules, the ox-teams, and the horses, the hay-sweet bedding of the country wagons and the smell of bedded melons . . . the courthouse loafers . . . and old Looky Thar—and Spangler's mule teams trotting by across the Square . . . each door that opened . . . and each gate that slammed . . . and everything that passed throughout the town that day . . . the women sitting on the latticed porches of their brothels at the edge of Niggertown . . . the whores respiring in warm afternoon, and certain only of one thing—that night would come! . . . all things known or un-

seen—a part of my whole consciousness . . . a little mountain town down South one afternoon in May some fifty years ago . . . and time passing like the humming of a bee, time passing like the thrumming in a wood, time passing as cloud shadows pass above the hill-flanks of the mountain meadows or like the hard fast pounding of the courthouse bell . . . a man long dead and long since buried who limped his way to court and who had been at Gettysburg . . . and time passing . . . passing like a leaf . . . time passing, fading like a flower . . . time passing like a river flowing . . . time passing . . . and remembered suddenly as here, like the forgotten hoof and wheel of sixty years ago . . . time passing as men pass who never will come back again . . . and leaving us, Great God, with only this . . . knowing that this earth, this time, this life are stranger than a dream.

II. ABSALOM, ABSALOM!

From the novel of the same title to be published by Random House this fall.

BY WILLIAM FAULKNER

FROM a little after two o'clock until almost sundown of the long still hot weary dead September afternoon they sat in what Miss Coldfield still called the office because her father had called it that—a dim hot airless room with the blinds all closed and fastened for forty-three summers because when she was a girl someone had believed that light and moving air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, and which (as the sun shone fuller and fuller upon that side of the house) be-

came latticed with yellow slashes full of motes which Quentin thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds like wind might. There was a wistaria vine blooming for the second time that summer on a wooden trellis before one window into which sparrows came now and then in random gusts making a dry vivid dusty sound before going away: and opposite Quentin, Miss Coldfield in the eternal black which she had worn for forty-three

years now, whether for sister father or no husband none knew, sitting so bolt upright in the straight hard chair that was too tall for her that her legs hung straight and rigid as if she had iron shinbones and ankles, clear of the floor with that air of impotent and static rage like children's feet and talking in that grim haggard amazed voice until at last listening would renege and hearing-sense self-confound and then the dead man himself would appear as though by outraged recapitulation evoked, quiet inattentive and harmless, out of the biding, dreamy, and victorious dust.

Her voice would not cease, it would just vanish. There would be the dim coffin-smelling gloom sweet and oversweet with the twice-bloomed wistaria against the outer wall by the savage quiet September sun impacted distilled and hyperdistilled and now and then the sparrows with a loud cloudy flutter like a flat limber stick whipped by an idle boy and rank with female old flesh in virginity long embattled and the wan haggard face watching him above the faint triangle of lace at her wrists and throat from the too tall chair in which she resembled a crucified child, and the voice not ceasing but vanishing into and then out of the long intervals like a stream a trickle running from patch to patch of dried sand while the ghost appeared with that shadowy docility as if it were the voice which he haunted where a more fortunate one might have had a house. Out of quiet thunderclap he would abrupt (manhorsedemon) upon a scene peaceful and decorous as a schoolprize watercolor, faint sulphur-reek still in hair clothes and beard and grouped behind him his band of wild niggers like beasts half tamed to walk upright like men, in attitudes wild and reposed and manacled among them the French architect with his air grim, haggard and tatter-ran. Immo-

bile, bearded, handpalm-lifted like a racing barrier, the horseman sat; behind him the wild blacks and the captive architect huddled quietly, carrying in bloodless paradox the shovels picks and axes of peaceful conquest. Then in the long unamaze Quentin seemed to see them overrun suddenly the hundred square miles of tranquil and astonished earth and drag house and formal gardens violently out of the soundless Nothing and clap them down like cards upon a table beneath the up-palm immobile and pontific, the Be Sutpen's Hundred like the oldentime Be Light. Then hearing would reconcile and he would seem to listen to two separate Quentins now — the Quentin Compson preparing for Harvard in the South, the deep South dead since 1865 and peopled with baffled garrulous outraged ghosts, listening, having to listen, to one of them which had refused to lie still even longer than most had, telling him about old ghost-times; and the Quentin Compson who was still too young to deserve yet to be a ghost, yet having to be one for all that since he was born and bred in the deep dead South the same as she was — talking to one another in the long silence of notpeople in not-language.

"Because you are going away to attend the college at Harvard they tell me," she said. "So I don't imagine you will ever come back here and settle down as a country lawyer in a little town like Jefferson since Northern people have already seen to it that there is little left in the South for a young man. So maybe you will enter the literary profession as so many Southern gentlemen and gentlewomen too are doing now and maybe some day you will remember this and write about it. You will be married then I expect and perhaps your wife will want a new gown or a new chair for the house and you can write this and

submit it to the magazines. Perhaps you will even remember kindly then the old woman who made you spend a whole afternoon sitting indoors and listening while she talked about people and events you were fortunate enough to escape yourself."

"Yessum," Quentin said. *Only she don't mean that* he thought. *It's because she wants it told. So that people whom she will never see and whose names she will never hear and who have never heard her name nor seen her face will read it and know at last why God let us lose the War: that only through the blood of our men and the tears of our women could He stay this demon and efface his name and lineage from the earth.* Then almost immediately he decided that neither was this the reason why she had sent the note, and sending it, why to him, since if she had merely wanted it told, written and even printed, she would not have needed to call in anybody — a woman who even in his (Quentin's) father's youth had already established (even if not affirmed) herself as the town's and the county's poetess laureate by issuing to the stern and meager subscription list of the county newspaper poems, ode eulogy and epitaph, oft of some bitter and implacable reserve of undefeat; and these from a woman whose family's marital background as both town and county knew consisted of the father who, a conscientious objector on religious grounds, had starved to death in the attic of his own house, hidden (some said, walled up) there from Confederate provost marshals' men and fed secretly at night by this same daughter who at the very time was accumulating her first folio in which the Lost Cause's unregenerate vanquished were name by name embalmed; and the nephew who served for four years in the same company with his sister's fiancé and then shot the fiancé to death before the

gates to the house where the sister waited in her wedding gown on the eve of the wedding and then fled, vanished, none knew where.

II

As though in inverse ratio to the vanishing of the voice, the invoked ghost of the brother-in-law with whom at one time she herself had been engaged to marry, began to assume a quality almost of solidity, permanence. Itself circumambient and in turn enclosed by its effluvium of hell, its aura of unregeneration, it mused with that quality peaceful and now harmless and not even very attentive — the ogre-shape which, as the voice went on, began to resolve out of itself the two half-ogre children, the three of them forming a shadowy background for the fourth, the wraith of the mother, the dead sister Ellen: a Niobe without tears who had conceived to the demon in a kind of nightmare and who even alive had moved but without life and grieved but without weeping and who now, at this distance shadowy too, had an air of tranquil and unwitting desolation, not as though she had either outlived the others or had died first, but as if she had never lived at all — the four of them arranged into the conventional family group of the time, with formal and lifeless decorum and seen now as the fading and ancient photograph enlarged and hung on the wall behind and above the voice and of whose presence the voice's owner was not even aware, as though she had never seen this room before; — a picture, a group which even to Quentin had a quality strange, contradictory and bizarre; not quite comprehensible, not (even to twenty) quite right — a group the last known member of which had been dead twenty-five years and the first, fifty, evoked, now out of the airless

gloom of a dead house between an old woman's grim and implacable unforgiving and the passive chafing of a youth of twenty telling himself even amid the voice, *Maybe you have to know anybody awful well to love them but when you have hated somebody for forty-three years you will know them awful well so maybe it's better then maybe it's fine then because after forty-three years they can't any longer surprise you or make you either very contented or very mad.* And maybe it had even been a cry aloud once, he thought, long ago when she was a girl, of young and indomitable unregret, of indictment of blind circumstance and savage event but not now: now only the old lonely thwarted flesh embattled for forty-three years in the old insult, the old unforgiving outraged and betrayed by the final and complete affront which was his death:

"He came here with a horse and two pistols and nothing else, looking for shelter; and Yoknapatawpha County gave it to him. He wanted the guarantee of reputable men to make his position secure; and Jefferson gave him that. Then he wanted respectability, the shield of a virtuous woman, to make his position impregnable; and it was our father who gave him that. I hold no brief for Ellen: blind romantic fool who had only youth and inexperience to excuse her even if that; blind romantic fool just as later blind woman mother fool when she no longer had either youth or inexperience, when she lay dying in that house for which she had exchanged pride and peace both and nobody there but her daughter who was already the same as a widow without ever having been a bride and within the next three years was going to be a widow sure enough without ever having been anything at all; and the son who had repudiated the very roof which he had been born under and would return

to it just once more before disappearing for good and that already a murderer and almost a fratricide; and he in Virginia too where the chances of the earth's being rid of him were the best anywhere under the sun yet Ellen and I both knowing that he would return, that every man in our armies would have to fall before bullet or ball found him; and only I, a child, a child mind you, two years younger than the very niece whom I was asked to save, for Ellen to turn to and say 'Protect her. Protect Judith at least'.

"Blind romantic fool, who did not even have that hundred miles of plantation which apparently moved her father nor that big house and the notion of slaves under foot day and night which reconciled, I won't say moved, her aunt. No, just the face of a man who contrived somehow to swagger even on a horse — a man who so far as anyone (including the father who was to give him a daughter in marriage) knew either had no past at all or did not dare reveal it — a man who rode into town out of nowhere with a horse and two pistols and a herd of wild beasts that he had hunted down single-handed because he was stronger in fear than even they were in whatever heathen place he had fled from, and that French architect who looked like he had been hunted down and caught in turn by the Negroes — a man who fled here and hid, concealed himself behind respectability, behind that hundred miles of land which he took from a tribe of ignorant Indians, nobody knows how, and a house the size of a courthouse where he lived for three years without a window or door or bedstead in it and still called it Sutpen's Hundred as if it had been a King's grant in unbroken perpetuity from his great grandfather — a home, position: a wife and family which, being necessary to concealment, he accepted along with the

rest of respectability as he would have accepted the necessary discomfort and even pain of the briars and thorns in a thicket if the thicket could have given him the protection he sought.

"He was not a gentleman. Marrying Ellen or marrying ten thousand Ellens could not have made him one. Not that he wanted to be one, or even be taken for one. No. That was not necessary since all he would need would be Ellen's and our father's names on a wedding license (or on any other patent of respectability) that people could look at and read just as he would have wanted our father's (or any other reputable man's) signature on a note of hand because our father knew who his father was in Tennessee and who his grandfather had been in Virginia and our neighbors and the people we lived among knew that we knew and we knew they knew we knew and we knew that they would have believed us about who and where he came from even if we had lied, just as anyone could have looked at him once and known that he would be lying about who and where and why he came from by the very fact that apparently he had to refuse to say at all. And the very fact that he had had to choose respectability to hide behind was proof enough (if anyone needed further proof) that what he fled from must have been some opposite of respectability too dark to talk about. Because he was too young. He was just twenty-five and a man of twenty-five does not voluntarily undertake the hardship and privation of clearing virgin land and establishing a plantation in a new country just for money; not a young man without any past that he apparently cared to discuss, in Mississippi in 1833, with a river full of steamboats loaded with drunken fools covered with diamonds and bent on throwing away their cotton and slaves be-

fore the boat reached New Orleans; — not with this just one night's hard ride away and the only handicap or obstacle being the other blackguards or the risk of being put ashore on a sandbar and at the remotest, a hemp rope. And he was no younger son sent out from some old quiet country like Virginia or Carolina with the surplus Negroes to take up new land because anyone could look at those Negroes and tell that they may have come (and probably did) from a much older country than Virginia or Carolina but it wasn't quiet; and anyone could have looked at his face and known that he would have chosen the River and even the certainty of the hemp rope, to undertaking what he did even if he had known that he would find gold buried and waiting for him in the very land which he had bought.

"It was five years before any man or men in Jefferson began to awake to him, though apparently it only took him a matter of days to take the town's measure — that measure of crass stupidity to which even the revelation of that first Spanish goldpiece was only a matter of a two days' agog, as though he who admitted and professed to have nothing dared them not with recklessness but with actual contempt by paying for the recording of the land which no one knows yet how he got, with a coin found usually in the possession of banks or pirates and which, in the possession of the man which he professed by his actions to be, was conclusive evidence of that which even United States money would have been a symptom. No. It took them five years during which he held them spellbound with that raree show which he conducted out there with his wild beasts and that poor harried frightened little architect while he built his house and then lived in it for three years without a bed or a stick of furniture to sit

on even while he ate — a Punch and Judy booth before which the men of this town stood spellbound until even they could be fooled no more; until his very contempt for them became so crass that he even returned from his final expedition bringing the actual loot with him in wagons. Then it was too late. Yes, he did not even need the raree show now, because the fatality the curse on us and our family was now sufficient. Just exactly sufficient to permit or decree that they follow him to our very gate that day without quite working themselves up to arrest him in time to at least delay the engagement, the betrothal — the sheriff and a dozen citizens and a mob of fifty more, following behind him in case his own solitary passage might not be quite enough to draw attention, up this very street like so many dogs following a bear and the bear not quite daring to run and the dogs not quite daring to charge. Yes, up this street and into this house, with that bouquet of flowers which he had gathered out of ditches on the road to town and plighted faith and honor, who did not possess either, to a fool young woman who did not possess judgment or discretion either in herself or in the person of the aunt who at least might have been expected to protect her. I don't mention our mother, because she had already married the curse and the fatality. But there was at least our aunt who, kin to the curse though she might have been, had apparently reserved (and certainly exercised) the right to decline to participate beyond a certain point. He knew they were waiting for him out there at the gate. He knew why. But he did not think or did not bother to mention it to Ellen. He just turned and went back out and let himself be arrested without a word and be paraded back to town at the head of his mob of blackguards and hooligans like a runaway slave. Without

the flowers now. As though he had brought the bouquet for that purpose: that he had known, realized that he would not be given time to tell our neighbors what he was about to do and so he would have to use some symbol that they would recognize and understand in the short time he would have before the sheriff overtook him. Or maybe he was just keeping the sheriff back with the bouquet, knowing that the pistols would not be enough in this case, until he could get into our house, even though knowing that directly afterward he would have to go out again and at least go through the form of facing retribution. But apparently it was sufficient, since our father and your grandfather seem to have reached the jail almost before he and his mob did. I don't know how they got him out. But then I nor Ellen nor any other woman in Jefferson ever knew just which of his crimes they had arrested him for in the first place. No. We, being women, were not to know that: we were merely to supply him with a wife. Maybe they were afraid. Perhaps the crime of which they had learned (or put credulity in) at least happened not to be murder and so they knew that they could not hold him long and perhaps they remembered about the pistols and how he was said to be able to use them, which I don't doubt to be true since it is a poor carpenter who cannot use his chosen tools. That evening he came back home with Papa, to supper. Two months later he and Ellen were married.

III

"Yes. I was born too late; I was not there: — a child who was to remember those three faces (and his too) as seen for the first time in the carriage on that first Sunday morning when the town finally realized that he had turned the road to

church into a racetrack. I was three then and doubtless I had seen them before. But I cannot remember it, even having seen Ellen before. It was as though the sister whom I had never seen, who had vanished before I was born into the stronghold of an ogre or a djinn, was now to return for one day only to the world through a special dispensation; and I, a child of three, waked early for the occasion, dressed and curled as though for Christmas, for an occasion more serious than Christmas even since now and at last this ogre or djinn had agreed, for the sake of the wife and children, to come to church, to permit them at least to approach the vicinity of salvation, to at least give Ellen one chance to struggle with him for the children's souls on a battleground where she could be supported not only by Heaven but by her own family and people of her own kind; and even for the moment submitting himself to redemption, or lacking that, at least chivalrous even though unregenerate. That's what I expected. This is what I saw as I stood with Papa and our aunt before the church that first Sunday, waiting for the carriage to arrive from the twelve-mile drive; and though I must have seen Ellen and the children before this, this is the picture of my first sight of them which I shall carry to my grave: a glimpse like the forefront of a tornado, of a carriage and Ellen's high white face since doubtless she still had left what she called pride and the two replicas of his face on either side of her and the teeth of the wild Negro who was driving and his face on the front seat with the Negro and looking exactly like the Negro's except the teeth because of his beard doubtless—all in a thunder and a fury of wild-eyed horses and of galloping and of dust.

"Oh there were plenty to abet him, to assist him yet: there had been only ten with the sheriff that day, the others being

merely blackguard curious; there were plenty of them: at ten o'clock on Sunday morning and the carriage on two wheels up to the very door of the church and that wild Negro looking in his christian clothes exactly like a performing tiger in a linen duster and a top hat and Ellen with no drop of blood in her face and holding those two children who were not crying and who did not need to be held in either, who sat there perfectly still too, with in their faces that infantile enormity which we did not yet quite realize; oh there were plenty of them to abet him: even he could not have held a horserace without someone to race against. It was not even public opinion: it was the minister speaking in the name of the women of Jefferson and so he quit coming to church. He did not come again. It was just Ellen and the children in the carriage now and at least we knew there was no betting now because now we could not tell if it was an actual race or not since now, with his own absent, it was only the wild Negro's perfectly inscrutable face and the teeth glinting a little and if there was any triumph it must have been on the face twelve miles back which did not even require to see or even be present. No. It was that Negro now who in the act of passing another carriage spoke to that team as well as to his own, something without words, not needing words probably, in that tongue in which they slept in the mud of that swamp and brought here out of whatever dark swamp he had found them in to bring here;—up to the church door and women and children scattering and screaming and men catching at the bridles of the other team and the Negro would let Ellen and the children out at the door and take the carriage on around behind the church and beat the horses for running away; there was even a fool who tried to interfere once

and the Negro turned with the stick lifted and his teeth showing a little and said, 'Marster say; I do. You tell Marster!'

"Yes. From them; from themselves. And this time not even the minister: it was Ellen. Our aunt and Papa were talking and I came in and my aunt said Go out and play though even if I could not have heard through the door at all, I could have repeated the conversation for them: 'Your daughter, your own daughter' my aunt said; and Papa: 'Yes. She is my daughter. When she wants me to interfere she will tell me so herself'. Because this Sunday when Ellen and the children came out of the front door, it was not the carriage waiting, it was Ellen's phaeton with the old gentle mare which she drove and the stableboy that he had bought instead of the wild Negro. And Judith looked once at the phaeton and realized what it meant and began to scream, screaming and kicking while they carried her back into the house and put her to bed. No, he was not present; I claim no triumphant face behind a window curtain; probably he would have been as amazed as we were since we would all realize now that we were faced by more than a child's tantrum or even hysteria: that it had been Judith, a girl of six, who had instigated and authorized that Negro to make the team run away. Not Henry, mind; not the boy, which would have been outrageous enough; but Judith, the girl. . . .

"So it was six years now, though it was actually no secret to Ellen, since it had apparently been going on ever since he drove the last nail in the house, the only difference being that now they would hitch their teams and horses and mules in the grove behind the stable so they could come up through the pasture without being seen from the house, now that there was a woman in the house. Yes, plenty of

them still; it was as though God or the devil had taken advantage of his own vices in order to supply witnesses to the discharge of our curse not only from among gentlefolks, our own kind, but from the very scum and riffraff who could not have approached the house itself now even from the rear; — Ellen and those two children and indomitable unregret, of indictment of, alone in that house twelve miles from town, and down there in that stable, with lanterns nailed to the posts for light, a row of white faces on three sides and black ones on the fourth side and in the center, two of them fighting not like white men fight, by rules and weapons, but like niggers fight to hurt one another quick and bad. No. Ellen knew that, or thought she did. As though there is a breathing-point in outrage where you can accept it even by thinking *Thank God this is all; at least I know all of it*; yes, thinking that, clinging to that anyway even when she ran into the stable itself and the very men who had stolen into the stable from the rear falling back with at least some grain of decency, and Ellen seeing, in place of the two black beasts whom she had expected to see, a white one and a black one naked to the waist and gouging at one another's eyes as though their skins should not only have been the same color but should have been covered with fur too. Yes. It seems that on certain occasions, perhaps at the end of the evening, the spectacle, or perhaps as a matter of sheer deadly forethought toward the retention of supremacy, domination, he would enter the ring with one of them himself; perhaps the purpose of the earlier battles was to tire his own opponent out since this seems to have been the first one which he had engaged in himself, though at the time he was bloody enough to have been fighting all evening. Yes. That's what Ellen saw:

he standing there naked and bloody to the waist and the Negro just fallen only it would not look like blood on him but just grease or sweat and Ellen running down the hill from the house, bareheaded in time to hear the sound, the screaming too even before it occurred to one spectator to say 'It's a horse' and then 'It's a woman' and then 'My God it's a child'; yes, she ran in and the spectators fell back in time for her to see Henry come plunging out from among the Negroes who were trying to hold him, screaming and vomiting, and Ellen not pausing, not looking at the faces even: just kneeling in the dirt and stablefilth to raise Henry and not looking at Henry either but up at him standing there with even his teeth showing now under his beard and a Negro wiping the blood off him with a towsack. 'I know you will excuse us, gentlemen,' Ellen said. But they were already going, nigger and white, creeping out again as they had crept in though a good deal faster and Ellen not watching them now either but kneeling in the dirt with Henry holding to her and crying, and he standing there yet while a third nigger prodded his shirt or coat at

him as though the coat were a stick and he a caged snake. 'Where is Judith, Charles?' Ellen said.

"Judith?" he said. Oh he was not lying; his triumph had outrun even him; he had builded better in evil than even he must have hoped. 'Judith? Isn't she in bed?'

"Don't lie to me, Charles," Ellen said. 'I can understand your bringing Henry to see this, wanting Henry to see this; I will try to understand it; yes, I will make myself understand it. But not Judith, Charles. Not my baby girl, Charles.'

"I don't expect you to understand it," he said. 'Because you are a woman. But I didn't bring Judith down here. I would not bring her here. I don't expect you to believe that either. But I swear to it.'

"I wish I could believe you," Ellen said. 'I want to believe you.' Then she began to call. 'Judith!' she called in a voice calm and sweet and filled with despair; 'Judith, honey! Time to come to bed.' But I was not there. I was not there to see the two Sutpen faces this time: once on Judith and once on the Negro girl beside her, looking down through the square entrance to the loft."

III. LONG ISLAND SUNDAY

From The Big Money, to be published soon by Harcourt, Brace.

BY JOHN DOS PASSOS

HE SAID good night to Doris at the elevator. She shook her head with a smile when he asked if he could come up. He walked home weak in the knees through the aftertheater bustle of Forty-second Street. He could still feel her mouth on his mouth, the smell of her pale

frizzy hair, the littleness of her hands on his chest when she pushed his face away from hers.

He didn't get to see Doris again before she went to York Harbor for the summer. The only people he knew who were anybody were the Johnsons. He went down

there a couple of times a week. He built them bookshelves and one Sunday helped them paint the livingroom floor. When he was alone with her he didn't know what to do about Eveline. She had a funny manner towards him that kept him teased and stirred up. He didn't know just what to do about it. It was more comfortable when Paul was around.

One Sunday he called up early to see if the Johnsons wanted to go down to Long Beach to take a swim. Eveline said Paul was in bed with a sore throat but sure she'd go. He felt fine but jumpy walking downtown, through the empty grime of the hot Sundaymorning streets. She came to the door in a loose yellow silk and lace negligee that showed where her limp breasts began. Before she could say anything he'd pulled her to him and kissed her. She closed her eyes and let herself go limp in his arms. Then she pushed him away and put her finger on her lips. He blushed and lit a cigarette. "Do you mind?" he said in a shaky voice. She didn't answer. He walked over to the window to pull himself together. She followed him and reached for his cigarette and took a couple of puffs of it. Then she said aloud in a cool voice, "Come on back and say hello to Paul."

Paul was lying back against the pillows looking pale and sweaty. On a table beside the bed there was a coffee pot and a flowered cup and saucer and a pitcher of hot milk. "Hi, Paul, you look like you were leading the life of Riley," Charley heard himself saying in a hearty voice. "Oh you have to spoil them a little when they're sick," cooed Eveline. Charley found himself laughing too loud. "Hope it's nothing serious, old top." "Naw, I get these damn throats. You kids have a good time at the beach. I wish I could come too."

"Oh it may be horrid," said Eveline.

"But if we don't like it we can always come back."

"Don't hurry," said Paul. "I got plenty to read. I'll be fine here."

"Well you and Jeremy keep bachelor hall together."

Eveline had gotten up a luncheon basket with some sandwiches and a thermos full of cocktails. She looked very stylish, Charley thought, as he walked beside her along the dusty sunny street carrying the basket and the Sunday paper, in her little turned up white hat and her light yellow summer dress. "Oh let's have fun," she said. "It's been so long since I had any fun."

II

When they got out of the stuffy crowded train at Long Beach a great blue wind was streaming off the sea blurred by cool patches of mist. There was a big crowd along the boardwalk. The two of them walked a long way up the beach. "Don't you think it would be fun if we could get away from everybody?" she was saying. They walked along, their feet sinking into the sand, their voices drowned in the pound and hiss of the surf. "This is great stuff," he kept saying.

They walked and walked. Charley had his bathingsuit on under his clothes; it had gotten to feel hot and itchy before they found a place they liked. They set the basket down behind a low dune and Eveline took her clothes off under a big towel she'd brought with her. Charley felt a little shy pulling off his shirt and pants right in front of her but that seemed to be on the books.

"My you've got a beautiful body," she said. . . . Charley tugged uneasily at his bathingsuit. "I'm pretty healthy, I guess," he said. He looked at his hands sticking out red and grimed from the white skin of

his forearms that were freckled a little under the light fuzz. "I sure would like to get a job where I could keep my hands clean." "A man's hands ought to show his work. . . . That's the whole beauty of hands," said Eveline.

She had wriggled into her suit and let drop the towel. It was a pale blue onepiece suit very tight. "Gosh you've got a pretty figure. That's what I first noticed about you on the boat." She stepped over and took his arm. "Let's go in," she said. "Oh I think this is fun, don't you?"

Her arm felt very silky against his. He could feel her bare thigh against his bare thigh. Their feet touched as they walked out of the hot loose sand onto the hard cool sand. A foaming wide tongue of seawater ran up the beach at them and wet their legs to the knees. She let go his arm and took his hand.

He hadn't had much practice with surf and the first thing he knew a wave had knocked him galleywest. He came up sputtering with his mouth and ears full of water. She was on her feet laughing at him, holding out her hand to help him to his feet. "Come on out further," she shouted. They ducked through the next wave and swam out. Just outside of the place where the waves broke they bobbed up and down treading water. "Not too far out, on account of the seapussies. . . ." "What?" "Currents," she shouted, putting her mouth close to his ear. She had slipped out of her bathingsuit. He could see her all white in the clear green water except the dark little triangle between her thighs. She had her suit in her hand. "You take yours off, too. It's so much nicer."

Wriggling out of his suit he got swamped by another roller and came up spitting and gasping. She was laughing. "Don't lose it." She was swimming on her back with her eyes closed and her lips

pouted. He took two strokes toward her and kissed her cold wet face. He tried to grab her round the body but a wave broke over their heads. She pushed him off as they came up sputtering. "You made me lose my bathing cap. Look." "There it is. I'll get it." He fought his way back through the surf and grabbed the cap just as the undertow was sucking it under. "Some surf," he yelled.

She followed him out and stood beside him in the shallow spume with her short hair wet over her eyes. She brushed it back with her hand. "Here we are," she said. Charley looked both ways down the beach. There was nobody to be seen in the early afternoon glare. "Adam and Eve," he said and tried to put his arm around her. She skipped out of his reach.

III

They lay down on the warm sand sheltered from the wind by thick tufts of beachgrass. She poured out a cocktail into the top of the thermos. She sipped it and handed it to him. He drank it off. He could feel his face reddening under the drying salt water. "Say hadn't we better put our suits on? I'm scared somebody might come."

"Do women ever tell you how attractive you are, Charley?"

"Overseas I didn't have any trouble. . . . You know *Aviat-err, Lewtenong, Croix de Guerre, couchay, we we*. . . . That was all right but in this man's country no girl you want'll look at a guy unless he's loaded up with jack. . . . Sure they'll lead you on an' get you half crazy." He was a fool to do it but he went to work and told her all about Doris while they sat there on their towels eating the sandwiches and drinking the cocktails. "But they're not all like that," she said, stroking the back

of his hand. "Some women are square."

She seemed to think it was terribly funny when he insisted on getting back into his suit. She lay with the towel around her and her arms behind her head. He began to get fidgety. The sun began to get low. They got up chilly and sandy and with the sunburn starting to tease a little. As they walked back along the beach he felt sour and blue. She was talking about the evening and the waves and the sea-gulls and squeezing his arm as she leaned on it. They went into a hotel on the boardwalk to have a little supper and that cleaned his last fivespot.

He couldn't think of much to say going home on the train. He left her at the corner

of her street, then walked over to the Third Avenue L and took the train up-town. The train was full of fellows and girls coming home from Sunday excursions. He kept his eye peeled for a pickup but there was nothing doing. When he got up into his little stuffy greenpapered room, he couldn't stay in it. He went out and roamed up and down Second and Third Avenues. One woman accosted him but she was too fat and old. There was a pretty plump little girl he walked along beside for a long time, but she said she'd call a cop when he spoke to her, so he went back to his room and took a hot bath and a cold shower and piled into bed. He didn't sleep a wink all night.

NEVER FEAR

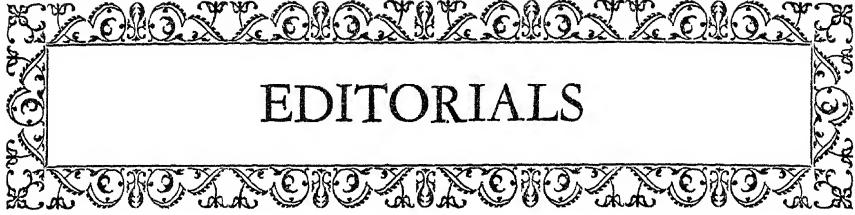
BY LENORE G. MARSHALL

SAY this to your sorrow,
Tuck it in your purse,
Though there be a morrow
It will not be worse.

This is your felicity:
Nothing more will hurt.
With an old agony
You will be girt.

Shrivel at the crater
Breast the steel rain
These will not matter
Ever again.

Never fear the last breath
Or the pulse unsteady,
There is no death
When you have died already.



EDITORIALS

Now It Can Be Seen

ONCE every four years American politicians shed their protective coloring and creep out into the open. This performance, which corresponds to the mating season among the higher Primates, affords the innocent citizen his one chance of finding out what dreadful business is to befall him in the near future. His masters, the demagogues, are forced by circumstances beyond their control to make carefully garbled statements of their dishonorable intentions, and are frequently led by their own congenital ineptitude to expose in part their duplicity. The present campaign is a precise case in point—and the news for the innocent citizen is uniformly dismal.

Because, as the politicians warm to their work, it becomes ever more obvious that, no matter who wins the coming election, the old-fashioned American will take a drubbing. Citizens recently naïve enough to expect from the Republican Party a tangible alternative to the New Deal were rudely jerked back to their senses by the Cleveland Convention's platform, which managed to endorse almost every feature of the More Abundant Life except Franklin Delano Roosevelt himself. And following close upon the heels of this bandwagon-leap, the Democratic Party convened in Philadelphia where, to the surprise of no one, it again endorsed the entire New Deal—with the exception of the Republican platform. In the meantime the Third Party wizards were whooping up their own special brand of cash-and-carry humanitarianism, the Socialists

were offering yet another sure salvation, the Communists were intoning the latest Moscow revelation, and the greatest show on earth was on. The fact that actual opposition to the New Deal has to date been offered by no party seems, in the scramble, to have been generally overlooked.

Thus the paramount question before Americans today is not one of *kind*, but merely one of *degree*. For example, there is no dispute from any source on the old-age pension subject itself; by all political parties it is in so many words conceded that every person overtaken simultaneously by senility and the improvidence of his own youth deserves to be supported for the rest of his natural life by the federal government. The only point at issue concerns the age at which this subsidy shall commence and how much per month it shall be. The Republicans, those old Tories, argue that the Treasury should not be thrown open to the decrepit until they have attained insolvency at sixty-five, while extremists on the Left urge a more generous support commencing, say, with the first signs of puberty. This *panem et circenses* theology is accepted by New Dealer Landon as avidly as it is accepted by New Dealer Browder. The same holds true from beginning to end of that fantastic list of world-saving devices which the gravid Utopians have launched upon a woesome world. Nowhere, except as the highfalutin preambles to the party platforms universally voice a pious regard for defunct American individualism, is there to be found

concern for any of the principles of government which the New Deal is supposedly undermining. The all-conquering march toward the Totalitarian State has extended now to every front.

The reason? Votes.

Dr. Roosevelt has convinced his fellow-practitioners that his special elixir (unfortunately not protected by patents) is sure-fire. Hence the flood of imitations from all quarters. The Republican platform is indisputable proof of the trend. Without a dissenting voice, this pledge of fealty to the political principles of Farley, Tugwell, *et al.*, was adopted by a cheering synod of ex-rugged individualists. The candidate who now bears aloft this standard with its strange device was nominated — barring a few futile votes for Bill Borah who, after years of maidenly coyness, at last reached the age of consent — virtually by acclamation. And what precisely was the country offered by these minions of Big Business, these reactionary Liberty Leaguers? Just this: old-age security legislation; a federal public works program; unemployment insurance legislation; a political Relief set-up; legislation imposing maximum hours, minimum wages, and specified working conditions on industry; direct benefit payments to agriculture; federal regulation of security markets; and federal regulation of interstate activities of public utilities. Is there any difference, in *kind*, between these recommendations and the Social Security Act, the Wagner Bill, the SEC, the Guffey Act, the AAA, the NRA, the WPA, the FERA, the Wheeler-Rayburn Act?

As a matter of fact, the G.O.P. went the original New Dealers one better. In 1932 Dr. Roosevelt set the fashion for promising everything conceivable in a Party platform and then, with a carele¹ dishonesty which was noted with raised eyebrows even by

Tammany heelers, proceeding to disregard the pledges entirely. The Republicans have improved upon the Happy Borrower's most outstanding contribution to the art of politics by making their solemn pledges and then scrapping them immediately with a statement of their legislative program. This gets the business over with at once. Thus they pledge themselves:

1. To maintain the American system of constitutional and local self-government and to resist all attempts to impair the authority of the Supreme Court of the United States.
2. To preserve the American system of free enterprise, private competition, and equality of opportunity.

And proceed to urge legislation which is of questionable constitutionality, and which would eventually destroy the American system of free enterprise, private competition, and equality of opportunity.

Again, under the heading of *Relief*, the platform asserts that "the necessities of life must be provided for the needy, and hope must be restored pending recovery . . . to end confusion, partisanship, waste, and incompetence". The logic of this assertion is not to be questioned; but how is such a condition to be brought about? Why, by "federal grants in aid to the states" and by the "undertaking of federal public works". In other words, the present New Deal set-up is to be taken away from one Harry Hopkins enthroned in Washington, and handed over to forty-eight Harry Hopkineses enthroned in the various states. The argument is, one supposes, that local Republican politicians are more honest than national Democratic politicians. This is a pleasant theory; it will, however, risk contradiction when the Republican machine in Philadelphia takes over the great humanitarian labor of handing out a hundred million dollars to the deserving poor.

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There is, of course, just one way "to end confusion, partisanship, waste, and incompetence" in Relief: and that is, first, to stop the distribution of cash to the last penny; and, second, to provide every destitute citizen with food, clothing, shelter, and immediate disenfranchisement. To the soft-hearted it may seem cruel thus to deprive our paupers of their movies, rye whisky, the *Daily Worker*, and the privilege of voting themselves still other luxuries from the public purse. But it makes good hard sense at a time when sentimentality about the unfit residue of our population is slopping over. Any such realism as this, however, frightens the politicians even more than a whisper about Repeal frightened them previous to the open revolt of the citizens against Prohibition.

Continuing our casual survey of the Republican platform, we come to another plausible statement:

Real security will be possible only when our productive capacity is sufficient to furnish a decent standard of living for all American families and to provide a surplus for future needs and contingencies. For the attainment of that ultimate objective, we look to the energy, self-reliance, and character of our people, and to our system of free enterprise.

Yet immediately following these fine words we find this:

Every American citizen over sixty-five should receive the supplementary payment necessary to provide a minimum income sufficient to protect him or her from want.

If the G.O.P. soothsayers can jibe "the energy, self-reliance, and character of our people" with a welding to the public payroll of every man and woman over sixty-five, they should be able, overnight, to balance the budget, collect the war debts, and lift the Brooklyn Dodgers out of the

cellar. And on top of this comes a pledge of legislation regulating industry "with respect to maximum hours, minimum wages, and working conditions". Who said the NRA was dead?

But it is in the agricultural plank that the sons of Mark Hanna have really outdealt the New Dealers. Direct federal benefit payments to farmers are urged. Regimentation of agriculturists through "co-operation of the federal government" is proposed, as is also the bureaucratic extension of "experimental aid to farmers developing new crops", provisions for "commodity and live-stock loans, and preference in land loans to the farmer", as well as a guarantee of "government assistance in disposing of surpluses". The Rooseveltians are further outbid by a proposal offering "protection and restoration of the land resources . . . so regulated as to eliminate the New Deal's destructive policy toward the dairy and live-stock industries" — which is a round-about way of saying that the New Deal policies now denied the dairy and live-stock industries will be extended to them under the guidance of the Republican Brain Trustees.

But note that this promise of direct federal payments to farmers is offered as an *emergency* measure. Coming from a Party which has bellowed to heaven about Dr. Roosevelt's usurpation of dictatorial power under the excuse of "emergency measures", this hedge is so blatantly dishonest as to startle even the cynical. The "emergency" excuse for extra-constitutional procedure has been denounced in every democracy since the beginning of time; now the very word is taken out of Dr. Roosevelt's mouth by the new Tugwells from Kansas. The Cleveland platform is, in fact, so clearly of the New Deal and by the New Deal that the Happy Borrower himself would probably agree to run on it.

EDITORIALS

As far as can be made out, the only Administration feature which has been neglected is the retention of Jim Farley as Postmaster-General. But this may arrange itself. . . .

So that the decent American who has some regard for his country can look to no political Party for assistance. The politicians have always been his enemies and his traducers; now they are massed to destroy him utterly. It appears inevitable that, out of this welter of busybodies, reformers, and social security Svengalis, there will arise a collectivist State which will strangle whatever liberalism and decency the Republic has managed to establish in the last century and a half. The alleged conservative opposition to the New Deal has collapsed utterly. The field is left wide open to the squabbling sects of the one all-powerful denomination. Dr. Roosevelt's congregation will henceforth be regarded as the New Deal Fundamentalists, the recipients of the original revelation. The whirling dervishes of the Left can be classified as Evangelical New Dealers whose beliefs extend to totalitarian immersion. The Republicans stand labeled, by due process of elimination, as the Modernist New Dealers, presenting their refinement of the more bucolic gospel—Episcopalian Collectivists, so to speak.

The religion of the Great Uplift is upon us. You pay your money, but you get no choice.

Sad News for the Faithful

Logic is hardly the handmaiden of dictators, and consistency has never been a characteristic of the Russian *Führer*, Joseph Stalin; but the abrupt betrayal of all Soviet apologists, recently performed by the mighty man of Moscow when he disclosed

plans for the new Russian constitution, must have come as something of a shock to the more alert devotees of the American communist cult. For that constitution, promising as it does to the Dictator's unhappy subjects the secret ballot, direct representation, a national parliament, an elective judiciary, freedom of speech and assembly, the inviolability of home and person, and equality before the law, lets the cat out of the bag—and leaves the apologists holding the latter. Because, whatever the honesty of these promises and however dubious may be the possibility of their fulfillment, the fact that they are promulgated is in itself an emphatic admission that neither governmental democracy nor civil rights exist today in Russia or have existed there at any time under Bolshevik rule. Every provision for popular rule in the new constitution implies unequivocally the absence of such rule under the old constitution. Every guarantee of elementary justice for the individual Russian in the new document is a clear admission that such justice has been denied in the past. Such admissions, coming as they do from headquarters, must be embarrassing, to say the least, to the sadly gullible Friends of Russia who have been assuring us passionately that the only true freedom and democracy on earth was to be found in the land of collectivized farms and liquidated kulaks.

And so all those dull books "proving" the Soviet State "the most democratic" in the world, all the indignant articles in the *New Republic* "proving" the legend of a ruthless dictatorship over the Russian masses to be a malicious canard, all the flaming red pamphlets "proving" the Soviet population to be blessed with "unprecedented freedom"—all these are reduced to the gibberish we originally suspected them to be. The proposed constitution is

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nothing more or less than a frank insult to those professional and volunteer propagandists among the Comrades who have labored for years to fool first themselves and then others into believing the Soviet system of government vastly superior to the outmoded "shams" of the American democratic system.

For instance, that angelic Fabian pair, Sidney and Beatrice Webb, devoted thousands of words in their recent twelve-hundred-page book, *Soviet Communism: A New Civilization?*, to describing in detail the very Soviet method of government now admitted by Comrade Stalin never to have existed. The second childhood of these aged propagandists thus becomes even more ludicrous. But at least they can console themselves with the comforting thought that they have plenty of company. Even the supposedly conservative New York *Herald Tribune* welcomed the Webbs' tract with the headlines: "Soviet Communism As a New Civilization—The Webbs Describe It in a Huge and Exciting Book". Quite possibly Mr. Ogden Reid does not read the literary sections of his newspaper; but if he does he must be aware that the *Herald Tribune* publishes, daily and Sunday, more Leftist literary criticism than any other American journal, including the *New Masses*. The significance of the new Soviet constitution is recommended to the attention of Mr. Reid's highly paid (with capitalist gold) apologists for communism.

But the situation calls also for a measure of pity. For this business of repudiation of the Faithful is by way of being a habit

with the Kremlin: the Bolsheviks have always shown a tendency to bite any hand that caressed them. Some time ago the Soviet's votaries abroad were insisting that Bolshevik money was absolutely stable, and abusing those who dared allude to the possibilities of inflation. But when the Kremlin suddenly announced that it was stabilizing the "stable" currency at one-fifth its former value, the embarrassed votaries were left teetering on the end of a limb. More recently, scores of impressionable intellectuals have flocked to the Red standard because Moscow was world headquarters for the modernist theater, music, and architecture, which was to be known in the future as "the art of the Soviets": but just when Meierhold and Shostakovich and convulsive geometric dancing and egg-box architecture had become the proletarian vogue in the most modern penthouses, the Kremlin turned thumbs down on all such "bourgeois Leftism" and the Faithful remained ridiculously on their knees in the wrong church. The number of American radicals who have hurried home from Russia, nettled and disgruntled, is almost equal to the number of Stalin-baiters who have been incarcerated in Siberia. So that the present predicament of the apologists, while not new, is nonetheless painful. We permit ourselves a tear in their behalf—knowing, however, that the Comrades here in America will shortly recover from their latest betrayal and start the ballyhoo all over again. American communists, like farmers' daughters, are getting used to betrayal—in fact, they are even beginning to like it.

THE STATE OF THE UNION

BY ALBERT JAY NOCK

The Social Security Fad

WHEN I looked in at THE MERCURY's office the other day, the editor met me with what Artemus Ward called "a swinister expression onto his countenance", and asked if I would like to see just one single month's output of books on this fine new subject of Social Security. Well, I thought, since my job is to observe the state of the Union, I suppose I have to take the fat with the lean, so I said I would. There were thirteen of them, thirteen books on that one subject, all published in one month, and in that month there were twenty-six working days for printers, which means that one book on social security was published every forty-eight hours during that period. It looks like a record. I have heard lately that the publishing business is shot to rags, and the sight of that pile of books made me think that, if it is not, it ought to be.

One of the books is a satirical play, and three others deal with the subject in a more or less literary fashion, with no particular ax to grind, so we will count those out. The nine remaining are deadly serious. They are serious with all the dull, unimaginative, painstaking, statistical seriousness of the truly consecrated Uplifter, which makes the task of going through them a terrible business. The reader need not fear that I am setting out to review them, for I am not. Fortunately for me, all that sort of thing is in Mr. Stallings' department, and I have no notion of bargaining in on it. This avalanche of books, however, does show something significant

about the state of the Union, and that is what I wish to point out.

All these writers assume, in the first place, that Social Security is a proper concern of government. In the second place, they assume that the State (by which they mean whatever crew of jobholders is in office at the moment) has something more than a purely electioneering interest in it. Third, they assume that the State (again meaning the crew of jobholders aforesaid) may be trusted to administer a program of Social Security honestly, efficiently, and at least as cheaply as it could be administered by some extra-political or non-political method. Fourth, every plan they propose contemplates a distinct reduction of individual liberty, and tends to make the individual still more the State's chattel than he now is. Moreover, they all take for granted, as Mr. Mussolini does, that this submergence of the individual is right and proper, because the State (*i.e.*, the crew of jobholders) is an enlightened and purely social institution which is out for the greatest good to the greatest number, and has no other interest or set of interests at stake in submerging him.

The interesting thing about all these assumptions is the utterly naïve and matter-of-fact way by which they are made to appear. They are not discussed or argued, not even stated in set terms. They merely pervade and color the whole texture of the work, as ink pervades blotting-paper. The authors seem actually not to know that they are even debatable. They treat them

as the mathematician treats the axioms of geometry. Now, the point is that they would not do this if they had any doubt about their readers also accepting them in the same unquestioning way. When a mathematician tacitly assumes that the whole is equal to the sum of all its parts, he has no doubt that his assumption will be accepted without question as a self-evident truth; and that is the attitude of these authors in expounding their various doctrines of Social Security.

Here, then, is where we get a look at the state of the Union. If the people of this country really do agree with these assumptions and regard them as axiomatic, then the Union is in an extremely bad state, for each and all of them are thoroughly unsound. My impression is that the people do agree with them, and my earnest conviction is that if they do not wake up pretty promptly and see what sort of thing it is that they are agreeing with, they will land in as fine a mess as their European brethren are in, and for the same reason.

The legitimate concern of government is with two things only: freedom and justice. Its whole duty is summed up in safeguarding the liberties of the subject, and in making justice costless and easily accessible. The moment you go beyond this, the moment you make government responsible for Helping Business, for Redistributing Wealth, for Unemployment Relief, for Social Security, or for anything whatever but the discharge of those two functions, you change the basic character of government. That moment you convert it into an all-powerful machine for the distribution of economic advantage, an instrument which can be got hold of and used to help oneself and hurt somebody else. That moment, in short, government ceases to be a social institution and becomes an anti-social institution.

If government in America had attended strictly to its own business from the beginning, if it had concerned itself with freedom and justice and nothing else, we would not now be hearing a word about Social Security. All our present difficulties are due to its never having done that. On the contrary, it has progressively invaded and confiscated the liberties of the subject, and it has made its disregard of justice a byword throughout the world. From the beginning it has been a mere mechanism for the distribution of economic privilege through hiring out its taxing power for a political *quid pro quo* from whatsoever pressure-group bid highest. First, landholders got a privilege; then industrialists; then money-lenders, speculators, shavers; latterly farmers, bonus-seekers, and the like; while four years ago Mr. Roosevelt completed the circle of privileged classes and mobilized what will in time, no doubt, turn out to be the most powerful pressure-group of all, by bringing in the hoboes. All this has confirmed the people in a settled belief that government is something to be run to and leaned on for economic coddling; and it is this belief that colors every page of these writers on Social Security.

II

It surely takes no great intelligence to perceive how this idea of the function of government would immediately bring forward a class of men who are nothing more nor less (and who regard themselves as nothing more nor less) than merchandisers of privilege. Such men naturally gravitate into politics, make themselves the nucleus of parties, and their recurrent party-contests, such as the one we are now witnessing, are merely contests for control and management of the huge tax-

ing machine. Hence the second assumption that our authors make—the assumption that they disinterestedly care two straws for Social Security—is seen at once to be puerile. Not being in politics for their health, these men allocate privilege where it will do them the most good. They are out for votes, in order to hold their jobs; then as an anchor to windward, they are out for patronage and for whatever perquisites can be conveniently picked up. If, therefore, the issuance of a privilege gives promise of a satisfactory return in votes, patronage, and perquisites, they will issue it; but if not, then not.

Everyone knows that this is so. Any issue of any newspaper presents abundant evidence that it is so, and it also presents evidence that both the paper and its readers know it is so. But there is a strict convention against naming the fact in plain terms, like the Victorian convention against naming certain parts and functions of the human body. When we name it at all, we call it by some euphemism like Playing Politics, instead of calling it damned thieving, blackguardly scoundrelism, which is precisely what it is. Nevertheless, convention or no convention, there the fact stands, just as legs were legs in Victoria's day, and we all know it, and in the light of this knowledge the second assumption of our authors shows itself to be pure silliness. Can anyone imagine any of the professional politicians who are to the front this summer—say Mr. Farley, say Mr. Roosevelt—looking for one moment at Social Security with a non-professional eye? If anyone can do this, he should be advised to capitalize his imagination in the motion-picture business, for it would make his everlasting fortune.

These same considerations also destroy our authors' third assumption, which is that State-managed Social Security would

be managed at least as honestly, efficiently, and cheaply as it would be under private management. Has anyone ever seen or heard of any State-managed enterprise which filled that bill? I doubt it. If the testimony of an unbroken record goes for anything, I think we may take it that State-managed Social Security would be made merely another snug nest for bureaucracy, favoritism, wastefulness, and graft; otherwise no politician could be got to touch it with a ten-foot pole—why should he? People who cherish any illusions on this point may be advised to compare the overhead on State-managed Relief with the overhead on privately-managed enterprises of the same kind. If they are still doubtful, and wish to press their investigation further, let them tackle the general question why a State-managed dollar never goes as far as a privately-managed dollar. Notoriously it never does, and there must be some reason why—well, what is the reason? Or, further, let them inquire into the circumstances that give rise to the formula known as Smoot's Law of Government, which is that the cost of government tends steadily to rise year by year, no matter which party is in power.

The fourth assumption is interesting because it marks our authors as simon-pure liberals. I have known many liberals, and I never yet knew one who was not keen for aggrandizing the power of the State, and for bringing the individual ever further and further under State control. It is instructive to compare the old-line Tory's respect for the liberties of the subject with that of the liberal. Was it the liberal Asquith, Grey, Lloyd-George and Co., who broke up the first draft of the Defense of the Realm Act? No, it was old Halsbury who got up and said that never as long as he lived would he stand by and see the fundamental rights of British subjects ab-

rogated; and if the Realm had to be defended that way, the Realm might go to pot. The diehard Tory had his faults, but he also had the fixed idea that some things simply are not done, that some respect is due to a principle, and that one must speak up for a principle even if one has to hold one's nose meanwhile.

I never saw or heard of a liberal who had any such idea as that, or who seemed to have any trouble about persuading himself that a little matter like the liberties of the subject might properly be confiscated in behalf of the Larger Good. Taking our Supreme Court as it stands, which group of justices would be naturally in favor of giving the citizen the largest margin of existence to dispose of as he durned pleases? Would it be the liberal justices, Stone, Brandeis, Cardozo? I doubt it. If my own constitutional liberties were at stake, I would say, give me McReynolds *et al.*, world without end. I have long thought that the professed liberal is the real collectivist, and the four years of Mr. Roosevelt's regime seem to have smoked him out into the open as such.

The long and short of it is that all this bother about Social Security is one of those recurrent moral epidemics that our country is continually breeding. Apparently our people can never be contented unless a

moral epidemic is running in double harness with a social epidemic like mah-jongg, midget golf, or bare legs. Hence at one time or another we get up a great furore about Abolitionism, Imperialism, Prohibition, the League of Nations — anything will do, and the sillier the better. Politicians appraise these outbreaks calmly for what they can get out of them, and trim their sails accordingly. Just now Social Security in its various forms, from Townsendism up and down, is heading the political best-seller list, and our politicians are promptly on hand to work it for all it is worth.

The mischief of such books as I have been describing is that they play straight into the politician's hand. A letter which I received this morning lays bare their root-vice very cleanly:

At present, all schemes seem bent on cajoling governments to ameliorate our predicament. Nowhere do men seem to understand that progress is made by those who go ahead with their views, with the aid of voluntary participants, rather in spite of governments than through them.

There you have it. If that is the case with our people, as these books show it undoubtedly is, I submit that the state of the Union is about as unpromising as imbecility can make it.

AMERICANA

CALIFORNIA

A fit rival to Cecil DeMille is uncovered by the proprietors of the Carmel Theater:

WEAVER OF DREAMS

From the kings he borrows—and from dynasties—dipping into the coffers of the past for his materials. To the castle of a Saxon monarch he goes for staunchness and solidity, to the temple of Ilium for beauty, to be fashioned into forms of majesty and grace. A Grecian urn yields him a perfect line, a Pompeian frieze, perhaps, a rhythmic pattern. In a Byzantine seraglio or Mohammedan mosque, he may find his colors, and from the palace of a Chinese emperor take what he desires of richness and magnificence, of poetry and symmetry, of works of structural skill and exquisite craftsmanship, with which to materialize his vision. Then, with a genius that is all his own, he shapes it, out of his inner consciousness, conjuring it into the thing of co-ordinated beauty that stands forth, at last, an edifice. Thus does he create—the Weaver of Dreams, designer of this theater
—A. A. Cantin, the Architect.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

A NEW DEAL senator stuns his colleagues by kicking over the pork barrel, as recounted by the *New York Times*:

Senator Minton of Indiana succeeded in persuading the Senate today to remove from its omnibus Flood Control Bill a \$2,540,000 project for drainage of the Kankakee River Basin. His action came while other members were clamoring to insert in the measure projects for the benefit of their individual districts.

A stunned silence descended on the chamber as the purport of Mr. Minton's amendment became clear. Then Senator Copeland, in charge of the bill as chairman

of the Commerce Committee, proposed that a special gold medal be awarded to Senator Minton in commemoration of the almost unprecedented occasion.

CONNECTICUT

THE perils of Yankee cooking are viewed philosophically by an enterprising advertiser in the *Norwich Morning Bulletin*:

PILLSBURY FAMOUS
PANCAKES
VERMONT MAPLE SYRUP
BAKED SAUSAGES
ROLLS — CAKE — COFFEE

THIRD BAPTIST CHURCH

TOMORROW
TUESDAY, MAY 26TH
Supper 30c—Children 20c
Served 5:30 to 7:30 P.M.
*This ad donated by C. A. Gager
Funeral Director*

ILLINOIS

THE wonders of spiritualism in the rising town of Dixon, as verified by the sober Associated Press:

Ghostly figures—a woman's head, an Indian head and an arrow—which Mrs. Tom McReynolds said appeared in an antique mirror, drew hundreds of visitors to her home today.

The figures, Mrs. McReynolds said, first were seen last Saturday when she polished the mirror and their clarity has been undiminished. As she drew a cloth across the glass, she said, a voice spoke her first name—"Flora".

"The woman's head," Mrs. McReynolds said today, "is a perfect likeness of my mother, who died June 24, 1931."

THE AMERICAN MERCURY

A NEW literary critic arises in the Middle West and, in a letter to the author (printed in the book), lets loose an imposing judgment:

My dear Major Pease:

I am interested in your book (*The "Hole" in the Hauptmann Case*), as it is one of the most striking plots in modern society. To me your theory and dynamic frankness as to the motives and participants is the greatest criminal writing of the century; and I would suggest that you write a 400 or 500 page book about the plot which, in my estimation, will eclipse Dostoevski's *Crime and Punishment*, and will be read by more people than any other book written in the present century.

Sincerely yours,

MAKE MILLS
Commanding Industrial Detail
Chicago Police Department

IOWA

ADDITION to medico-theological knowledge as vouched for by the Rev. Celestine Kapsner, O.S.B., in a pamphlet on exorcism:

What a power the prayers of exorcism have against the enemy of Christ is forcibly portrayed in a recent case of possession and expulsion at Earling, Iowa, 1928. This woman, still living today, had been cursed by her own fallen-away-Catholic father when she was but 14 years old, because she would not commit sin with him. Though a pious girl she was possessed for 26 terrible years. During this time she could not receive the Sacraments, could not make the Sign of the Cross, nor pronounce the Name of Jesus nor be helped by the consolations of religion. She had a real hatred against all things spiritual. The best doctors were consulted and pronounced her normal as to health. Finally her case was brought to the attention of Father Theophilus Riesinger, O.M. Cap., an experienced exorcist and missionary. He declared her possessed by the devil. The official prayers of exorcism were pronounced over her after a mission conducted at Earling. This battle of driving out the evil spirits lasted for 23 con-

tinuous days. Words cannot adequately describe the hatred, meanness and filthy language that Satan and his associate demons displayed against the Bl. Sacrament, relics, exorcist, priests and nuns during this process of expulsion. Lucifer, Beelzebub, Judas, the father of the woman, and his concubine Mina each made his appearance in turn during this exorcism. The body of the woman at times was so distorted by these demons that she could not be recognized as a human being.

After severe fasting, prayer, reception of the Sacraments, offering of Masses, and the constant prayers of exorcism, Satan and his allies were forced to depart. Christ again conquered and the woman breathed freely in the consolations of her religion. She is now a mystic, and frequently has revelations from Christ during the consecration at Mass. Christ speaks to her directly.

MASSACHUSETTS

THE solemn wonders of the Oxford Movement are revealed by a resident of the Buchmanite tent city at Stockbridge, as reported by a special operative of the *New York Herald Tribune*:

Speaker after speaker explained the implications of the movement, in the terms of his own life experience, to those who are here for its first national assembly.

James Mariano, of New York City:

"I have been a drunkard, a pick-pocket, and a strong-arm man with many other problems of dishonesty. I am now being used in God's plan to take charge of the camp canteen, handling money and supplies. It has brought me no temptation. The canteen is directed by the Holy Spirit."

MISSOURI

THE fearless editor of the *Lamar Democrat* takes off his coat, vest, and shirt, and writes a headline that is a headline:

REV. WARD TAKES

YOURS TRULY TO

THE WOODSHED

METHODIST MINISTER GIVES MAN WHO RUNS THIS PAPER A GOOD VERBAL COWHIDING — INVITED TO BE PRESENT TO HEAR WHAT HE HAD TO SAY — VERY GENTLEMANLY, VERY KIND — PREFACED THE REAL

GIST OF WHAT HE HAD TO SAY, WITH KIND AND COMPLIMENTARY OBSERVATIONS — BUT NO READER IS MUCH INTERESTED IN ANY NICE THINGS THAT MIGHT BE SAID ABOUT THE MAN WHO RUNS THE PAPER — WHAT HE LIKES IS TO READ WHERE HE GETS A GOOD SKINNING — READ SHORT PASSAGE FROM POOR WEAK HUMAN NATURE — IN IT WERE THE EXCLAMATIONS GOD! JESUS! AND HELL! — SAID A PAPER THAT WENT INTO THE HOMES OF THE PEOPLE SHOULD NOT USE THESE WORDS IN THIS WAY — THOSE WHO PATRONIZED A PAPER BY THEIR SUBSCRIPTIONS AND ADVERTISEMENTS HAD AS MUCH RIGHT TO CRITICISE IT, AND ITS PUBLISHER AS THE MEMBERS OF A CONGREGATION, WHO PAID HIM HAD TO CRITICISE A MINISTER — SAID THE MAN WHO RAN THIS PAPER DAMNED THE FINER NOBLER THINGS IN LIFE, WITH FAINT PRAISE — HE USED THE LANGUAGE OF THE STREET — WONDERED WHAT KIND OF A BACKGROUND SUCH A MIND HAD, AND WHAT KIND OF PICTURES DWELT IN IT — WHEN HE WAS A BOY ON A FARM, HE OFTEN HAD TO WALK IN THE MUCK AND MIRE AND FILTH — BUT WHEN HE WENT TO STEP INTO THE HOUSE WHERE HIS MOTHER DWELT, HE ALWAYS CLEANED OFF HIS SHOES — OFFERED THE EDITOR OF THE PAPER THE USE OF HIS PULPIT, TO ANSWER WHAT HE HAD SAID.

NEW YORK

THE old American tradition of getting something for nothing is observed faithfully by the souvenir hunters aboard *R.M.S. Queen Mary*, according to the *Herald Tribune*:

A. F. Jones, the chief steward, was almost in tears yesterday when he considered the toll which had been taken. He said that some objects had been removed which could only have been loosened with wrenches and screwdrivers. Among the items which have been pilfered, according to him, were spoons, forks, knives, salt and pepper shakers, brass name plates, whole potted plants, clocks, silver calendars, ashtrays, glasses, and pieces of china.

CIVILIZATION comes to another dead stop as

the sports writers of the *World-Telegram* appraise an epoch-making event:

Joe Williams:

Some day the Sphinx will talk, the Pyramids will crumble, the oceans will stand still. . . . Something loosely akin to this was recorded when Max Schmeling knocked out Joe Louis in twelve rounds under a frowning sky at the Yankee Stadium last night.

Walter Stewart:

When the Dark Angel fell through the roaring darkness of that mad twelve rounds he fell like Lucifer never to rise again. . . . It was a moment of sheer barbarity and the world went mad.

Francis Wallace:

There is in Tennyson the story of the Black Knight, a fearsome figure of terrifying legend. He lived in a remote castle; and to face him, the man who dared had to face two other knights. Eventually there came the man with heart enough to fight his way to the Black Knight. Behind the mask he found a boy.

Joe Louis lived in the remote castle of a myth. The two knights who defended him were his punch and his boxing skill. When Max Schmeling fought his way past these two guardians of the terrifying Black Knight he found only a boy.

A CAGEY mortician carefully limits his shipping business to terrestrial addresses:

Collins, James P.

Remains Shipped Anywhere This World.
106 W 129 CA thedr 8-3014

ENGLAND

ADDITION to the science of zoology, as offered by a letter-writer to the cultured *London Times*:

Some years ago I had a wire-haired fox terrier (no longer with me, alas!) who accompanied me exquisitely in Dvorak's "Songs My Mother Taught Me" (sung in German). His faint, mournful wailing on the high notes of the song deeply moved all who heard it.

THE LIBRARY

The Question of the Hour

BY JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS

THE PROMISE OF AMERICAN POLITICS, by T. V. Smith. \$2.50. *University of Chicago Press*.

AFTER ROOSEVELT, by G. H. Speece. \$2.00. *Alliance Press*.

ROOSEVELT REVEALED, by James C. Young. \$2.50. *Farrar & Rinehart*.

WITHOUT GREASE, by Frank R. Kent. \$2.50. *Morrow*.

GIVE ME LIBERTY, by Rose Wilder Lane. 50 cents. *Longmans, Green*.

TWO ORDEALS OF DEMOCRACY, by John Buchan. \$1.00. *Houghton Mifflin*.

IF THE Depression and the New Deal I have done nothing else they have stirred the American people to think about the fundamentals of government as they perhaps have not thought since our former two great governmental crises—the drawing up of the Constitution in 1787, and the slavery issue of the Civil War. The political problems which in the past confronted those of us now in middle age, such as the tariff, the Trusts, and even the free silver of the Bryan campaign, appear today merely as questions of policy within a social framework, the stability of which we took for granted. Now we are forced to consider the very existence of that framework itself.

The situation is not American but worldwide. The amount of political thinking, writing, and reading, to say nothing of talk and action, which has been going on in the world in the past decade is probably without precedent. Yet after it all, the

disheartening fact sticks out, in spite of the enthusiasm of some of the younger and older intellectuals and some of the masses, that not a single new idea of major importance has been discovered in any country. Indeed, most of the political thought, though clothed in a new jargon of words, is archaic. Price-fixing by government is as old as recorded history—at least it goes back to the Babylonians—and has practically always failed of its object. Nor is “planning” the marvelous discovery which many would have us believe. To a considerable extent it is merely being rediscovered after a century or so in which private initiative has been given free rein—a period, by the way, which has given more human beings more satisfactions for their wants than any other in the history of the race. Certainly there is nothing new in the idea of a dictatorship, and Stalin, Mussolini, and Hitler belong to the oldest types of rulers. Humanity has been all too familiar with despots, benevolent or malevolent.

In general, the group of books named above represents this paucity of ideas of a really fecund nature. This does not mean that some of the books are not interesting discussions of the problems which have come to haunt us all. Of varying value they all deal with the relation of the individual to his government. The volume by Professor Smith, who combines a chair of philosophy in the University

of Chicago with a seat in the Illinois State Senate, is an odd blend of Polonius-like moralizings and acute analyses of political theories. His effort to prove that the only real "goods" are those of the spirit, which all men can share, and that therefore the well-to-do should not mind at all if their material goods are taken from them to be given to the less well-to-do, struck me as rather labored and not very convincing. If the material goods are really so worthless, then why all the argument to show that one group should have more of them and another group less, the one to be made happier by giving them up and the other by receiving them? On the other hand, his analysis of communism is one of the best I have read, and I heartily recommend it to all who are enjoying the narcotic of this new-old dream.

Mr. Speece's book, elaborate and rather pretentious, did not strike me as offering much in the way of a solution for our present dilemma. His basic idea is to restore employment by a prohibitive tax on such machines as displace human labor. The workmen of the 1830's approached the problem more directly by smashing the machines. The power to tax is the power to destroy, but two good fists, which can do the same, tried and failed. There is nothing new in the idea, apart from method. The author's idea, that of breaking up the United States into a group of Dominions similar to the British Empire, is too far outside the range of present political realities to detain us long.

Mr. Young's book is a sort of diary, written in the present tense, of the happenings under Mr. Roosevelt. As a record it has an interest and value, but it also solves no problems. Mr. Buchan's essays are reprinted from ten years ago. Miss Lane's small but illuminating volume is

the story of a communist who went to Russia and was promptly disillusioned. This has happened before, but Miss Lane well points out that if there is waste under capitalism there is also enormous waste under a bureaucracy carrying out repressive planning from a central government in a vast country.

Mr. Kent's book is a useful reprint of his daily newspaper articles. There has been no more persistent horsefly biting into the Presidential withers than Frank Kent, but he is also one of the acutest of political observers and, with Mark Sullivan, likewise one of the ablest of independent Washington correspondents, has recently been made aware in no uncertain terms of Administration displeasure over commenting intelligently for the American people on Presidential acts and policies. The book will have a certain permanent value for the historians of the Roosevelt Revolution; but, again, it contains no solution for our ills.

Of the lot, I got most out of Professor Smith's book, in spite of a preface which antagonized me at the start from its style, and much in later chapters which struck me as illogical or puerile, even if the author is a professor of philosophy. In the past four years we Americans have passed successively through some remarkable changes of thought and attitude. In 1932, like a patient on his bed of pain, we wanted a new face. Any new doctor might do us good. In 1933 we felt the *élan* of Mr. Roosevelt and the New Deal, which seemed to be a well-considered policy to meet the emergency. Then reaction set in; but underneath the surface of changing opinion I think certain ideas have been taking definite shape. Most of us no longer look back to the orgy before the smash as being a state of health to which we wish to return. We have come

to a realization of the really serious ills in our body politic, and to the fact that we cannot just turn the clock back. What we are going through is not merely a depression but, if not the downfall of civilization as we have known it, a turning point of the first magnitude.

It is easy and, perhaps to the sadistic-minded, pleasurable, to exaggerate this aspect of our situation. As an economic phenomenon there is nothing abnormal about the Depression. The economic graph of events after every great war, for a century and a half at least, which is as far as I have traced it, has remained amazingly the same. After peace has been declared there have always been about two years of false prosperity, followed by the primary post-war depression for a year or two, followed by quite a number of years of wild speculation, to be finally succeeded by a crash. In these respects the years following the World War were no different from those following the American Revolution, though then there was no machinery and almost nothing of our modern systems of business and finance. As the destruction of both capital and markets was unprecedentedly great in the World War, the eventual crash could have been expected to be so likewise.

Up to, say, 1934, we were progressing normally along a well-marked road. But now the future is unpredictable because, for psychological reasons, we are interfering with both economic laws and those of nature when, rightly or wrongly, humanitarianism has wrecked our adherence to both. To mention only one example: the machine age, in spite of the fears of the workmen a century and more ago, created a huge number of new jobs and food supplies. Nature spawned limitless numbers of children to fill the first and eat the second. The "rise of the masses"

began. Although I think technological unemployment in the long run and not just for the moment is exaggerated, it is nevertheless true that improving machinery will reduce the number of jobs, though the food supply can be kept up. If nature were left alone she would reduce, by cruel means perhaps, the population to meet the lessened number of jobs just as she vastly increased it to meet the increase in jobs. But the psychology of 1936 does not permit us to allow nature to do this. We have come to feel that all the human beings created by the new jobs, and their progeny, must somehow be allowed to live and follow the pursuit of happiness at the expense of the number who can fit and fill the jobs of the new age. Man has decided, in pursuit of an ideal which touches us all, that he must find a way of circumventing the laws of both nature and economics. That is where our difficulty lies. Can we do it, and what will happen if we try and fail? Feeling the end desirable, the impulsion irresistible, and not knowing how to attain the goal ourselves, one harassed nation after another has taken the easy but fatal way of "letting George do it", *i.e.*, of turning the whole problem over to a dictator who promises everything.

The American, however, of all national characters except the British, is the least likely to yield willingly to dictation. The ill-fated Potato Act was a test of that, and I think here we come to the crux of the American problem at present and to what great numbers of serious Americans are thinking about. In spite of much astute Russian propaganda, I believe that only an infinitesimal number of Americans would care to live permanently as citizens under such governments as the Russian, German, or Italian. Miss Lane's book voices the general answer to that. The

deepest problem for us today is how to be the good neighbor, how to solve the combined psychological-economic-political situation without losing those liberties and that freedom of life to which we have become accustomed.

That is the most living issue of the Presidential campaign, though it may not be treated openly or very intelligently by either party. With respect to this, perhaps Professor Smith's book is the most illuminating of those listed above. In a number of places, speaking of the despised profit *motif*, he brings out clearly that there is in human nature a much more dangerous and stronger one, the "power and prestige *motif*". In fact the profit *motif* is usually merely the shadow of this because most men want money not for itself but for the power it brings.

As Americans are taunted with the phrase "profit *motif*", they may well ponder the possible influence of the other and more powerful one if there should come to be too great concentration of power in Washington. If we yield up legislative and representative government in the name of efficiency and emergency, if we "let George do it", whether George be a man or a group, will he or they willingly give up the power and prestige of governing 125,000,000 people when the people may decide the emergency is ended? The Italian, German, and Russian governments were supposed merely to lead their peoples to a richer and fuller life, but would Mussolini or Hitler or Stalin willingly abdicate complete power and the playing of world roles in favor of the people's choice? In fact, have their peoples any longer a chance to make a choice? That such power has been deliberately built up in Washington, we can take from Mr. Roosevelt's own words. In his Message to Congress not long ago, he said:

In thirty-four months we have built up new instruments of power. In the hands of a people's government this power is wholesome and proper. But in the hands of political puppets of an economic autocracy such power would provide shackles for the liberties of the people.

There is nothing vague about that. We have prided ourselves on having a government of laws and not of men. The President has himself informed us that under him there has been developed such a concentration of power as to make the men who administer it and not the Constitution or the laws of the land supreme in importance. It seems to me that the chief question for the American people to decide next November is whether they want that kind of government, with all it inevitably leads to, or American government. A number of the books cited, such as those by Messrs. Smith and Kent, and Miss Lane, will help toward a decision. Nobody quarrels with the President's humanitarianism. Nobody wants American citizens to starve or go without shelter. But what we have to decide is whether there is not a way of playing the good neighbor without losing the personal liberties we and our ancestors have fought for.

Gilbert Without Sullivan

By ST. JOHN ERVINE

THE COMPLETE PLAYS OF GILBERT AND SULLIVAN. With Illustrations by W. S. Gilbert. \$1.00. *The Modern Library*.

THE centenary of Sir William Schwenk T Gilbert's birth falls due on November 18 of this year, and *The Modern Library* has issued in good time a volume of those

of his plays for which Sir Arthur Sullivan composed music. They are, of course, the most important work Gilbert wrote, although Gilbert himself did not think so, but it is well to remember that these fourteen pieces are a small part in his output, and that, in addition to them, he was the author of about sixty plays of every sort. The title of the present volume is a misnomer: there is nothing by Sullivan in it. And that, in a sense, is a blessing, since the omission of Sullivan's music enables the reader to settle for himself a problem which has long puzzled the public and added to library shelves a number of books that could very well be done without. The problem is, which was the more important member of the partnership, Gilbert or Sullivan?

Mr. Hesketh Pearson, the latest of the authors who have written on the subject, settles it, in his book *Gilbert and Sullivan*, a little Solomonically, by saying that Gilbert and Sullivan were unquestionably more important than either Gilbert or Sullivan. From that judgment few, if any, discerning people will now dissent. It is evident, however, that if Mr. Pearson were asked to say which of the two men, in his opinion, prevailed in the extraordinary partnership which enriched the world with the Savoy Operas, he would unhesitatingly reply, "Gilbert"; and although critical opinion on this point has often veered, the preponderance of such opinion is now on his side.

But it must not be forgotten that in Gilbert and Sullivan's lifetimes, many notable musicians felt assured that Sullivan was the genius, and asserted that he was wasting his time and his talents in composing music for Gilbert's "trivial" libretti when he might have been immortalizing himself by composing "serious" music and grand opera. Queen Victoria, who disliked

Gilbert and thought his work silly, almost publicly urged Sullivan to break with Gilbert, and do something "good" and "great". The suggestion was accepted, and its fulfilment demonstrated how poor a judge of ability Queen Victoria was. *Ivanhoe*, which afforded the Queen "particular satisfaction . . . as she believes it is partly owing to her own instigation that you undertook this great work," was a failure. Few music-lovers have ever heard it or heard of it.

The variations of belief about the relative importance of the two men have been many and acrimonious. After Sullivan's death, it became fashionable to say that Gilbert was on a pinnacle and Sullivan flat on his back. A reaction set in and Sullivan returned to favor: he was the artist and Gilbert was the artisan. But a balance has been struck, and the view held by Mr. Pearson is the truest, namely, that the two men, in combination, were unique, but that apart, they were commonplace. Mr. Pearson's assumption that Gilbert, by himself, was better at his job than Sullivan, by himself, was at his, is hardly tenable. It is based on the fact that the first libretto by Gilbert, *The Mountebanks*, to be set to music after the breach with Sullivan, was more successful than any music composed by Sullivan thereafter; but that fact is flimsy. Sullivan, as a composer, had enjoyed enormous success before he began to collaborate with Gilbert, and his failure, after the breach, to retain his popularity was surely due to his increasing ill-health. For the greater part of his life he suffered terribly from kidney disease, "sometimes suffering so acutely . . . during a performance that he could not see the audience for the tears of agony that streamed from his eyes". On the day of the first performance of *Princess Ida*, he received an injection of morphia to re-

lieve his pain, and was only half-conscious when he entered the orchestra and lifted his baton. He fainted at the end of the evening.

There is no reason to suppose that he would have composed better music for Gilbert's libretti than that which he composed, after the break, for other people's, although the devout Gilbertian cannot unwarrantably say that the vitality which Gilbert gave Sullivan *might* have done Sullivan good. The salient fact, however, is that these two men, utterly discordant in temper and outlook on life, and having no liking or even much respect for each other, formed a perfect partnership and produced work which has not been excelled, and may never be equaled, by any other collaborators. Its popularity, forty years after the last of the operas was first performed, continues unabated, may, indeed, be said to have increased. Beaumont and Fletcher were bunglers and failures in comparison with Gilbert and Sullivan.

The two men are evidence in art of a fact which is slowly being recognized in biology, namely, that compatibility in parents is much less essential to the production of good progeny than has hitherto been supposed. We are beginning to perceive that incompatibility in parents may sometimes result in finer children than are produced by parents who love each other devotedly and are considered to be suitable partners. Children are, in greater or less degree, modifications of their parents, and the modifications of discordant natures may be eugenically excellent and even superb. A man and a woman who cannot bear each other may produce desirable offspring. The Spartans had a dull perception of this fact when they made their law that a woman should bear a child to any man other than her husband whom the State authorities should select

as suitable to fertilize her. The Spartans' mistake lay in their assumption that only one sort of man was "good"—the warrior; and it is incontestable that when they exposed on the slopes of Mount Taygetus those infants who seemed to them physically unfit to become efficient soldiers, they probably exposed all the brains of their Republic and eventually brought ruin upon themselves. Beethoven's parents were eugenically unsuitable to be parents, but they produced Beethoven.

A more ill-assorted pair than Gilbert and Sullivan probably never entered into any partnership. Intellectually, socially, physically, and temperamentally they were dissimilar. Yet their collaboration, always in danger of violent disruption, resulted in the finest set of light operas the world possesses. They had no tastes in common. They did not like each other, and had the fewest social contacts that were possible. When Sullivan celebrated his fifty-second birthday by a grand party at which the Prince of Wales (afterwards Edward VII) and his brother, the Duke of Edinburgh (afterwards Duke of Saxe-Coburg), were guests, Gilbert was not invited. On the last occasion on which the two men met on the stage of the Savoy Theater, they did not speak, and each departed by a different door. Sullivan had forgotten, no doubt, that the very next day was Gilbert's sixty-second birthday, nor did Gilbert remind him of the fact. They were, that night, celebrating the revival of *The Sorcerer*, now twenty-one years old, but they were not celebrating anything else. They never met again.

In every respect, they were as disparate as men could be. Their origin was entirely different. Gilbert was masculine: Sullivan was effeminate. Gilbert was middle-class, and called himself a gentleman. He was a barrister before he became

a writer, and he was English in the marrow of his bones. Sullivan was lower-middle, almost working-class, in origin, and of unusually mixed parentage. He was a pretty and appealing choirboy. His father was Irish; his mother was partly Irish and partly Italian, and was thought to have Jewish blood in her. Sullivan had great personal charm which endeared him to nearly every person he met, and he moved in the highest circles, becoming especially the friend of the Prince and Princess of Wales, afterwards King Edward and Queen Alexandra. The Duke of Edinburgh was his boon companion, and the Kaiser greatly esteemed him. Queen Victoria did not disguise her regard for him. But she could not abide Gilbert who, despite his intense conservatism, did not conceal his indifference to her, her family, her government, and her court. She knighted Sullivan in 1883; she did not knight Gilbert, who received the accolade from Edward VII in 1907, twenty-four years after it had been given to his collaborator. The Queen snubbed Gilbert to the last. When she commanded a performance of *The Gondoliers* at Windsor Castle, she caused his name to be omitted from the program, although that "of the wig-maker", according to Mr. Pearson, "was printed in bold type".

How do Gilbert and Sullivan, four decades after the date on which their last opera was produced, appear to the critic? It seems irrefutable that Gilbert's was the dominating mind. He, more than Sullivan, made the Savoy Opera; for he not only wrote libretti which remain brilliant after this lapse of time, but trained the Company which acted the operas. His sense of the stage was as sharp and abundant as that of Mr. Noel Coward or Mr. George S. Kaufman. He could see an actor where other people could see only a

wooden-faced fellow; as when he put Rutland Barrington into his company. He could take a drawing-room entertainer from his piano and turn him into a fine comedian; as when he persuaded George Grossmith to leave his Y.M.C.A. concerts and join the Savoy. Neither Barrington nor Grossmith had ever been on the stage until Gilbert put them there. He detected a popular star in an inexperienced actress called Jessie Bond. It was he who, rigorously, almost ruthlessly, drilled the players into the fine company they became. While Sullivan was gambling with princes, Gilbert was working with the Savoy players.

The reader of the fourteen libretti he wrote while he was collaborating with Sullivan, instantly perceives that their author, despite his denial of all knowledge of music, must have had a musical mind; for his lyrics almost set themselves to music. It is not possible to read them: one almost automatically sings them, even if one is ignorant of every note Sullivan composed. Gilbert's habit was to hum strains of song to himself while he wrote his lyrics, and there was an occasion when Sullivan, unable to set some words, asked Gilbert to hum over the refrain he had hummed while writing them. After a few moments, Sullivan's difficulty was overcome: Gilbert had stimulated him again.

The present writer has read every word of the fourteen plays published in this volume. They fill 711 pages. He did not find them in any way oppressive. On the contrary, he found them uncommonly good reading. Their freshness is unabated; their wit still sparkles and shows no signs of "dating"; and the ingenuity of the rhymes still excites admiration. There are no signs of heaviness in these libretti, nor can one hear any sounds of creaking. It would be difficult to find a "serious" author whose work, read in such bulk as this, would

hold attention from the first page to the last. Gilbert's own "serious" plays would not keep even Gilbert awake, nor has any publisher contemplated the ordeal of issuing them in one volume. But these despised libretti, disdained even by their author, seize and hold attention that grows to admiration and even envy. They gave Gilbert a loophole of escape from his own harsh and uneasy nature into a boy's world of fantasy. If he took his cynicism with him, he took also his honesty and his sense of wonder; and these qualities, so queerly mingled, enabled him to make a genius not only out of himself, but out of Arthur Sullivan.

Six Novels

BY JOHN W. THOMASON, JR.

THE LORENZO BUNCH, by Booth Tarkington. \$2.00. *Doubleday, Doran.*

HONEY IN THE HORN, by H. L. Davis. \$2.50. *Harpers.*

THE HURRICANE, by Charles Nordhoff and James Norman Hall. \$2.50. *Little, Brown.*

EDUCATION BEFORE VERDUN, by Arnold Zweig. \$2.50. *Viking.*

THE WEATHER IN THE STREETS, by Rosamond Lehmann. \$2.50. *Reynal & Hitchcock.*

SPARKENBROKE, by Charles Morgan. \$2.75. *Doubleday, Doran.*

THE criticism of novels is approached with delicacy. Your writer of history and biography deals with known factors. His sources are open to every interested person, and the reviewer is at liberty to assess his own values on deductions made, conclusions drawn, and judgments pronounced. But there is something intimate

and personal about a novel, because the novelist deals not with history, but with material he dredges out of himself under the qualification that it might, conceivably and credibly, be history. Doing this, he lays bare his soul, for it is from his own reflections and aspirations that he creates his characters and his action: in a very special sense, he brings forth his stuff in his own image. Or, I hasten to add, she does.

Here are six novels, by very well-thought-of people. One writer is new in the field. The others produce regularly, and I am assured that their successive offerings are awaited with eagerness by avid publics. Two deal with the American scene, and they are the most readable; one with the South Seas; one with the World War; and two with the Kingdom of Great Britain, which has furnished the setting for more dull tales than any country on earth.

Booth Tarkington's *The Lorenzo Bunch* shows that age cannot wither, nor custom stale, the author of *Monsieur Beaucaire*, of *Penrod*, and of *The Magnificent Ambersons*. As experience accumulates, the hand and eye grow surer, the ear more certain, and his handling of his medium more facile. He was always kindly: here his kindness and his irony are only more discriminating. He needs no background of cataclysmic calamity to lend significance to his people, no glitter of London-town for his highlights, no seasoning of great names to stimulate his reader's interest. His is the ability that the masters of the craft achieve, to take the ordinary and the stupid and make their futilities interesting. He writes as Franz Hals painted, with a swaggering simplicity.

From slight materials, Mr. Tarkington has woven an absorbing tale. Half-way through it, you think: What's happened to the man? He hates people—his folks

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in this book are as nasty as Ring Lardner's ever were. Indeed, with its economy of material and sardonic sting, the first two-thirds might have been written by one of the great Frenchmen. But the end is Tarkington: you feel with him that the garden-variety American, for all his defects, is still pretty decent under pressure: and this, in the present state of the Republic, is a comforting way to feel. No one of our times has equalled Mr. Tarkington in the portrayal of contemporary life.



The other night there was a Navy medico at dinner, a gaunt and silent man with the skin of one who has been much in fierce suns. Somebody mentioned a recent novel, by a fellow not heard of before in these parts, about early days in the Pacific Northwest — Washington? — Oregon? Book named *Horns*, or *Honey*, or something like that. The Medico brightened up immediately. "Of course," he said. "*Honey in the Horn!* Man named Davis. Dam' fine book — that's the country I come from, and I know a lot of those people. This bird Davis has done them very well indeed. Used to know the old scalawag in the book that ate the Indian Chief's liver on account the Chief stole his horses. But Davis changed it a little. We called him Liver-Eatin' Allen till he died. What happened was, he was hunting one time, and ran out of grub. Nothing to eat. He shot an Indian that came along and ate his liver, because the other cuts were all so tough you couldn't get your fork into the gravy!"

The book has its title from the bawdy old ballad:

... He met her in the lane and he laid her on a board
And he played her up a tune called, Sugar in the Gourd.

Sugar in the gourd, honey in the horn,
Balance to your pardners, honey in the horn —

which has many more verses, but none other printable. It relates the adventures of the orphan Clay Calvert, who went traveling because of an assist in a jail-break. The country is Oregon just before the railroads began to come in, and the characters are as lusty and untrammeled a set of individuals as you ever saw in your life. Mr. Davis, being native to those parts, produces them tirelessly from his own impressions. There is an endless panorama of mountain and sea and prairie, of sun and storm and flood and drought. Mr. Davis' people are real people, observed and understood; his settings actual, alive with light and air. He is always quotable: for example, the Indian trader on the coast speaking:

... But it ain't the Indian women that buys them female remedies. It's the bucks, and they drink 'em, too. I've seen a big old canoe chief named Spilletts or something like that swaller five full-size bottles of Dr. Turnbull's Prescription For Expectant Mothers as fast as he could get the corks pulled. Afterwards he took his clothes off and et fire. Yes, sir, fire. He licked it right often a chunk of pitch and snorted a big stream of it eight foot out into the air. The squaws mostly take Our Baby's Friend Tonic Vermifuge or Mother Porter's Wild Cherry and Tar Expectorant. They eat it on fish, like it was peppersass. Them Indians is a low outfit. They ain't worth an intelligent man's bother. . . .

Reading *Honey in the Horn*, you are sure to be reminded of another book about a wandering orphan: *Huckleberry Finn*. And another gifted reporter of the American scene: Mark Twain. The novel took the Harper prize, and now has the Pulitzer award, which speaks favorably of the judgment of at least two literary juries.

The Hurricane is a fine, workmanlike piece of writing with no foolishness about it. Messrs. Nordhoff and Hall tell with simplicity the story of a hurricane that overwhelms the island of Manukura in the Tuamotu group. Of the several stresses Nature brings upon mankind, there is none which, in impersonal malignance and sustained violence, exceeds the hurricane. The great heats and colds are bad, but endurable, given luck and judgment. Earthquakes are spasmodic and shattering episodes, quickly finished. But a hurricane is a design. There is the period of preparation, discernible to the weather-wise through weeks, when earth and sea and sky are pregnant with the sense of increasing menace. There is the period of approach, with rising waters and torrential rains, and winds rising from fresh to half a gale, to full gale, to storm. And then there is the thing itself, an inconceivable climax. Two other writers come to mind who have done hurricanes adequately: Joseph Conrad and Lafcadio Hearn. To them I would add Nordhoff and Hall. Jack London's atmospheric phenomena were a little special and a little shrill, and in his people he had a feeling for the superman. Messrs. Nordhoff and Hall attain their effects by showing the reactions of casual humanity under unimaginable strain. They deal also in the loneliness and mystery of the remote seas that they know so well.



Education Before Verdun rounds out the trilogy begun with *The Case of Sergeant Grischa*, but goes before it chronologically, and is in point of time preceded by *Young Woman of 1914*; so that Herr Arnold Zweig has accomplished his literary triptych inversely. It would be well to read the three together. Yet they are not the same: the Herr Zweig who dwelt with

tenderness and sympathy, and even a certain humor, on the human misery of Grischa and his associates, caught up in the vast impersonal calamity of war, has himself endured further searing experiences, and they are evident in the pages of his latest novel. A fourth of the series is projected: *The Crowning of a King*. The author, writing from Mount Carmel in Palestine, notes in an afterword that *Verdun* was delayed by the confiscation of his manuscript and his expulsion from Germany. This statement explains a great deal.

There are nowhere any people so class-conscious as the Jews. Their fine and sensitive minds have lavished many riches on the world in all the fields of art; and we have come to accept, along with so much that is splendid, their racial insistence. It makes no dissonance in *Grischa*—the greatest of the three: nor is it disturbing in 1914, although it is more evident. But in *Verdun*, it overshadows the story, to the definite loss of symmetry and proportion. This may be no more than natural, for Herr Zweig and his people have had a hard time. The weight of Hitler's little finger has been heavier than Nebuchadnezzar's loins: where others whipped them with whips, the forthright Nazis have employed scorpions: or so we gather. Yet even the most rabid professional Southerner, with the musketry of Chickamauga crackling in his memory, the statistics of Sherman's rapines and arsons at his fingers' ends, and with what he calls his mind awash with Gulf-coast moonlight—even such a fellow is practically a man without a country, compared to the mildest Jew.

I do not know Herr Zweig's combat record; the publisher's blurb says that the experiences of *gemeiner* Werner Bertin, Army Service Corps, Imperial German Army, are largely autobiographical. But I

saw something of the active zones on the Western Front, and the settings and incidents of *Verdun* convey profoundly to me the conviction of things endured and experienced. The atmosphere of the vast Douamont battle is excellently rendered. You cower blind and hopeless under shelling, flounder numbly in the mud with the air sibilant above you, and you see—and smell—fresh blood upon the ground.

Cruelty and petty tyranny, stupidity, meanness, and dishonesty occur in war, as in every other large human undertaking. We have it from Herr Zweig that monsters of iniquity were numerous in the German military establishment. Henri Barbusse noted unsavory incidents in the French service. Some Britishers and Canadians have observed that not every English sergeant was a Galahad, nor every British colonel a loving father to his soldiers. It has even been hinted that imperfections marred the character of the American commissioned personnel. Yet one finds it hard to believe that the Germans were such a bad lot as the author makes them out to be. As I know military history, no soldiers have ever fought very effectively who were not loyal to their officers in the belief that their officers were loyal to them. And the Germans fought very well indeed.

However that may be, Herr Arnold Zweig can tell a tale with the best. I hope that he will produce many more novels, and that, living tranquil in the New Jerusalem among his own people, he will be better-humored about it. Passion and prejudice disfigure achievement, and restraint is the first characteristic of art.

The Weather in the Streets is so British that one seems to be looking at the advertising sections of *Punch* and *Tatler* and the *Illustrated London News*. Savories,

Bovril, tea: geysers, community bath rooms, hot-water bottles—they occur throughout the book and create a smell of warm rubber, soap, coal gas, and bed linen not recently aired. Here is the deadly British family dinner, and the rain-soaked British week-end: even the lecheries are dampish. If you enjoy the British novel, here you have it, with all the indicated people: the great ladies built along Queen Mary lines; the poor relations; the old gentlemen mooning for Edwardian splendors, some of them not quite right in the head; the Cockney servants and the farm lasses; the hectic post-war young women; the Soho set, art, and gin highballs; the elegant young gentlemen, smelling of tweeds and shaving lotion, right out of the pages of the *Bystander*, where you see them captioned “and friend”; and the high-souled English heroine, who can, as they say, take it; and takes it through 416 pages. The publisher is moved to terse yet tender comment on the dust-cover: “glowing, impassioned story which bares, as no recent novel has done, the minds and hearts of a modern civilized man and woman deeply in love. . . .” It bares them, all right: bares them all the way from raptures to obstetrics, from bad head-colds to abortions.

Miss Rosamond Lehmann also wrote *Dusty Answer*: her titles are unusual. Her narrative is achieved through dialogue and asides, in which there is skilled craftsmanship. She appears to have had extensive hospital—I mean nursing-home—experience. If you care to inform yourself on the loves of Olivia and Rollo, they are here available, with the intimate economies of the English household thrown in.

When Mr. Charles Morgan wrote *The Fountain*, I was serving on the China Station, and the fame of its American success

reached as far as the French Bookstore in Peiping, which is administered by M. Henri Vetch, the greatest book salesman in the world. Because I have tried a little writing myself, I read it, in the studious endeavor to learn those qualities in fiction that readers prefer. I did not discover anything. My only definite impression from *The Fountain* was that prisoners of war are out of luck. I knew that anyway.

Sparkenbroke follows *The Fountain* in theme and treatment, although the characters have other names. It is a study of frustration, sensuous, delicate, and fastidious; but frustration, always. Piers Tenniel, Lord Sparkenbroke, one of those great gentlemen the British novelist delights to honor, writes poetry and has a fine wife who can refuse him nothing. The lady of the book is Mary, a comely girl reminiscent of the song: *Sweet Alice, Ben Bolt*; but she marries the country doctor, George Hardy, a strong and silent man. You meet also the country rector, who likes to have Gibbon's *Decline and Fall* read aloud to him; and the faithful valet. Very early in the narrative Lord Sparkenbroke resolves to have Mary, but nothing happens. Interminably, nothing happens. About page 500 it looks as though the hot-blooded peer and the ardent wench might elope. They go so far as to name a rendezvous by the old elm on the brook, for ten o'clock in the evening. Mary gets there first, falls into some confusion of mind, and attempts to hang herself with the rope which reinforces the worn locks of her suitcase. Meantime the noble lord draws near, and observes the incident, but, true to Mr. Morgan's system, takes no steps, and retires to the family vault, where he dies of angina. Mary, thoroughly inefficient, and consistent in frustration, recovers in the cool night air, goes home, and so to bed. Doctor George makes no remarks.

I have quite possibly missed some of the fine points of the tale, but reading it, I had the feeling that my face was increasingly covered with cobwebs. People who remember *The Fountain* kindly will again be delighted; and there were a great many of them. But I think this type of psychic vivisection was done much better by a man named Marcel Proust.

Nouns Across the Sea

By H. W. SEAMAN

THE AMERICAN LANGUAGE, Fourth Edition. By H. L. Mencken. \$5.00. Knopf.

I AM surely no philologist," writes H. L. Mencken in his preface to this fourth edition of *The American Language*. In the third edition he filed a similar disclaimer; but the word was *philologist*. How fortunate are the Americans in the enjoyment of so free and elastic a language! If Mr. Mencken would be known in his true character, as more than the greatest American philologist, let him cry "Stet!" betimes, call this edition of his *magnum opus* the definitive edition, burn his great stack of notebooks, scrapbooks, envelope backs, and newspaper cuttings, and turn to other fields that urgently demand his plowing.

Having written this, I become aware that the word *cuttings* betrays my origin and cultural affiliations, such as they are. Long ago, when I first asked for cuttings in an American newspaper's morgue, dead-house, or graveyard, there were derisive sniggers. Ten years later, when I first asked for *clippings* in an English newspaper's library, there was a similar demonstration. Turning to Page 711 of the fourth

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edition of *The American Language*, I note with satisfaction that the author has duly noted this pair of words.

But what if I had caught him out? Would it have been my duty to point to the omission and demand that Mr. Mencken set to work at once repairing this and other gaps that might possibly be found in the present structure? I think not. Indeed, I believe that I should render a disservice to American letters if I searched the book for omissions and so set an idiotic example to the rascal multitude. In the hope of heading off at least some hundreds of the vast horde of philological ferrets who are even now getting ready to write to Mr. Mencken with such irrelevant tidings as that *hooey* is from the Patagonian *hu-mali-mali*, meaning *hooey*, and that *hobo* means "Ho! Bo!" I suggest that theirs is the wrong approach to the book. It is no grammarian's funeral, but an expertly thorough inquiry into not only the modes of expression of the people of two widely different countries, but also, necessarily, their lives, and habits, and motives. It is not a humorless textbook, but one of the great bed-books, armchair-books, desk-books of the world. It can be read fifty years hence by everybody who reads and enjoys Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, Voltaire's *Dictionary of Philosophy*, Taine's *History of English Literature*, *Gargantua and Pantagruel*, and Montaigne's *Essays*—for it will long outlive mere topicality. I defy anybody not a professor to begin at Page One and read straight through its 325,000 words, for every other paragraph carries an invitation to a side trip that may end anywhere.

In pointing out that the book is of the sort that offers stimulating entertainment at whatever page is opened, I do not wish to convey that it lacks shape. On the contrary, it marches straight forward accord-

ing to the plan Mr. Mencken laid out when he first attacked the job in 1910. Most of the familiar chapter headings remain, and in the familiar order. But the material hung on this frame has been revised, enlarged, and almost entirely rewritten. Notably, the "American and English Today" section, which occupied only forty-four pages in 1923, now takes in two long chapters, running to 155 pages. The comparative word-list is little longer than in former editions; and the reader should be warned against mistaking it for an essay towards a complete Anglo-American glossary. It contains only suggestive examples of word-pairs, of which the author cites at least ten times as many in other parts of the book.

Recognition has at last been given to *pry* (for the English *prise*) and *jibe* (for *tally*, or *correspond*, or *chime in with*), which, so far as I can discover, has never been noted before. They are not even in Horwill's recent *Dictionary of American Usage*. Yet they are familiar words to every American, and so deeply set in his consciousness that it must surprise him to learn that the English contrive to get along without them. That, probably, is why they have been overlooked until now. To me it seems that such ancient, homely usages as these, which belong to the very tripes and guts of the nation, reveal more sharply the cleavage between American and English than the hundreds of nonce-words and neologisms which the English import with movies and songs from the Americas.

These importations have tempted Mr. Mencken to vary his original thesis: "The American form of the English language was plainly departing from the parent stem, and it seemed at least likely that the differences between American and English should go on increasing." So he argued in three editions. But now he doubts.

Since 1923 the pull of American has become so powerful that it has begun to drag English with it, and in consequence some of the differences once visible have tended to disappear. . . . The Englishman, of late, has yielded so much to American example in vocabulary, in idiom, in spelling, and even in pronunciation that what he speaks promises to become, on some not too remote tomorrow, a kind of dialect of American, just as the language spoken by the Americans was once a dialect of English.

To this the *London Star* has been quick, if not rash, to reply:

Mr. Mencken, the unofficial custodian of American slang, has produced a new version of his famous book in which he revels in such words as *sockdolager*, *pifflicated*, *snazzled*, *bone-orchard*, and *body-snatcher*. In the end he opines that the language of the Englishman promises to become a dialect of American. Well, it might be if the alternative is to call sausages *pups*, food *garbage*, coffee *embalming fluid*, and meringue *calf-slobber*.

This is a timely example of the deliberate misunderstanding that has always been an obstacle to honest investigation of the differences between American and English. One may lie to a heretic, and we English may discard British fairplay in order to put the Americans in their place. "An American language? There is no such thing. There is only slang, and Mencken is its custodian." That is the traditional British attitude; and it is wrong in its perverse and persistent disregard of the facts. None knows better than Mr. Mencken that slang is ephemeral stuff, important only as it points to tendencies and habits of mind, and that the roots of language are deep and vigorous.

Actually, only one chapter of thirty-five pages is devoted to American slang, which is mentioned occasionally elsewhere only in order to illustrate verbal inventiveness.

And, curiously, it is only the accidentals and grace-notes of language that the English borrow from the Americans; the true idiom of each nation stays on its own side of the water. That every English schoolboy now knows what a *dogie* is, whereas three or four years ago few Massachusetts schoolboys were acquainted with that Western word, means no more than that every English lyric writer for jazz searches the current American vernacular for ear-tickling novelties. Here in England I hear *Okey-doke* and its derivatives and cognates more often than I heard them last winter in America; yet the boys who use them are certainly ignorant of *ground hog*, *catnip*, *poison ivy*, to *feaze*, to *haze*, and to *slew*. *Nerts* and *hooey* may come glibly to the lips of my neighbor—the lout who puts on a *tux* to take a *dame* to a *roadhouse*—but, back to earth in the morning, he will call a *whiffletree* a *splinter bar*, a *battery* an *accumulator*, his *vest* his *waistcoat*, a *thumbtack* a *drawing pin*, and a *faucet* a *tap*. He says *anywhere*, not *any place*, and *up the street a-ways* would be double-Dutch to him. The more he borrows, the more remains. He avidly seizes the bright, impermanent bubbles that are wafted to him from the radio and the films, and has no notion of the solid and lasting language from which they spring. He learns—and from English writers—at least as much of the argot of the American underworld as his American counterpart learns; but he is always conscious of its foreignness. And the writers themselves, however expert they may be in the use of slang, argot, and cant, betray themselves when they venture into the true idiom.

William Hickey, the *London Daily Express* columnist, whom internal evidence shows to be so earnest a student of *Time*, the *New Yorker*, *Esquire*, and Walter Winchell that he would be hamstrung

without them, uses *socialite*, *infanticipating*, *tycoon*, and other recent Americanisms freely and without inverted commas, which is to say, quotes; but only a year ago he confessed that the verb *to tote* was new to him and asked readers to translate it. In 1932 the *Daily Express*, quoting an American song containing the word *pretzel*, explained in a footnote that a pretzel was a salted biscuit with a kink in it. But in 1934 the word had become so familiar that the same newspaper was able to mention it casually, without explanation. The *Daily Express* deserves special attention here because it is fair, without inhibitions, and particularly hospitable to American words and phrases; but other popular newspapers also try to keep in step. Lord Donegall, the *Sunday Dispatch* gossip writer, like Mr. Winchell, has a Girl Friday, and another *Dispatch* columnist, covering the West End, affects the dotted style which has spread like a pox from the Republic even to the country weeklies of this island Kingdom.

In recent months the borrowings have taken on speed, as if in anticipation of Mr. Mencken's book. On April 12 the *Express* printed a *Lesson in American* from its New York correspondent, C. V. R. Thompson, who took occasion to explain many expressions with which regular readers of that newspaper and all movie-goers must have been familiar: *automobile*, *kerosene*, *highball*, *in the dough*. When a reader wrote: "Whoever was responsible for introducing the Transatlantic atrocity *socialite* ought to be fired", the *Express* replied: "Portmantologisms, such as *socialite* for social light, and other phrases, whether U. S. or British in origin, will always be welcomed if they say succinctly and forcibly what they mean in a new and shorter way. *Fired* is a 'Transatlantic atrocity' anyway." Like a shot came the inevi-

table retort from a reader that *fired* was in Shakespeare. To another reader who protested against "barbarisms and neologisms", the *Express* replied in the fashionable clipped style: "It is the objectors to neologisms who stifle the English language to a dull mediocrity, make it necessary for us to borrow picturesque phrases from the U. S." On April 23 a reader wrote: "The contrast between American and English is best shown by the old example: 'The elevator operator has taken the stenographer out in an automobile,' which becomes in English, 'The liftboy has taken the typist out in a car.' Twenty-four syllables to thirteen!" And on May 4 the *Express* stated editorially that the League of Nations was a *busted flush*.

Into this welter of Broadway wisecracks, thieves' argot, and Hollywood nifties comes Mr. Mencken's book to show that the American language is something else again. His list of common terms that remain different in England and the United States contains nearly 200 pairings, all of unchallengeable respectability, without taint of slang. The list is not exhaustive, or meant to be so; by searching the two vernaculars in such fields as business, finance, government, politics, education, ecclesiastical affairs, and most of the arts and sciences, Mr. Mencken could easily have doubled or trebled the length of the list. Many readers may take pleasure in doing that for themselves.

The differences between the author's word-list of 1923 and that of today are due to his research and not to English borrowings, for not one American word in the earlier list has become current in England in these thirteen years. The observed facts may in some measure justify Mr. Mencken's abandonment of his former assumption that the differences between the two languages would continue to increase;

but that is hardly to say that English will absorb American. The recent borrowings are not from the true vernacular, but from the transient fluff which flies as readily across the Atlantic as across the American Continent. Little of it lasts, and less penetrates. "Oh, yeah!" and "Says you!" are as dead in England as in America, and to-morrow the new verb *to go for* will join them. When an American expression does stick it often loses its American meaning and acquires one that the English think it ought to have. The ludicrous attempts (which Mr. Mencken quotes) of Galsworthy, Wells, Chesterton, and other English authors to use the American vernacular show what a gulf remains between the two modes of thought and expression.

The Americanization of the English language is as shallow as the Americanization of English life that old gentlemen rail against in letters to the heavy newspapers. True, some of us now have electric ice machines, American style, but before them we had no iceboxes; we have no ice tradition. Yet we have borrowed the ice-man joke. In the last few years a great number of apartment houses, almost indistinguishable from those America has known for half a century, have been built in London and other cities; and most of them are steam-heated. But their denizens brag of their central heating much as a Bulgarian might brag of his bathroom or a millionaire of his library. The English have no furnace tradition; their basements are servants' quarters only; steam heat does not Americanize them, any more than seeing a few motion pictures does, or hearing a few Mae West jokes.

The other day I asked my way in London, and a Cockney replied: "See them Luxuries? You turn there."

Luxuries? Luxury-flats. That is the name the Londoner has given to apart-

ment houses. Quick-lunch parlors appear, and he calls them *snack-bars*. The American thing does not fit his ways of thinking, of living. And while his ways and the American's ways lie apart, so must their languages. So long as the English lift their eyebrows at *shoestring* and *hardware* and the Americans regard *bootlace* and *ironmongery* as too pamsified for daily use, there can never be complete understanding between the two nations.

Indeed, their apparent similarities only make for confusion, and render Mr. Mencken's task the more difficult. It is much easier to build a bridge between English and French, where the banks are firm, than between English and American, where bogs abound. So much the more to Mr. Mencken's credit is his achievement in this workmanlike book, which can be read with enjoyment and profit by men of goodwill on both sides of the Atlantic.

History Without Footnotes

By FLETCHER PRATT

A BOOK OF BATTLES, by G. P. Baker.
\$4.00. *Dodd, Mead.*

FOR those of us who are not admirals or generals or members of learned academic societies, this parade of fifteen battles possesses a special and interior accuracy missing from the ordinary history. The professional militarists, of course, will not discern this inner virtue; they will cite instead Mr. Baker's alleged inaccuracies of fact, of which there are many. He implies, for instance, that Sherman crushed Hood at Atlanta in the American Civil War, when the world well knows that Hood later invaded Tennessee and fought two

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great battles against an entirely fresh army; he says point-blank that medieval Japan had no powerful priesthood; he does not understand the naval tactics employed at Tsushima; and he misses the military significance of the Swedish artillery drill at Lützen. The last point will bring upon him the condemnation of students of tactics; the last but one that of the admirals; specialists in the Civil War will not like him because of the first, nor devotees of the Zen sect of Buddhism because of the second. All these various details will subject him to the wrath of scholarly historians, who know that no work is complete without an elaborate set of footnotes over which they can quarrel during sessions of the Royal Society. But, as I have remarked above, Mr. Baker's volume contains a valuable property, that of interior accuracy.

In what does this property reside? Well, partly in the author's style, one of the best now being displayed in English, melodious, graceful, sliding from event to analysis without halt or hurry, studded with anecdote and illustration. Far more, however, it rests upon Mr. Baker's approach to the whole problem of historical writing, an approach which, like Lytton Strachey's, always produces upon academicians an effect resembling epileptic seizure. They complain that such a writer does not tot up figures, and has small respect for dates; that he concentrates attention upon the psychology of persons whose thoughts can seldom be learned from any other source than their actions, and that he flees from that colorless narration of fact which is the ideal of the ruling German school of history. Yet if history is to mean anything to anyone but a specialist, this is exactly the course it must pursue. It is of no importance to anyone but an admiral that Togo maneuvered his fleet by divisions against the Russians in the Yellow Sea; it can be

no longer important that Philip of Macedonia mixed swordsmen with spearmen at Chaeronea. The important fact about these battles, about any historical transaction whatsoever, is the psychological fact. "The passing-on, over long series of years, of *feelings* about events and men," says Mr. Baker, stating his credo, "is a factor too little regarded in history."

What causes people to act as they do? What ideas were afloat among the Attic and Dorian Greeks to make them fight to the death against that peaceful financial progress under Persian suzerainty which the Aeolian Greeks found such a blessing? Do we sleep sounder of nights because Count Salm turned back the Turks before Vienna? It is only by answering such questions, by providing data out of the past for the conquest of the future, that history can be of any importance. Otherwise, its collections of knowledge are as meaningless as the heraldic fact that gyrony consists of six parts. History, in short, should first be literature; and seen from the literary point of view, Mr. Baker's alleged inaccuracies vanish. Hood was not crushed at Atlanta, but he was knocked out of the main theater of war and spun off on an eccentric. Japan had a powerful priesthood, but its influence was insignificant compared to that of other Oriental hierarchies. The tactics of Tsushima and Lützen are of no possible value to the general reader. Put otherwise, the problem of the fiction writer and the historian are the same — to produce a picture of personalities and events that will assist the reader to adjust himself to his environment. It is only the techniques that must be diametrically different.

Of course, Mr. Baker finds psychology, both of the group and of the individual, the relevant fact in history, and maintains, in the stories of these fifteen great battles, that war produces the moments of most

revealing emotional and psychological conflict. Perhaps it would be more accurate to say that his primary interest is group psychology, and that he often treats the individual, as he treats Admiral Togo, as an expression of the group-mind of his time and nation. There are some marvelous thumbnail sketches in this book — particularly those of General Grant, Philip of Macedon, and Justinian II — but they are, as they should be, subordinate to the operations of the psychology of nations. Why did the Greeks win at Plataea? Because they had nobler ideals or were more determined fighters? No — because they were city-dwellers who had learned the great fact which city-life offers to civilization, *i.e.*, that men move fast and far and overcome their enemies by marching in step.

Yet the book has a defect. One is struck by the fact that as the battles grow more modern they grow less interesting. The defect is hardly Mr. Baker's, for he continues to give us as much at the end as at the beginning. Rather it is the defect of his material. The battles — all battles — grow progressively bloodier as we move down the stream of history, until those at the end — Mons, Tannenburg, the Meuse-Argonne — violate a fundamental artistic convention, the economy of means. At Plataea, the first battle in the book, the casualties of the Greeks are negligible; in the Meuse-Argonne they run into the hundreds of thousands. With such vast movements as the advance of the million and a quarter Americans around Montfaucon, or the rise of the whole Japanese nation against Russia, it is no longer possible to attempt exercises even in group psychology. There are too many discordants. The historian must change the incidence of his picture and give us photographs of a few cabinet members deciding upon courses of action, which decisions,

necessarily filtered through thousands of other minds, never come out as clearly and effectively as intended.

In other words, as war has come to embrace a larger proportion of the population, it has ceased to offer free play for intelligence. It has become a push and heave of brute masses, as stupid as a contest between microcephalic wrestlers. The fundamental defect does not lie in war as a method of settling irreconcilable difficulties or as an expression of human spirit, but in the fact that war has become democratized. And the suggestion with which one comes away from *A Book of Battles* is that as long as war remains a method of arriving at certain decisions, it would be far better to entrust it to a small group of professionals, who could work out their results without disturbing the rest of us.

The Check List

MILITARY

M-DAY, THE FIRST DAY OF WAR.

By Rose M. Stein.

Harcourt, Brace, \$2.50

The true Marxian can simplify the most complex problem to the point of the ridiculous; and frequently does. Thus Miss Stein concludes that war is caused by capitalism and will not be eliminated until the profit system is sacked. The author also expounds the theory of American war guilt which, in a sense, justifies the publishers' claim that the book is "sensational". For not only was America responsible for prolonging the World War beyond 1917, says Miss Stein, not only did George Creel and his propagandists inflame public opinion against the Bolsheviks and so prevent all Europe from sharing in the sweetness and light of Brest-Litovsk, but "in selling the world the American system of government in competition with the system inaugurated in Russia and which was gaining ad-

herents in the other belligerent nations . . . we made the world safe for fascism". The author worked for Senator Nye on the Munitions Committee: her thinking, in its inaccuracy, almost equals the Senator's—which is a feat rarely accomplished, even in Russia.



WHEN JAPAN GOES TO WAR.

By O. Tanin and E. Yohan. *Vanguard*, \$3.00

An interesting and well-documented volume on the time-worn theme of the Yellow Peril. The authors believe that war is now brewing between Japan and the Soviet Union and that such a conflict cannot be localized. Of particular interest is their outline of the program of aggression which is bound, they feel, to bring the Japanese militarists into conflict with Western Europe and America. If Japan fights Russia, the ultimate fate of the Peiping-Tientsin region and of North China is a foregone conclusion—for Nipponese strategists cannot consider their rear secure unless this region is under control. This, quoting Messrs. Tanin and Yohan, "means war in the Pacific. . . . It means that Great Britain and the United States must inevitably be involved and it means the break-up of the *status quo* in Europe". The book is not recommended as bedside reading for pacifists.



THE BATTLE OF JUTLAND.

By Holloway H. Frost. *Naval Institute*, \$4.50

Not until the next World War embraces a hopeful world will the controversies of the last be settled, particularly that concerning the Battle of Jutland. Already, the books on the subject approach the four-figure mark. The latest, a posthumous work by Commander Frost, U.S.N., should be placed close to the top of the list. It represents eighteen years of industrious and unbiased research, leavened with the first-hand knowledge of naval matters inherent in a man who has spent considerable time on the bridge of a modern warship. The task was completed when London and Berlin lifted the censorship which had for years obscured the story of the greatest sea fight in history. The book is a calm and neutral analysis of the conflict, covering particularly the period from 8 A.M. on May 30, 1916, to the return of the British fleets to their bases. The author's conclusion is that the Germans displayed the greater efficiency through-

out, but by no margin that came near to counter-balancing the vast British superiority in numbers and metal. Following Commander Frost's death, Edwin A. Falk became his literary executor; in completing this volume on Jutland, he has displayed a fine talent and judgment. There are photographic illustrations, numerous maps, and an index.

WAR IN THE PACIFIC.

By S. Denlinger and C. B. Gary. *McBride*, \$3.00

According to Messrs. Denlinger and Gary, we may as well start preparing now for the future struggle with Japan in the Pacific. Having thus stated their belief, they proceed to envisage the greatest naval war in history, to be fought out somewhere between the Aleutians on the north and Oceania on the south. Of course, there is nothing new in this picture; various writers and strategists have been busy for thirty years, warning the Anglo-Saxons of the Yellow Peril. But in this instance, the authors have done a better than average job. They commence with an excellent analysis of the American navy, describing for the layman its make-up, its personnel, and its problems. Next, they debate the inherent duties of the navy in the Pacific, and the questions of strategy which now confront the high command. Lastly, they take up the matter of fighting Japan, and weigh the three main plans of attack open to the American fleets. Barring an emphasis on melodrama, the book is a valuable contribution to the growing library on modern naval affairs. It is livened with wardroom slang, with the ripple of signal flags, and with the rumble of practice salvos, now being fired off the West Coast.



FORWARD MARCH.

Published by *Disabled American Veterans*. \$29.50

A photographic record of America in the World War and in the social upheaval which followed, written from the parochial viewpoint of the American Legion. The pictures, for the most part, are extraordinarily good—considering the fact that many of them were taken in the rain and at night. They depict the war in all its various moods, and their interest is reinforced by the explanatory text, although their dignity is frequently injured by the banality of the captions. The purpose of the work, according to the

authors, is "to form a background for understanding trends of today, to preserve in picture the story of the war, and to aid in combating the subversive doctrines of communism and other foreign propaganda — to remind our people that our citizens fought and died in defense of democracy. The foe was not the German people. It was, and still is, Autocracy". There is a bibliography.

ARTS AND SCIENCES

ROCKETS THROUGH SPACE.

By P. E. Cleator. *Simon and Schuster, \$2.50*

Not even the sobering *imprimatur* of Professor A. M. Low suffices to bring this book down from the flights of Mr. Cleator's fancy to the level of earth-bound readers. What we have is an earnest, colorful, and reputedly scientific treatise on the future probabilities of interplanetary communication by rocket ships. Like other volumes which deal with celestial affairs, this discusses figures of vast magnitude and forces of incalculable omnipotence, but in such manner that we are asked to translate them into terms of time-space — and timetables. There are forecasts of what the giant rockets of the future will look like, how they will be operated, and who will man them for rapier-like trips into the ether. In fact, there is even a prophetic description of stratosphere filling stations, which will gravitate around the earth to refuel the air liners of, say, 3000 A.D. It is all very exciting, even stimulating, but Mr. Cleator will have to wait a few centuries for the verdict on his literary contribution to a new science. The book is illustrated with unusual photographs, some lucid drawings, and contains an index.

T. H. HUXLEY'S DIARY OF THE VOYAGE OF H. M. S. RATTLESNAKE.

Edited by Julian Huxley. *Doubleday, \$3.00*

This hitherto unpublished manuscript from the tireless pen of a young but portentous scientist has fallen into excellent hands. Mr. Julian Huxley, upon recently discovering the document among family papers, set himself to prepare a unique contribution to English letters. He has succeeded eminently; the book is an absorbing

account of the surveying cruise in 1846 between Australia and the Great Barrier Reef. Thomas Henry Huxley, then only twenty-one years of age, sailed aboard the *Rattlesnake* as assistant paymaster. His diary, the record of one of the first modern efforts towards opening new fields of biological discovery, is enjoyable to the layman as well as the scientist. It is, too, a source book for studying the formative stages in a life which was rapidly developing to universal fame. There are excellent reproductions from Huxley's original sketchbook, an explanatory appendix from the editor, and an index.

THE METROPOLITAN OPERA: 1885-1935.

By Irving Kolodin. *Oxford Press,*

This comprehensive history of America's most distinguished opera is not all compliments, carpings, or criticism; on the contrary, it is a balanced tribute to the organization which has presented some five thousand performances in fifty seasons of music. Mr. Kolodin, an indefatigable researcher, brings to his labors a concise detail, a pleasant glow of color and anecdote, an understanding of social trends, and a fine flair for sensing some of the more gaudy years in Manhattan's modern lifetime. He treats his subject in chronological fashion, commencing with the momentous meeting, on April 3, 1880, of Mr. George H. Warren, representing a dissatisfied faction of the Academy of Music, with Mr. August Belmont. It was the first of a series of swift-moving incidents which led to the incorporation of the Metropolitan Opera-House Company. From this point onward, the author follows the trail of opera history, up to the end of the Gatti regime in 1935. Mr. Kolodin has produced a splendidly documented piece of work, fulfilling the need for a definitive case-book on the Metropolitan. There are appendices covering the entire repertoire, and two indices.

THE PLAY'S THE THING.

Edited by Fred B. Millett and Gerald Eades Bentley. *Appleton-Century, \$4.00*

Two professors of English present an anthology intended to serve the needs of the student who wants to extend his understanding and appreciation of plays. As noted in the preface, they "believe that any adequate understanding

of the drama must be based on, first, a study of plays as a separate literary form, second, a study of plays as representatives of the various types and attitudes which dramatists have developed, and third, a study of plays as products of the formative influences which the theaters and audiences of the greatest historical periods of dramatic development have had on working playwrights". The authors then present sample works of Sophocles, Euripides, Racine, Plautus, Marlowe, Shakespeare, Ibsen, Molière, Congreve, Cumberland, Howard, Lady Gregory, Strong, Dryden, Rostand, Chekhov, Belasco, Maeterlinck, and O'Neill. An informative reference book for the student and the theater-lover.

POETRY

TWO WIVES.

By Mary J. Elmendorf. *Caxton Printers, \$2.00*

The Caxton Printers ought to be commended not only for their educational work, but for the emphasis which they have placed on regional literature. They have devoted themselves particularly to the writers of Northwestern America, and their list is distinguished if only by the volumes of Vardis Fisher. Mrs. Elmendorf deserves more recognition than she has yet received. She is not an arresting poet; her verse has no technical interest nor is it particularly ingenious. But she has a way of writing ballads which is not too common. There is sufficient variety in treatment to interest any reader who cares for stories in verse in which the narrative is keyed up by an alert imagination.

THE BEST POEMS OF 1935.

Selected by Thomas Moul. *Harcourt, Brace, \$2.00*

This is an appropriately pretty annual. Mr. Moul, a sub-minor English poet, yearly collects the "best" poetry of the twelve-month, and each year he chooses the prettiest. A little experimental work insinuates itself discreetly into these pages, but scarcely anything that is disturbing in idea or technique. A few poems have the authentic substance — particularly Robert Frost's "They Were Welcome to Their Belief", Sylvia Townsend Warner's "I Said to the Trees", Raymond Holden's "Light the Lamp Early", and Elizabeth Madox Roberts' "Woodcock of the Ivory Beak". Too many of the others echo the stock poetic platitudes; they follow smoothly

along the well-grooved paths, as one of them declares, "following the silver feet of beauty still". It should be added that the decorations are charming — and that four first-class poems in any annual collection are as much as one may have a right to expect.



THE VISION OF PIERS PLOWMAN, by William Langland.

Translated by Henry W. Wells. *Sheed and Ward, \$3*

William Langland, or whoever wrote *The Vision of Piers Plowman*, lived while *The Canterbury Tales* were being written. Langland was a contemporary of Chaucer without having anything more in common with him than time. Where Chaucer is vividly realistic, hearty, even vulgar, Langland is detached, theologically involved, even, in the midst of his picture-making. Lacking the medieval backgrounds and the key to the allegories the reader will have difficulty plowing through the verse to its essential meaning. The verse itself has been brilliantly rendered into modern English; the paraphraser has preserved the metrical structure; the three heavily-accented beats, the tension of the alliterative syllables, has brought them over into a firm but flexible poem. There is an excellent analytical introduction by Nevill Coghill of Exeter College.



THE ACHIEVEMENT OF T. S. ELIOT.

By F. O. Matthiessen. *Houghton Mifflin, \$2.25*

Matthiessen has attempted a difficult synthesis and has, in the main, accomplished his purpose. His book, an extended six-part essay, is a shrewd as well as a sensitive piece of appreciation — an analysis in terms of quotation. Scattered articles on Eliot's style, his philosophy, and his influence have been written by Edmund Wilson, C. Day Lewis, and others, but this is the first extensive attempt to interpret one of the most misunderstood — and most understandable — figures in contemporary poetry. Matthiessen's appraisal, chiefly from an examination of Eliot's technique, is excellent as far as it goes. It would have been better had he been somewhat more detached and had he paid more attention to Eliot's criticism, the development of the poet's thought, and his changes in politics and religion — *vide* the change from "The Hippopotamus" to "Ash Wednesday" and "The Rock". It would have been better still if Matthiessen had not written the entire work on his knees.

THE CONTRIBUTORS

JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS (*The Question of the Hour*), author and historian, recently published *The Living Jefferson* (Scribners). . . . HERBERT ASBURY (*Gambling Hells of New Orleans*) has just completed *The French Quarter*, a book about New Orleans, which will be published in the fall by Knopf. . . . LORD BEAVERBROOK (*A Military Alliance with England*) is the well-known British editor. He is the publisher of the *London Daily Express*. . . . ALBERT CLEMENTS (*Faith's Fierce Treason*) a resident of Hudson, New York, writes poetry and fiction for various magazines. . . . LESLIE CROSS (*Admonition*) is a newspaperman of Milwaukee. . . . JOHN DOS PASSOS (*Long Island Sunday*) first achieved fame with his novel, *Three Soldiers*, published soon after the War. *The Big Money* will complete the trilogy, of which *42nd Parallel* and *1919* were the earlier books. . . . ST. JOHN ERVINE (*Gilbert Without Sullivan*) is the distinguished British dramatist and critic. . . . WILLIAM FAULKNER (*Absalom, Absalom!*), the Southern novelist, maintains his home and workshop in Oxford, Mississippi. . . . FORD MADÖX FORD (*Thomas Hardy*) will continue to contribute portraits of literary notables to these pages. . . . HUGH RUSSELL FRASER (*Bilbo: Mississippi's Mouthpiece*), a former newspaperman, is president of the Andrew Jackson Society of Tennessee. . . . JOHN HOLMES (*Stranger's Question*) is a member of the English Department of Tufts College. His poetry appears frequently in various magazines. . . . LENORE G. MARSHALL (*Never Fear*) was formerly editor of the publishing house of Cape and Smith. . . . ALBERT JAY NOCK (*The Social Security Fad*), one of the foremost writers on past and present

problems of American government, is a regular contributor to *THE MERCURY*. . . . CHANNING POLLOCK (*The Survival of the Unfittest*), author, dramatist, and lecturer, began earning his living at the age of fourteen. The first time he saw the inside of a university, he reports, was when lecturing on dramatic structure at Harvard in 1922. . . . FLETCHER PRATT (*History Without Footnotes*) lives in New York City, where he works simultaneously on several books different in subject. His *Hail Caesar!* (Smith and Haas) was published last spring. . . . MERRYLE STANLEY RUKEYSER (*The Fallacy of Free Trade*), lecturer, author, and former teacher, contributes comment on financial and economic matters to a number of newspapers and magazines. . . . H. W. SEAMAN (*Nouns Across the Sea*), a native-born Englishman, has served on newspapers in Canada and the United States, and is at present a member of the staff of the *London Sunday Chronicle*. . . . HERBERT WILTON STANLEY (*Red Pacifism*) is a former member of the Socialist Party, and an authority on the radical movement in America. . . . JOHN W. THOMASON, JR. (*Six Novels*), a major in the United States Marine Corps, is well-known as a writer and illustrator. His reviews will appear regularly in *THE LIBRARY*. . . . LIONEL WIGGAM (*A Man Without Wilderness*) is a student at Northwestern University. His first book of verse, *Landscape with Figures* (Viking), was published last spring. . . . U. V. WILCOX (*New Deal Females*) is Washington correspondent for the *American Banker*. . . . THOMAS WOLFE (*The Bell Remembered*) is the distinguished author of *Look Homeward, Angel* and *Of Time and the River*, both published by Scribners.

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THE OPEN FORUM

(Continued from front advertising section, p. vii)

SIR: I am writing to you to express my protest against the article, "The Credo of a New Dealer," in THE AMERICAN MERCURY. What the hell's the big idea? Has the MERCURY degenerated into a schoolyard where maladjusted political adolescents call each other nasty names?

I'm always glad to see sincere political argumentation, and I, too, find it as necessary as anyone else to make the subject of tolerable interest by the addition of humor. But why did you have to publish an article with such objectionable emotional prejudice, such a lack of logic? I hope you'll have found out already from letters from your readers that it's bad manners to let your prejudices overcome you to such an extent that you become merely insulting. You ought to be slapped.

You may have guessed already that I'm sympathetic toward the New Deal. But, hell's bells, if the New Deal is so utterly wrong I'd like to know why, so I can vote for something better. Subjectively it's hard enough for me to change my mind politically even with reasons, but when I am assailed by arguments fit for the toilet of a brothel, there's nothing I can do about it but complain in futile fumings like this one.

So, for reasons given above, the hell with your sheet.

CYRUS C. STURGIS, JR.

Harvard Medical School
Boston

SIR: "The Credo of a New Dealer" is the best summary of the Roosevelt rigamarole I have ever seen. It ought to be framed in gold and hung in every schoolhouse in the land. Believe me, it was the honest truth. Why don't you issue reprints of it by the gross? More power to the magazine!

HELENA HAAS EDSON
Bayonne, N. J.

SIR: The two articles by H. L. Mencken in your recent issues reveal the mentality of the writer rather than that of the New Deal. Mr. Mencken learned early in his career that a certain proportion of the great American public loved nothing more than a big horse-laugh so he dabbed his face with war paint, stuck some feathers in his hair, let out a wild whoop, and seizing h

THE AMERICAN MERCURY

THE OPEN FORUM

pen proceeded to scorch reams of paper while the populace roared and tossed him coins. Now that he is rich he doesn't have to worry.

The plain people, so says the Sage of Baltimore, were seized with a severe case of bellyache when the Depression caught them. The cure was simple, just a few doses of psychology, mixed with drops of quack nostrum, a quick gulp, then restful waiting for results. But the people refused to wait — which was very unreasonable of them. Waiting, while starvation faced them like firing squad, is such a soothing form of relaxation. But it is evidently a kind of bellyache that never tormented H. L. Mencken. In spite of the Roosevelt Administration, Mr. Mencken seems to have survived admirably and one doubts whether he has lost any sleep or weight. He may be witty and humorous, but certainly he is not wise enough to write constructive and intelligent criticisms on the Roosevelt policies.

M. POWERS

Victoria, B. C.

SIR: Although I have been a subscriber to THE AMERICAN MERCURY almost since its founding, I am writing to ask you to discontinue my subscription when my present subscription has expired. This is the only manner in which I can register my strong disapproval of your current series of articles concerning the New Deal. They are so completely one-sided and contrary to the traditional MERCURY sense of fair play that I am naturally inclined to believe they are inspired from outside sources.

That the record may be straight as far as I am concerned, I am in no way connected with the present Administration, nor is this letter inspired by any of my New Deal friends. As a Washingtonian I have no vote, but the articles by Messrs. Kent, Brown, and Palmer make me wish I had maintained my voting status in my native McKeesport, Pa.,

E. JOHN LONG

Washington, D. C.



CORRECTION

SIR: In your article "Portrait of a Day" by Randolph Bartlett, I have read the following:

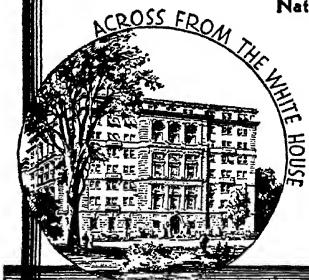
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(Continued on page xii)

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THE AMERICAN MERCURY



THE OPEN FORUM

(Continued from page xi)

killed in riots at Nuremberg, were held at the Music Hall in Hamburg, Germany. He was a prominent member of the Young Hitlers in Venezuela, and met his death while visiting the Fatherland.

I, as father of the deceased boy, beg to inform you that my son Otto Büsing, 14 years of age, died in Nuremberg after a stay of two months in the Nürnberger Krankenhaus with an attack of pneumonia which turned into pleurisy. I had departed for Hamburg upon receipt of the news of my boy's illness and arrived there when he had already passed away. The body was brought over from Nuremberg to Hamburg where memorial services were held in the Music Hall and were attended by prominent members of the Nazi Party as my boy had gone to Germany on special invitation from the German Government to attend a meeting of the National-Socialist Youth from Abroad. The embalmed body was accompanied by me back to this city, where it was buried.

As you will have seen from the aforesaid, the information contained in the article is partially incorrect, as he was not killed in riots but died a quiet and peaceful death, and I would therefore ask you to be kind enough to either insert this letter in the columns of THE AMERICAN MERCURY or publish a correction note to the same effect in your publication.

Thanking you very kindly for the attention you may give to this letter, I beg to remain,

Yours very truly,

WILHELM BÜSING

Maracaibo, Venezuela

MERCY BY REQUEST

SIR: With a great deal of interest I read a MERCURY article by Anthony M. Turano, apparently positively stating that doctors or other people should have the right to kill individuals who are hopelessly ill. As with all subjects of the same sort it can be easily attacked from an opposite point of view, and I think quite justly. Of course there will always be in the minds of the public and in the opinions of certain professional men the thought that those who are hopelessly ill should be destroyed if they so desire or if it is deemed advisable to relieve their suffering. The

problem, however, is not so simple as the writer of this article would seem to indicate.

I was especially interested in the case in which he described an operation in which the patient's liver was found to be affected by inoperable cancer, and the conclusion that the writer draws, that if this were true the surgeon might just as well have given an excess amount of anesthetic or some other drug while the patient was on the table, thus relieving the patient of a short life of probable horror. For it reminds me of the case of a small, wizened man who came to my clinic some years ago. He was jaundiced, he had the typical appearance of a cancerous patient, he was well below weight, and masses could apparently be felt in the liver. A diagnosis of inoperable cancer of the liver was made. The case was so apparently one of this condition that the writer referred the patient to Dr. A, a professor of medicine, who gave a lecture on this man in the amphitheater of the B Medical College, pointing out why the patient was an inoperable case, and also the probable outcome of his condition. Approximately ten days thereafter, Dr. C, in one of his clinics, presented the same patient to the medical students, and discussed the pros and cons of operation as well as the outcome of the patient's condition. Approximately six months thereafter the writer was in the D Hospital and the same patient was presented by Dr. E, one of the great lights of medicine, in his clinic, as an absolutely inoperable case of cancer of the liver, and again the same situation was discussed as had been at the two former clinics.

A period of approximately a year and a half intervened. I was in my clinic one day when a rather stout, good-natured gentleman came in for examination for bronchitis. He recognized me at once. He was the same patient that I and three of America's leading medical and surgical men had pronounced fatally ill from cancer. He told me that he cured himself by taking lemon juice. . . .

A great many similar cases could be cited. Under the circumstances, the writer is not so enthusiastic for the destruction of human life as the writer of the article in your magazine seems to be. We each suffer from human frailties, and we do make mistakes in diagnosis.

GUSTAV F. BOEHME, JR., M.D.
Los Angeles

(Continued on page xiv)

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THE OPEN FORUM

(Continued from page xii)

FROM CITY HALL

SIR: Your article by Mr. George Ritchie on Fusion prospects in New York prompts this appeal for one correction in the statement and implication with respect to reform succeeding itself in this city. Behind Mr. Ritchie's statement that no anti-Tammany mayor has ever succeeded himself lies the vastly more important truth that an anti-Tammany movement has succeeded itself. McClellan, in his second administration, was notably anti-Tammany. McClellan was succeeded by a Fusion anti-Tammany Board of Estimate which meant anti-Tammany control of pursestrings and anti-Tammany policy-making while William J. Gaynor was mayor.

These two terms of eight years of anti-Tammanyism in New York were succeeded by the Mitchell Administration. Thus, there is no "271-year-old precedent" against anti-Tammany's succeeding itself, which means quite a different picture from that given in your article.

WILLIAM H. ALLEN
Secretary, Municipal Civil Service Commission
New York City

THE LITERARY RACKET

SIR: What is wrong with American literature today? That is a subject that would fill all the popular and unpopular periodicals to the brim. Where is the essayist comparable today to the gentle Elia? Who satirizes the way that Swift was in the habit of doing? All the genuinely great can be counted on the fingers of one mitten. Today we have H. G. Wells who visualizes things to come as something between a Minsky show on Mars and the control room at Radio City gone haywire.

If you wish to purchase a sandwich or a book, an umbrella or a soda, a pump or a watch fob, etc., you naturally go to a drugstore. You ask for a mustard plaster and they ask you how you want it, on white or rye. Similarly, when you peruse a popular periodical you come upon articles and stories by such *literati* as prize fighters, ball players, generals of marines, movie actresses, radio impresarios, presidential advisers, scions of rich old families, and assorted princesses—in short, everything except honest-to-goodness, *bona fide* authors. What is wrong with the picture?

R. C. O'BRIEN
Rosendale, N. Y.



Another major work of Sibelius has become public property with the release by Victor of the Heifetz-Beecham records of the violin concerto. Though the increasing esteem for Sibelius in America has resulted in much more frequent performance of his symphonies and tone poems, the violin concerto has not participated in that boom (except perhaps in Boston). It is particularly fortunate, therefore, that a performance which will establish criteria of the work for so many people is so well-achieved as the present one. I find it difficult to recall a previous recording by Heifetz which is more revealing of his art both as a violinist and a musician, for, aside from the Mozart concerto released a year ago, his assignments for the phonograph have not drawn heavily upon any qualities of his, but upon the virtuoso. Beecham's contribution should not be disregarded in appraising the success of the performance, for the balance of responsibility between orchestra and soloist is very evenly divided in this work. The London Philharmonic plays the score superbly, and the technique of the recording is beyond cavil. (RCA-Victor, four 12-inch records, \$8.)

The principal offering of the month from Columbia is also a violin concerto, the Mozart in G (No. 3), with Bronislaw Huberman as the soloist. This recording was apparently made on one of the days when Huberman was, in truth, the estimable performer that his partisans would like us to believe that he is unfailingly. At any rate the erratic tendencies that have marred many of his recent performances both in concert and on records are absent from this set. Nor is this the only surprising aspect of the performance. It is not a little bit confusing to find the spirited and idiomatic conducting credited to the same Issai Dobrowen who revealed no such capacities in his American engagements several years ago. The collaborating orchestra is the Vienna Philharmonic, and the quality of the recording marks a considerable improvement over Columbia's previous accomplishments with this organization. (Columbia, three 12-inch records, \$4.50.)

Also from Columbia is a welcome re-recording of Weingartner's version of the Beethoven *Fifth Symphony*, done this time with the London Philharmonic. Weingartner is one of the few conductors whose performances do not become distorted with the passing of time, and this performance of the C minor symphony is the same sound, satisfying conception it was ten years ago, save that the phonograph is now able to reproduce it much more faithfully. (Columbia, four 12-inch records, \$6.)

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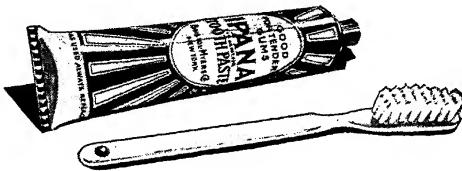
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Our modern menus are, in the main, responsible for the modern plague of tender, ailing gums. Our soft, well-cooked dishes simply deny our gums the work they need for vigorous health. And gum massage, *massage with Ipana*, is the sensible, the practical substitute for that needed work and stimulation.

If your own tooth brush should ever

show “pink”—see your dentist! You may be in for serious trouble. But usually it is simply a warning of lazy gums, gums that your dentist will tell you will respond to a daily schedule of Ipana and massage.

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Get a tube of Ipana from your druggist today. The technique of the massage is simple—and easily practiced. With the tip of your finger or your tooth brush simply rub a little extra Ipana into your gums every time you brush your teeth. You will soon notice an improvement—a new whiteness to your teeth—a new healthy tingle in your gums. The gums feel stronger, more resistant, as new circulation brings new firmness.

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Laurence Stallings, *Literary Editor*

Louis Untermeyer, *Poetry Editor*

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THE OPEN FORUM

[Letters from readers, on any subject, will be welcomed to these pages]

AN OPEN LETTER TO PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT

DEAR MR. ROOSEVELT: On the morning of next November 3 I shall leave my home in the lower flat at about the same hour as usual, but I won't turn directly east toward the streetcar. Instead I shall walk a block west and half a block south to the fire station where I shall cast my one vote for Alfred M. Landon of Kansas for the presidency of the United States. I'm afraid, Mr. Roosevelt, that this action can be attributed directly to you.

There was a time when I should not have thought this contemplated procedure possible. Now it is inevitable, and it is all very confusing and annoying. It is annoying especially because, after you have thought you were making intellectual progress over a period of years, you don't like to find yourself precisely where you began. Frankly, Mr. Roosevelt, it is downright discouraging to have considered yourself the owner of a strictly twentieth-century mental outlook, to have progressed far beyond Grandpa, and then be brought up short by the realization that you have merely detoured unnecessarily. That is what has happened to me.

There is quite a story in connection with this decision about November third, but I scarcely know where it starts. Maybe it begins way back when I was a kid in a small Far Western town. My family had come West with the covered wagons years before, and settled on the desert to compete with the jackrabbits for a meager living. My great-grandparents helped dig the first irrigation ditches and put up the first log cabins. We kids used to have wonderful times winter evenings when we could snare Grandpa for a session of pioneer day stories. These were swell stories, about Indians and privation and blood and gore and the building of the first railroad. Recently I have come to realize that we got more than entertainment from them. We sopped up a lot of incidental philosophy—you know, horse-and-buggy stuff.

My people were the kind who had come West because they thought any change might be an improvement. After they got here they staked

out farms and went up in the hills for water and logs. They didn't seem to mind doing without things, and always managed to put something by. In time, some of them became rich by the standards that prevailed in our town. They looked at the community they had built and seemed pleased. They had worked uncommonly hard to accumulate some property and they respected that property. So did other people and I daresay the yardstick of success was tinged slightly with materialism. But after you have turned the desert into a farm, or hauled logs from the mountains with oxen, you have a right to feel a little huffy. I like to remember my forebears that way, Mr. Roosevelt, even though in your crowd you might think of them as being Economic Royalists.

But be that as it may, they had a highly developed sense of social responsibility as well as a respect for property. They had built a fine community in a desert, and they looked after it, and it was a boast that no one should knowingly want for necessities. Jobs were found and people's needs were cared for. My grandparents believed they could do no less than share their good fortune with others. And the funny thing is, Mr. Roosevelt, that in those naive days people didn't seem to mind work. My forebears thought of hard work as a virtue. They told us kids that we were getting it soft because others had been willing to go the hard way and that our duty was to repay society and especially our community for what it had given us. They were that kind of people. Perhaps, with such a background, it is little wonder that I have reached the decision I mentioned at the beginning of this letter.

But, on the other hand, it may be that the story doesn't start back there at all. Maybe it starts when I left our town to go to college. I entered college in 1925, right smack in the middle of the Roaring 'Twenties. Uncle Calvin sat in the White House and, aside from the high price of bath-tub gin in a college town, things were pretty good. I fitted into the established pattern of college life, but I nurtured a

THE AMERICAN MERCURY



THE OPEN FORUM

secret yen for the higher things as well. I gobbled up twentieth-century education with complete abandon, though with little discrimination and less application. I could still grant that Grandfather's ideas had been all right in their day, but it was perfectly evident that times had changed. We could not be expected to hew to a line just because it had served in what was called civilization in frontier days. New problems demanded new solutions. They demanded, in fact, a fundamentally new premise. I called myself a Liberal or an advocate of the New Thought. Some publications called people like me parlor pinks. But my parents took an entirely different view: they simply called me a smart-alec.

And so recognizing myself as a member of the cognoscenti, I started out to get a job in 1929, prepared to beat the world into a bloody and quivering pulp. I got the job, but met the stock market crash head on before I had learned the way to my desk. By 1931 I was on the street looking for another job. I was, as they say, a sadder and wiser boy, but I still had a long way to go. I kept whistling in the dark, but I don't mind admitting now that I was dazed and hurt.

About this time the 1932 Presidential campaign opened, and I kept my ear close to the radio. My own immediate problem was solved, but that didn't change the essential fact that things were in a hell of a shape. A lot of my friends were on their uppers. We had been prepared to re-make the world along infinitely better lines, and now a lot of us couldn't even get a job. And, Mr. Roosevelt, we certainly went for your radio voice. (For a time I decided that my crass Western accent was a fright and a disgrace, and I practiced a few of your well-modulated Harvard tones.) But if I liked your accent, I was wild about your promises. Here, I thought, is a man who really understands our problems and is honestly anxious to solve them. Whether it had been Wall Street or Mr. Hoover or something else that had created this frightful mess, you were the man to do something about it. With your thrilling Inauguration speech, those of my friends who still had doubts came over to you with whoops. You spoke with the fervor of youth as you called upon us to join you in an attack against Evil. I wept about the Forgotten Man — (incidentally, what ever has happened to him?): I felt again the enthusiasm of my college days as I prepared to ride forth against the Enemy. I was Galahad Junior.

(Continued in back advertising section, p. x)

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PARADISE IMAGINED

The Truth About Soviet Russia

BY WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN

No country in the world has been the object of so much violent writing, pro and con, as the Soviet Union. The Russian Revolution has stirred up more passionate enthusiasm and hostility than any event since its French predecessor. And commentators, both friendly and hostile, have not infrequently let wishes and prejudices, rather than objective facts, shape their writing.

The heyday of the cons was during the period of upheaval and civil war, from 1917 until 1921. This was when Russian women were "nationalized" in sensational headlines, when correspondents in Riga and Helsingfors cabled imaginary tales of Petrograd being captured and burned by the Whites, when the ferocities of civil war, bad enough in all reality, were magnified tenfold in the relaying of exaggerated rumors from Baltic capitals.

Now the pendulum of public opinion about Russia has swung to the other extreme. The most sugary fairy tales of happiness and progress have replaced the atrocity tales of the earlier period. The Soviet

Union is the object of a constant stream of unqualified and undiscriminating eulogy emanating not only from communists, but from liberals and radicals who do not profess the communist faith. These enthusiasts are determined to have their Utopia in the present and in the flesh. They invest the Soviet Union with all the attributes of an earthly Paradise. Special societies exist in the United States and in many other countries for the purpose of interpreting Soviet culture and describing Soviet political and economic developments in the most favorable light.

What is the credo of the typical admirer of the Soviet Union? He envisages a land where the living conditions of the masses have improved immeasurably since prewar days and in many ways constitute a favorable challenge to those of America and Western Europe; a land where the panacea of State planning has solved all perplexing problems, where everyone works for the sheer joy of creation, where there is no unemployment, where art, literature, and science have unlimited creative pos-

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sibilities. An American Left-wing weekly reflects a widespread sentiment among radicals and liberals when it credits the Soviet Union with belief in the following four things: "The brotherhood and inherent value of man, equality, objective reason and science, material welfare."

"Facts," Lenin was fond of saying, "are stubborn things." How, then, do the demonstrable, ascertainable facts of life in the Soviet Union fit in with the glowing word pictures that have captured the imagination of foreign admirers?

The first jarring note in the conception of a collectivist Paradise, where, to quote the advertisement of a recent enthusiastic book, "One hundred and seventy million people share a common ambition, strive toward a common goal", is the extraordinary, in some cases the unprecedented severity of the laws which the Soviet Government has found it necessary to enact. One doesn't envisage Paradise as a place policed with death sentences, haunted with spies and snoopers, and surrounded with barbed wire, armed guards, police dogs, and other devices to prevent the inmates from escaping. Yet this is the situation that admittedly prevails in the Soviet Union today.

Consider, for example, the implications of the law of August 7, 1932, which has been repeatedly praised by high Soviet officials as a model piece of jurisprudence. Under this law any theft of State or collective farm property (in present-day Russia most property would come under this definition) is punishable with death. This decree has repeatedly been applied in thefts which would incur brief sentences of imprisonment in other countries. To minds not firmly rooted in the higher metaphysics of communist dogma, it may seem somewhat incongruous that, fifteen years after the Revolution, hailed as a great forward step in human progress, the Soviet Govern-

ment should see fit to revive a penalty that had been discarded generations ago in all civilized countries as disproportionately cruel and as unserviceable in realizing the objective of eliminating theft.

Another Draconian law, promulgated in June, 1934, makes it a capital offense for any Soviet citizen to cross the frontier without permission. It goes still farther and gives public sanction to a familiar Soviet administrative practice: the treatment of wives and children as hostages for the good behavior of husbands and fathers. The law specifies that dependent relatives of the fugitive are to be banished "to remote parts of Siberia", even though they had no knowledge of the flight. (It is an impressive fact that there is not a single trick of administrative ruthlessness, from executing political prisoners without trial to penalizing innocent people for the offenses of their relatives, that the fascist regimes have not learned or could not have learned from the Soviet political police.)

A law which was enacted in the spring of 1935 makes it mandatory to inflict the severest penalties, including the death penalty in some cases on adolescent offenders. This scarcely fits in with the pleasant fancy of the Soviet Union as a land where the disappearance of unemployment has reduced crime to negligible proportions and where enlightened penology is the rule. And working-class friends of the Soviet Union might seriously consider how they would like to live in a Utopia where, according to a decree of November, 1932, even one day's unexcused absence from work exposes the worker to summary dismissal and loss of his quarters, if he lives on the company premises; and where the familiar sequel to a railroad wreck is the shooting of a few railway officials and workers for alleged sabotage and carelessness.

Admirers of the Soviet Union are vigor-

ous critics of the chain-gang system maintained in Georgia and other Southern states. It seems surprising that they are not more concerned over the widespread prevalence of the chain-gang methods employed in rounding up unskilled labor for Soviet construction enterprises. All the inmates of Hitler's and Mussolini's concentration camps would have scarcely supplied one working shift when the Baltic-White Sea Canal was being driven through to completion entirely by forced labor under the supervision of the OGPU, or Political Police. There is the authority of an official Soviet *communiqué* for stating that 71,000 prisoners employed on this canal received commutation of sentence or amnesty when the work was completed. This would seem to be not inconsistent with a general impression in Russia that at the height of the work, about 200,000 people were herded into this concentration camp and set to work under OGPU taskmasters.

A book has been published in the Soviet Union and translated into English under the title *Belomor*, which represents the construction of this canal as a noble school for "remaking men". The accounts which I heard in Russia from persons who had survived the experience of working on this project were markedly different from the sob stories of criminals transformed into upright Soviet citizens which adorn the pages of *Belomor*. These survivors, whose names, for obvious considerations of their personal safety, cannot be mentioned, told of merciless overwork and underfeeding, of the continual heavy toll of death and injury from disregard for elementary safety rules, both in the ordinary course of work and in the blasting operations frequently undertaken. It is significant that no foreign journalist was permitted to inspect this combined task of building a canal through the forests and swamps of Karelia and "re-

making men" while it was in progress.

The same chain-gang methods are being used in recruiting labor for a larger canal, now under construction, between the Volga and Moscow Rivers, for new railways in the Far East, and for mining and timber-cutting in the remote North. It is only on such a basis of peonage that people can be kept in desolate, unhealthy localities, such as Karaganda, center of a new coal-mining region in Kazakhstan, or in the copper smelting works on Lake Balkhash. The conditions that prevail in forced-labor enterprises in the Soviet Union are inevitably those which characterize oppressed labor in all countries and at all times: coarse and insufficient food, shacks and dugouts for houses, almost complete absence of anything that could be called sanitation, and, naturally, a high death rate. The Soviet Government, so prolific of statistics on other subjects, has never made public any comprehensive figures about the number of persons assigned to forced labor. But by piecing together official admissions and estimates of released prisoners, it seems evident that the numbers of people who have been banished to labor concentration camps since 1929, when the system began to assume large-scale proportions, run into the millions. Orators who like to point with pride to the Soviet Union as the country that has abolished unemployment find it convenient to overlook these wretched prisoners, whose plight is certainly worse in every way than that of the most destitute unemployed in Western Europe or America.

The majority of these unfortunate people are not ordinary criminals. Great numbers of them are classified as *kulaks* (a generic term for any peasant who is too articulate in expressing his dislike for collective farming and requisitions of his produce) or *counter-revolutionaries*, a term that is also

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very loose and broad in its application. During a visit to Chelyabinsk in the summer of 1932, I found that many of the kulaks, counter-revolutionaries, or class enemies, to use the stock phrases of abuse for these helots of the Soviet State, were ordinary peasants and workers. Conversation with some of the men who were held as prisoners and employed on digging work at the Chelyabinsk tractor factory revealed such typical cases as a peasant who had been sent there "because he shouted that there wasn't enough food" at a collective farm meeting, and a worker who had been sentenced to forced labor because he had accidentally broken a machine.

II

Soviet apologists are quick to excuse any act of administrative ruthlessness as part of a price that must be paid for the immense improvement, moral and material, that is assumed to have taken place in the condition of the Russian masses. But how sound is this assumption? How genuine is the improvement that is considered a justification for such disasters as the famine of 1932-1933, the "liquidation of the kulaks as a class", the wholesale executions of political suspects, and universal espionage?

Take first the bread-and-butter things of life—food, clothing, shelter, and public services. Now that rationing has been abolished and a one-price system has been established for all classes of the population, it is possible to get a clearer idea of the Soviet household budget than was possible in the years when the purchasing power of rubles in the hands of Soviet citizens varied tremendously, depending on the availability of food products and manufactured goods, and the amounts which could be bought on ration cards.

A recent Soviet statistical estimate gives

the monthly average wage of all workers and employees for 1935 as 190 rubles. What does this imply in terms of staple food-stuffs, and how does it bear up in comparison with American wage scales? The following table reveals the comparative buying power of the Russian worker *versus* the American, the latter's income being computed at an average of \$70 per month, according to the United States Bureau of Labor statistics for 1933.

Commodity	Russian scale	American scale
Butter, pounds	19	240
Sausage, pounds	30	176
Sugar, pounds	90	1120
Second-grade beef, pounds	63	280
First-grade beef, pounds	40	200

In other words, the American worker's wage, in terms of real values in one of the worst years of Depression, was from five to twelve times higher than the Soviet worker-employee's wage in 1935, when there had been some improvement in conditions over the bleak starvation and semi-starvation levels of 1932 and 1933. Of course, neither the American nor the Russian worker could afford to spend a month's wages on a single foodstuff. But the discrepancy between what an individualist system, at its worst, was able to supply American workers, and what a collectivist system, up to date, has been able to supply to Russians, would not be diminished if one undertook a broad survey of comparative household budgets, instead of restricting the comparison to a few commodities. A long list of everyday articles of use in America, from bananas to toilet paper and from nails to chocolate, would have to be classified in Russia as either unobtainable or obtainable only with difficulty and at fabulous prices.

If it were not for the tall tales of some returned tourists and stay-at-home enthusiasts for the Soviet Union, it would scarcely

be necessary to labor the point that the American standard of living, even during the most severe crisis of half a century, is vastly superior to the Russian. What is more important is that the Russian people today, if one may accept the plain evidence of Soviet statistics, are worse fed than under Czarism. While the grain crop of 1935 was well above those of 1931 and 1932, which were an immediate prelude to famine, the *per capita* grain yield of 1913 has not yet been attained. The Moscow correspondent of the *Christian Science Monitor*, citing Stalin's authority for the 1935 figure, writes as follows on this point:

The Russian grain yield in 1935 was about 91,600,000 metric tons, as compared with 76,000,000 metric tons in 1913. But the population of Soviet Russia in 1935, according to Soviet official estimates, was 171,000,000 as compared with 138,000,000 for this same territory in 1913.

So, although 1935 gave the best harvest since the Revolution, it still fell a little short of the 1913 *per capita* yield of prewar Russia, which communist sympathizers like to depict as incredibly backward, if not downright barbarous. Much greater has been the impoverishment of Russian agriculture in livestock. A prominent communist agricultural expert, Y. A. Yakovlev, published the following comparative livestock figures in *Izvestia* of February 21, 1936:

	1916	1935
Horses	35,100,000	15,900,000
Large horned cattle	58,900,000	49,200,000
Sheep and goats	115,200,000	61,000,000
Pigs	20,300,000	22,500,000

Here one has in a nutshell the explanation of the abnormally high food prices, and the proof that Russians, by and large, are eating less than before the Revolution. There has certainly been no importation of foreign foodstuffs to compensate for the heavy loss of meat, milk, and fats. Individual groups of the population may have

gained at the expense of others; but the national food balance is clearly less favorable than prior to the World War.

As for clothing, Russia has more manufactured goods of domestic production than was the case before the Revolution. The supply of imported foreign goods has been largely shut off, however, because of the policy of diverting limited stocks of foreign currency to the purchase of essential raw materials, machinery, and equipment. Moreover, the products of the handicraft artisans have considerably diminished. The decline in livestock has affected the supply of wool and hides. A month's salary is a customary price for a pair of tolerably good shoes or boots, and there is a marked shortage of woolen goods.

Any sartorial comparisons between Russia and Western Europe or America would be fantastically to the disadvantage of the former. No foreign resident of Russia buys any clothing there. He, or she, waits to stock up during a trip to Berlin or London. Pictures of unemployed demonstrations in other countries lose some of their propaganda value in the Soviet because the unemployed always look much better dressed than the wealthiest Russians.

The terrific overcrowding in Soviet cities and towns is proverbial. The new housing built since the Revolution does not keep pace with the growth of the population. Broadly speaking, the Russian worker is usually housed in one of the following ways: If he is unusually skilled or if he has acquired merit as an *udarnik*, or shock worker, he may get a two- or three-room apartment in one of the large new structures which are usually built in the vicinity of factories. These apartment houses are erected hastily and with insufficient materials. With few exceptions they are shoddy and unattractive in appearance, and their domestic fixtures have a way of breaking

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down with discouraging frequency. This, however, represents the best housing to which the Russian worker can aspire.

In many more cases he must live, with his family, in a single room in a dilapidated nationalized house that is as overcrowded as a rabbit-warren. Most of Moscow's pre-war dwellings would come under this heading. A five-room apartment that formerly housed a single family comfortably now accommodates four or five families; infectious diseases spread rapidly in the cramped quarters; there are endless quarrels over the use of the necessarily communal kitchen. Still worse is the housing of the unskilled laborers at new construction plants. It consists of barracks, overcrowded and verminous, with the most sketchy sanitary facilities. Running hot and cold water, vacuum cleaners, and other labor-saving devices, refrigerators and many other simple conveniences of an American home are conspicuously absent in Moscow.

III

Judged by East European or Oriental standards, the Russian worker, in whose name the Revolution was made, possesses some privileges and advantages, with his annual two-weeks' vacation with pay, his free medical service, improved sport and recreation facilities, and better educational opportunities for his children. His working hours are shorter than before the War, but the intensity of labor is greater, especially since the recent inauguration, all over Russia, of the so-called Stakhanov movement, which is designed to increase individual productivity of labor and is essentially similar to the speed-up devices which have often excited the bitter opposition of organized labor in other countries.

There has been bitter opposition to this drive for higher productivity in Russia

also, and for the same reason: the workers fear that they will be compelled to turn out more work without corresponding increases in pay. But this opposition has not, cannot, in Russia assume the organized form that it would take in democratic countries where trade-union organization is permissible. There are so-called trade-unions in Russia; but these are mere cogs in the huge bureaucratic machine of the Soviet State. They are primarily responsible not to the workers whom they nominally represent but to the ruling Communist Party. When the former head of the Soviet trade-unions, Tomsky, displayed a tendency to defend the direct interests of the workers, he was summarily dismissed by Stalin, not removed by vote of the membership of the trade-unions, and his place was taken by Shvernik, an obedient tool of the dictator. The same fate, of course, awaits any lesser trade-union functionary who tries to take the side of the worker against the all-powerful employing State.

So the struggle against Stakhanovism proceeds not through strikes, which are outlawed as counter-revolutionary in the Soviet Union, just as in Germany and Italy, but through individual acts of terrorism and sabotage, which are committed despite the fact that the perpetrators are likely to be shot or sent to labor camps. One may cite several illuminating notes from the Soviet press, illustrating this new form of class struggle under communist dictatorship. *Pravda* of November 3, 1935, reports that in Tambov, four Stakhanovite workers "arriving at work found their tool boxes shattered and their tools stolen". The same paper of November 17 tells how in Smolensk, "the backward workers began to persecute the lathe-worker Likhoradov. . . . Things reached a point where a certain Sviridov broke a gear wheel and tore off Likhoradov's power-belt". Cases

PARADISE IMAGINED

of murders of active pace-makers, the locksmith Shmirev in the Factory *Trud*, and the miner Tsekhnov in the Ivan pit, are also reported.

Much is made of the socialized features of the workers' life in the Soviet Union, of the State medical aid, the rest homes, the number of workers at the opera and theater, etc. A good deal of valuable social work has been done in Russia, as in other countries, since the War; but when the benefits of the Russian workers are closely examined a good deal of the glamor tends to disappear. Take, for instance, the quality of socialized medicine. Here we have the interesting recent testimony of Mr. Edmund Wilson, whose writings characterize him as a definitely sympathetic observer of the Soviet Union. During a trip to Russia, Mr. Wilson contracted scarlet fever and spent six weeks in a hospital in Odessa. It is not likely that Mr. Wilson, as a foreign visitor, was assigned to the worst hospital in the city, which is the third largest city in the Ukraine. His report on the sanitary conditions which he witnessed is, to put it mildly, unfavorable. The bathrooms were garbage piles. The hospital was infested with flies. The wash basin with running water was used for face-washing, dish-washing, gargling, and bedside purposes.

Mr. Wilson's faith, however, was proof against this test. He adopted a method of interpretation which is sufficiently common to call for some analysis. From the deplorable condition of a Soviet hospital in 1935, he deduced how frightful Czarist Russia must have been before 1917. Somehow this suggests the explanation of the patriotic Hungarian hotelkeeper who, in response to a guest's complaint about unpleasant nocturnal insects in 1930, replied: "Well, you know those dirty Roumanians occupied Budapest in 1919."

Czarist Russia certainly had plenty of

sins to answer for. But the chances are that a detailed investigation of the Odessa hospital in question would reveal that its shortcomings today are attributable to such specifically Soviet causes as bureaucratic neglect and red tape, cold-shouldering of the trained medical personnel by self-assured Party members, and failure of the all-powerful State planners to allow adequately for medicines and sanitary appliances.

Several personal experiences have led me to believe that, whatever may be said for the theory of socialized medicine, its practice in the Soviet Union leaves a good deal to be desired. Once when my wife was in Sochi, a Black Sea resort where malaria is rife, she asked in a drugstore for quinine. She was told that the supply was so limited that it could only be sold to persons who had already contracted the disease. . . . The servant of a friend broke her arm. She went to the clinic where she was entitled to free treatment and was sent away by a physician with the assurance that it was nothing serious. Only when her employer engaged a private physician did she receive proper treatment. It is noteworthy that anyone who can afford to patronize the experienced doctors and dentists who still maintain private practice almost invariably prefers to do so, instead of exercising his legal right to free treatment.

The rest homes to which rank and file workers may go for vacations would not compare favorably, as regards food and comfort, with the most inexpensive boarding houses at summer or winter resorts in America or Western Europe. The more luxurious rest homes are reserved for the Soviet aristocracy, for high Party and Soviet functionaries, and for officers of the Red Army and the OGPU. The American tourist camp or the British or German hostel, where the worker or employee on a hiking

vacation may have a bed and meals for a modest fee, is far cleaner, better organized, and better provided with necessities than most of the Russian tourist bases which proletarian vacationists visit on their walking trips. An automobile vacation would be out of the question for a Russian, partly because of the bad condition of the roads and partly because no peasants and extremely few workers own automobiles.

The "abolition of prostitution" and the new freedom in sex relations have been strong talking points with Soviet sympathizers. In regard to the first, it may be said immediately that the amateurs killed the profession. The Revolution brought no access of puritanical virtue to Russia. Foreign residents of the Soviet Union have never experienced any lack of Soviet women who were quite willing to be kept. Soviet heads of trusts and managers of factories are no more ascetic than New York business and professional men. But the collapse of the former social taboos and inhibitions on extra-marital relations has been naturally associated with a decline in the number of professional prostitutes.

As for the emancipation of women under the Soviets, the Revolution has given them equal opportunity with men in engineering and aviation — and also in digging subways, laying railway tracks, and cutting timber in forced-labor camps. Up to the present, freedom in sex relations was one of the few liberties which the Soviet citizen possessed. Marriage was terminable at the will of either party; and there was no legal restriction on remarriage. Now, however, one detects symptoms of an impending backward swing of the pendulum. The Soviet Government, like other dictatorships, wants plenty of cannon fodder and has set population increase as a goal of policy. There are suggestions for imitating fascist practice in the matter of taxing

bachelors and childless families, and rewarding prolific families. It is proposed to limit woman's freedom to refrain from having children by forbidding abortions which, because of the shortage of contraceptives, represent for many Russian women the sole means of birth control. A veteran communist moralist, Aaron Soltz, writes about "woman's great and honorable duty of child-bearing" — about "marriage being, to a great degree, a public matter", again in the familiar style of fascist countries. It may well be that in family life, as in the restoration of discipline in the schools and of resounding titles in the Army, the Soviet Union is swinging back to what would have been denounced a few years ago as preposterous bourgeois ideals and practices.

IV

"The abolition of unemployment", like "the abolition of prostitution", can only be accurately referred to in quotation marks. If by abolition of unemployment one means that everyone has work at regular wages and of his own choice, that most desirable ideal has certainly not been realized in Russia. It has already been pointed out that millions of people have been sent to forced labor during the last few years. If anyone were given the unpleasant alternative of being on the dole in England or on relief in America, or of being shipped off to forced labor on the Moscow-Volga canal or in the Karaganda coal mines or in the timber camps of North Russia, and if all the hardships of both conditions were fairly stated, I do not think there is the slightest doubt that unemployment would seem vastly the lesser evil. Moreover, the Russian manual or white-collar worker who, through no fault of his own, is dismissed as a result of a reduction in staff,

has no right to relief until he can again find employment. He must take any work that is offered; and, as most labor vacancies in Russia are of an undesirable kind, especially to city men and women, such as peat digging, timber cutting, or coal mining, a curious situation arises when people who are unemployed try to conceal the fact in order to avoid compulsory assignment to uncongenial work.

It is distinctly indicative of the good sense of the unemployed in America and Western Europe that very few of them throughout the Depression were tempted to seek their fortunes in Russia. And of the Russian-Americans who pulled up stakes in America and returned to their native country, some found cause to regret their decision bitterly and have been besieging the American Consulate in Moscow in efforts to get out of the Soviet Union, a process that is apt to be harder than getting in, especially for a man whose nationality is debatable. As a former British consul has testified:

In most ports the consul is kept busy looking after sailors who jump their ships and then are stranded. But I have no problem of that kind here. I know of only one British sailor who ever left his ship in Lenin-grad; and that poor fellow subsequently proved to be crazy.

In short, when it comes to the practical test of living in Russia as a worker, not as a tourist or a member of a feted delegation, the Soviet Union has no appeal for the unemployed, much less to the employed. This is in striking contrast to the experience of the United States, which, before the War, attracted hundreds of thousands of immigrants from Eastern and Southern Europe every year. If the Soviet Union offered, along with unlimited opportunities for work, a standard of living better than that of the unemployed in America and

Western Europe, the chances are that there would have been a substantial inflow of immigrants into Russia.

Not only ordinary immigrants, but also communists sometimes find it difficult to leave Russia after it has changed in their eyes from Paradise Imagined to Paradise Lost. A recent case of this kind was that of three Jugoslav communists, Ciliga, Dedich, and Draguich, who were sent to unpleasant places of exile in Siberia when it was discovered that their communism was of the heretical Trotzkyist, not of the orthodox Stalinite, brand. Jugoslavia does not enjoy the reputation of dealing gently with political dissenters. But the treatment to which these communists were subjected apparently made them yearn for the comforts of a good homelike Jugoslav jail. At any rate, to quote the words of a resolution of protest signed by other exiled Trotzkyists, "they demanded to be sent to Jugoslavia and announced that they would struggle to obtain this right by every means, without eschewing the most extreme methods, such as the hunger strike and suicide". Ciliga actually did wound himself severely before the coveted permission to leave Russia was granted.

Since the peasants, who comprise about three-fourths of the Soviet population, far outnumber the city workers, conditions in the rural districts afford a fairer barometer of Soviet achievement than conditions in the towns. The ordeal through which the peasants passed from 1929 until 1933 could not be remotely paralleled by the worst effects of the agricultural crisis in other countries. Millions perished of outright hunger and related diseases during the great famine of 1932-1933, which was brought on by ruthless requisitions and colossal blunders in the administration of the collective farming system. Millions more, the so-called kulaks, were driven

from their homes and, in many cases, were sent to concentration camps where labor was hard, food scanty, and mortality rates, especially among the weak and old, frightfully high.

Since 1933 there has been an unmistakable improvement in Soviet agricultural conditions. The peasants have resigned themselves to the State landlordism of collective farming, just as their ancestors, after futile revolts, resigned themselves to serfdom. I have seen no convincing evidence of famine since 1933. The harvest of 1935 was said to be the best since the Revolution. At the same time, recovery from the famine level of 1933 can proceed a considerable distance without approaching prosperity, as that term is understood in America and Western Europe. With the best of climatic luck and the smoothest discipline, it would be impossible for peasants who in 1933 were down to the ultimate low point of poverty, represented by not having enough to eat, to reach a high level of material well-being in 1936. Heavy taxes in kind must be paid to the State, a circumstance that limits the peasant's capacity for earning and accumulation.

The peasants who had risen a little above general poverty have been liquidated as kulaks, and the Soviet village today presents a picture of unrelieved drab and dingy poverty. If there is a peasant in Russia who possesses an automobile, a telephone in his house, or a bathroom with modern sanitary facilities, I failed to meet him during many years of extensive travel in Russia. The world's prize for cynicism might well go to the Soviet star publicist, Karl Radek, for suggesting to the French political leader, M. Herriot, during his trip in Russia in the famine year, 1933, that the future of Russia's collective farmers was far brighter than that of America's Middle-Western farmers. If the standard of living

of the Russian worker is much closer to that of the unemployed than to that of the employed in America and Western Europe, the status of the peasant, as regards food, housing, and clothing, is comparable with that of the sharecropper. Indeed, the economic position of the entire Russian peasantry is that of sharecroppers, with an all-powerful State as landlord, telling them what and how much they must plant, how much they must deliver to the cities, and how much they may keep.

What of the position of the professional classes under the Soviet regime? To some extent, of course, it is determined by such general factors as the shortage and high prices of many kinds of food and manufactured goods, and the dismal housing situation. Some classes of brain-workers are relatively better off than others. The Soviet Government recognizes the desirability of enlisting journalists and writers as propagandists and the necessity of having trained engineers to operate its industrial plants. So engineers and authors and newspapermen are well paid by Soviet standards. Physicians and teachers, on the other hand, are underpaid, in relation to the remuneration of other professionals. That teachers do not always receive their scanty pay on time is evident from the following excerpt from a leading article in *Izvestia* for December 16, 1935:

In a number of country districts of Western Siberia, teachers have not received their salaries for four or five months. In the Glubokov and Eisk districts of the North Caucasus, the pay of teachers is held back, being limited to little advances on account. In the Kazalinsk district of Southern Kazakhstan and in some districts of the Northern Territory, salaries are systematically held back.

Of course, man does not live by salary alone. Especially to the intellectual, such considerations as freedom from censorship and official interference, and ability to follow his individual bent are of primary importance. There is a certain irony in the fact that the ranks of the literal or spiritual pilgrims to Moscow include so many representatives of the critically minded intelligentsia of Europe and America. For it is just this class that has been most effectively and firmly suppressed under the Soviet regime. There is no country in the world where the penalties for indulging in the nonconformist critical faculty are so swift, so certain, and so ruthless; there is no country in the world that has such a high percentage of its intellectuals in emigration, in prison, or in exile.

I recently read in an American magazine an article by a British radical intellectual who brightened up an unrelievedly gloomy picture of the state of the legal profession under capitalism with an outburst of enthusiasm over the unrivaled opportunities for creative research and public service which, he believed, were enjoyed by bench and bar in the Soviet Union. With the critical part of this article I am not here concerned. But no sketch of the position of the Soviet lawyer is remotely adequate if it fails to show that he is definitely inhibited from performing one of his most useful and honorable functions: the protection of the individual against the injustice of the State. In democratic countries, even in Czarist Russia, lawyers have always been able to undertake this duty. Beilis in Russia was acquitted; Dreyfus in France was ultimately vindicated, despite the powerful forces of official pressure and race prejudice that were invoked in both of these famous trials. Even when attempts to defend victims of prejudice-tainted trials failed, as in the cases of Sacco and Van-

zetti, and of Mooney up to the present time, it is safe to say that the effort was not in vain. Many other instances of injustice were in all probability forestalled.

It would be impossible to point to a single case in recent years in the Soviet Union where a lawyer has offered an outspoken, vigorous defense of a political prisoner. Yet this is not because evidence of grotesque injustice has been lacking. One need only recall the Ramzin sabotage trial of 1930, when two men, Ryabushinsky and Vishnegradsky, were solemnly indicted for conspiring to set up a counter-revolutionary government in Russia years after they had been dead and buried. The outside world roared with laughter when it learned of this illuminating slip. But neither the attorneys for the defense in the farcical trial nor anyone else in the Soviet courtroom saw fit to mention it.

Professor Vladimir Tchernavin, who escaped with his wife and child from a Soviet concentration camp, has given from personal knowledge a detailed, concrete account of a typical sabotage frame-up in the fishing industry, where the luckless non-communist specialists were made scapegoats for the inevitable failure of exaggerated plans. But it would be simply unthinkable for a Soviet lawyer, assigned to "defend" a political prisoner, to emphasize damaging weaknesses in the prosecution's case or to publish in a legal journal a vigorous denunciation of the frequent practice of arbitrary arrest and exile without trial. The immense force for individual security and common decency, the vast bulwark against personal spite and bureaucratic tyranny represented by an independent judiciary and by lawyers who can put forth their best efforts on behalf of political defendants without fear of being sent to concentration camps, simply do not exist in the Soviet Union.

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Take another type of intellectual, the historian. The vast majority of prewar historians were driven from their university chairs because they were considered incapable of giving the dogmatic Marxian interpretation of history. More than that, a considerable number of eminent historical scholars, including four members of the Academy of Science—Platonov, Lubavsky, Tarle, and Likhachev—were arrested on charges that have never been published, held for long periods in close confinement, and finally banished without ever being brought to public trial. Platonov died in exile; the others suffered permanent physical and psychological injury as a result of their treatment.

Even the communist historian is far from safe, if he does not tread a very straight and narrow path of orthodoxy. Several years ago a young communist historian named Slutsky produced documentary evidence to show that Lenin's prewar views on the question of international revolution were not very different from Trotzky's. The article was published in a Soviet historical magazine, whereupon a formidable critic arose in the person of Stalin. Denouncing the article and its publication with the emphatic phrases, "Counter-revolutionary Trotzkyism and rotten liberalism towards it", he made the entire corps of Soviet young professors figuratively snap to attention. Soon every newspaper and magazine in the country was dutifully resounding with imitative thunderings against "counter-revolutionary Trotzkyism and rotten liberalism".

Stalin's own accuracy and reliability in the historical field may be judged by comparing two passages in the English translation of his book, *The October Revolution*, referring to Trotzky's role in the upheaval. On page 30 he declares that "all practical work in connection with the or-

ganization of the uprising was done under the immediate direction of Comrade Trotzky, the President of the Petrograd Soviet". On page 71 he tells us that "Comrade Trotzky did not play and could not have played any special role in the October uprising".

Music might seem to have fewer controversial political propositions than history, but woe to the Soviet composer whose melodies fail to soothe the Dictator's breast. Only recently the works of Dmitri Shostakowitch, generally recognized in Russia and abroad as the outstanding post-war Russian composer, were summarily withdrawn from presentation in Moscow, following a curt expression of Stalin's disapproval. Of course, artists in every land have a proverbially hard row to hoe. Undue conservatism of critics and academies, the time-lag in popular appreciation of new modes of expression, are justifiable causes of complaint. But the American or British young composer need have no fear that his works will be blacklisted merely because President Roosevelt or Premier Baldwin doesn't happen to like them.

Every printed word in the Soviet Union, whether it be in book or play, in magazine or newspaper, is subjected to preliminary censorship. Anyone who knows what absurdities censors can commit even in democratic countries, where their powers are much more limited, can imagine what a devastating effect this institution has on creative thought and free artistic expression. The achievements of the Soviet censorship are numerous. They range from the silencing of Russia's most brilliant post-war satirical writer and playwright, Mikhail Bulgakov, to the deletion from orchestra programs of Brahms's *Variations on a Haydn Theme*, because an unusually literate censor discovered that the theme was based on an old religious choral.

PARADISE IMAGINED

The stubborn facts of the situation do not bear out the pleasing theory, cited earlier in the article, that the Soviet Union stands for "a belief in the brotherhood and inherent value of man, a belief in equality, a belief in objective reason and science, a belief in material welfare".

Check these supposed beliefs in the light of the visible record. Mass executions without trial and wholesale deportations to forced-labor camps are scarcely a convincing testimonial to faith in "the brotherhood and inherent value of man". Any communist who today would advocate equality in wages and salaries would be quickly expelled from the Party and probably put in prison as well. "A belief in objective reason and science" does not harmonize with *Führer* Stalin's forceful intrusions into music and philosophy, to say nothing of history and economics, or with a system of universal censorship. "A belief in material welfare" has little practical value when the meager Czarist standards in this field in many cases have not been attained with the second decade after the Revolution nearly at an end.

VI

One reason for the many prevalent misconceptions about the Soviet Union is the amazing publicity and attention which have been bestowed on the writings and speeches of tourists and short-time visitors to the country. Publishers who would not think of bringing out a book on France or England or Germany unless the author showed genuine evidence of familiarity with the country, its language, its history and institutions, jump at the chance of publishing works by fledgling authors whose qualifications as Russian experts are limited to participation in a brief organized tour, a scanty knowledge of perhaps

six words of Russian, and a soulful conviction that Hope and a Plan are written on the faces of every worker and *muzhik* whom they saw from the train windows.

Scores of tourist parties to the Soviet Union are advertised for the present year. As one who has watched a good many of these parties come and go in Moscow, I may venture to offer a few reflections on travel in Russia and on its inevitable limitations for the great majority of foreign visitors who do not know the Russian language. One may put aside the exaggerated tales of the foreign traveler being dogged with spies at every step and being allowed to visit only certain prepared places, and still retain the conviction that there is an inevitable hothouse quality about the impressions which the tourist gathers. What are a few of the items that are calculated to send away the visitor with a conviction that all is, in the main, for the best in the Soviet world? First of all, his guides and interpreters are registered State employees who have been put through a regular course of training as to what to tell the traveler and who know that any straying from instructions is likely to bring unpleasant consequences. Second, critically minded Russians avoid foreigners as they would the bubonic plague. There have been too many cases when Russians have been exiled on the mere suspicion of having conveyed unfavorable impressions. Third, if, as is often the case, the tourist goes with an organized party, the leader is bound, by the nature of the job, not to search for the dark sides of Soviet life. A recent notice of a tour under the leadership of Princess Irina Skariatina refers to her as "a pre-revolutionary Russian who has accepted the new regime". The question naturally arises: what if she had not accepted it? Obviously she would not be leading tours in the Soviet Union.

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Finally, if the average American tourist should break away from organized parties, leaders, and State interpreters, and take a side-trip on his own, he would get extremely little out of it because of the language barrier.

Two personal experiences may help to illustrate the sort of thing the tourist, under present conditions, is almost certain to miss. In the summer of 1932 my wife, who is Russian by birth, and I visited the Chelyabinsk tractor factory, then in course of construction. My wife got into conversation with some of the forced-labor prisoners at the plant. This was not at all on the official schedule for foreign visitors and a communist foreman came up to her and inquired: "Are you a Soviet citizen?" When she assured him that she was not, he withdrew and did not try to interfere. But it is easy to imagine how much a foreigner with an interpreter who was a Soviet citizen would have learned about forced labor in Chelyabinsk.

On another occasion we were stopping for a few days in an Ukrainian village. We attended a little entertainment at the village school, where the children, under the schoolmaster's direction, sang the *Internationale* and gave other signs of being brought up as proper Soviet citizens. It was only later, when we got into private conversation with the schoolmaster and when he realized that we were not communists, that he revealed himself as an ardent Ukrainian nationalist, who hated the Soviet dictatorship from the bottom of his heart.

Protestant ministers constitute a fair proportion of the annual contingent of visitors to the Soviet Union. Their broad-mindedness in being willing to hope and look for the best in a State that is based on dogmatic atheism is perhaps commendable. But not one of these clerical

pilgrims to Moscow, perhaps because of the limitations which, as I suggested, inevitably affect the observations of tourists, seems to have realized the full extent of the persecution of religion under the Soviet regime.

The reality of persecution is often in inverse proportion to the publicity which it receives. So at the present time the press prints much more about persecution of religion in Germany than in Russia. There can be no doubt that some of the measures of the German central and local authorities have been distasteful both to Protestant and Catholic church bodies. But so long as opposition Protestant churchmen are able to hold meetings, to pass resolutions of protest, and to communicate them to the foreign press, persecution in the absolute sense of the word can scarcely be said to have begun. There will be genuine reason for concern when and if a complete and ominous silence prevails in the sphere of German church affairs.

This is the situation which now prevails in Russia. No contact is possible between journalists and representatives of the Orthodox Church or of the Russian evangelical sects, because the immediate consequence of any such contact would be the arrest and exile of the Russian clerics involved. The speedy and farcical termination of the one interview which the Soviet Foreign Office, contrary to its usual practice, arranged between the acting head of the Orthodox Church, Metropolitan Sergei, and a group of foreign newspapermen was the best possible indication of the terrorized status of the Church. Sergei literally bolted from the room as soon as questions were put to him about the numbers of priests and bishops in prison and exile, and the number of churches which had been closed.

The main features of the Soviet drive

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to eradicate all forms of religious faith may be briefly summarized as follows: Strenuous inculcation of atheism in the schools. Any teacher who is not willing to give anti-religious instruction is liable to dismissal. A complete ban on the printing of religious books and on their importation from abroad. On the other hand every facility is given for the mass publication of atheistic literature. The original constitutional guaranty of freedom of religious and anti-religious propaganda has been withdrawn; and religious propaganda is now regarded as criminal. Anti-religious propaganda is encouraged in every way. Every kind of social and political disability is imposed on believers. They are, of course, excluded from membership in the ruling Communist Party, which means that they are automatically disbarred from many posts of authority and responsibility. The student who is known to be religious is likely to be expelled from the university; the State employee who is caught going to church regularly is marked for dismissal. Finally, large numbers of priests and of ministers of the Protestant sects are to be found in concentration camps; they have usually been deported there without any trial.

In view of these circumstances it is not surprising that only the most strongly convinced believers still dare to profess their faith in Russia, or that the younger generation is growing up largely atheistic. A certain type of foreign visitor sees amazing precocity in the cocksure declaration of the eight-year-old communist schoolboy that there is no God. Actually, this is no more an indication of developed thought capacity than the corresponding assurance of an urchin of Dayton, Tennessee, that he was not descended from a monkey. The sequel to the Revolution in Russia has not been any kind of rationalist scepticism

(this would soon turn against the dominant cult of Marxism-Leninism-Stalinism), but an inverted fundamentalist atheism.

VII

The gross discrepancies between Soviet realities and the rhapsodies of foreign discoverers of an earthly Paradise in Russia should not, of course, obscure the positive achievements of the Soviet regime. During the last few years, Russia's military power and political weight in European councils have visibly increased. The industrialization of the country has been driven forward at a rapid pace. There have been notable feats of exploration, of scientific experimentation, and discovery. General elementary education has been introduced. Recreation and entertainment facilities for the masses have greatly improved by comparison with prewar times. The process of social upheaval unloosed considerable reserves of energy and ability among the classes which were most oppressed under the Czarist political and social system. This, to be sure, was offset by a cruel, wasteful, and, in many cases, quite unnecessary destruction of opportunity for gifted individuals who belonged to the classes which were smashed by the Revolution.

But neither the sum of these achievements nor any one of them, taken singly, would necessarily imply the working of a superior political, economic, and social system. Every one of them can be duplicated by other countries under different regimes. To take two illustrations: Russia under Alexander I played as great a role in Europe in the settlement after the Napoleonic Wars as Russia under Stalin plays today. Various countries (America after the Civil War, Germany after the Franco-Prussian War, Japan in recent years) have regis-

tered spectacular gains in industrial building and output. On the other hand it would be difficult to name any government that has inflicted deliberately so much loss of life and human suffering in peace time as the Soviet dictatorship inflicted between 1929 and 1933.

The development of the Bolshevik Revolution need cause no surprise to any thoughtful student of Russian history. Russia's past is so impregnated with the principle of despotism, with the conception that the individual has no rights which the State is bound to respect, that the many acts of communist *Schrecklichkeit* flow from obvious historic sources. Ivan the Terrible furnished more than one model for Stalin. Peter the Great fumbled at industrialization more than two centuries before the first Five-Year Plan was formulated. Nicholas I, head of a regimented police-state, might well be the patron saint of the OGPU.

What is surprising is not the hard-boiled terrorist character of the Soviet State, but the obstinate refusal of foreign liberals and radicals to recognize this character, even in the face of the most overwhelming evidence. It is disconcerting to see persons who profess the utmost love for civil liberty, prison reform, rights of unpopular minorities, and similar worthy principles, in America, simultaneously indulge in un-

qualified eulogies of the Soviet Union, the country of mass employment of forced labor, all-pervading censorship and espionage, administrative exile, and complete suppression of any ideas that deviate from Stalin's conception of orthodox communism. It is almost as if a vegetarian society should send a message of congratulation to a cannibal tribe, or as if a group of pacifists should nominate Mussolini for the Nobel Peace Prize.

The Biblical reference to straining at a gnat and swallowing a camel would seem to apply to the editors of magazines which devote pages to insignificant labor disputes in America, involving small numbers of persons, and print not a line of comment on the mass strike of Russia's peasants against collectivization, and the suppression of the strikers by mass starvation. It would also hold good for the individuals who are so indignant over Tom Mooney and the Scottsboro boys, and so indifferent to the incomparably more numerous violations of every principle of fair play for the accused in the Soviet Union. These upholders of a curious double standard of governmental morality, a very soft standard for the Soviet Union and a very hard standard for the rest of the world, have let themselves in for one of the most inflated Mississippi Bubbles of sentimental infatuation ever recorded.

THE BANK INSURANCE MYTH

BY U. V. WILCOX

ON JANUARY 1, 1934, there wheeled into action the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation, the heaviest siege gun adopted up to that date by the New Deal Storm Troopers. It was aimed at the money-changers in the Roosevelt temple of purity; and at its breech-end, lanyard in hand, stood a staff of the most noisy and magnificent generals of the More Abundant Life. What they proposed to do appeared gallant in the extreme. The first salvo was to notify the American wage-earner that henceforth and forever, his bank money was insured by the federal government against loss, spoilage, or sudden death; that his savings book was therefore safe and inviolate; that there would never again occur vast losses through mass-closure of banks; and that the financial future of the Republic was to be everlasting rosily. In other words, the bankers—those “creatures of entrenched greed”—were to be soundly shelled in their dugouts.

What issued from that frowning muzzle, however, was not a barrage of shrapnel and high explosive—but a dud. For, sad to relate, the theory of federal bank deposit guarantees has proved itself to be economically unsound and impossible of large-scale application. The promised guarantee is only partial, and is paid for in the main by banks which do not profit from its provisions. The whole scheme has substituted reliance on federal mechanisms for individual brains and corporate

responsibility; its only tangible substance is the hold it exercises on the management of banking. In brief, its development has resulted in a financial dictatorship which uses political tools and the mandatory voice of a *Führer* to harass bankers and embarrass depositors. The conclusion to be drawn is extremely obvious—the new rules and regulations are not guarantees of financial security; rather, they are being used as a means by which the Roosevelt bureaucracy hopes to seize absolute control of the banks as one further and important step toward the creation of the New Deal totalitarian state.

But why then, it is only valid to ask, has the citizenry so eagerly accepted this spurious theory of deposit insurance? Why have some bankers given lip service to the FDIC? Why have others failed to disclose the structural faults which lie beneath the outer coat of gaudy paint? The simplest answer is that Freud's wish-fulfillment principle is still operating. The bankers pine for public confidence; the depositors yearn for safety; and the New Dealers grab a grandiose chance to pose as benefactors of the poor and guardians of security while at the same time gaining collectivist control over yet another national sinew.

The somewhat startling fact that bank insurance has proved a dismal failure in a dozen states within the past 100 years, has quietly been hushed. The announcement that the ultimate guarantor of safety

is the federal Treasury, is considered sufficient to stifle all doubts. The public is mesmerized into believing that all banks are sound—or that federal fiat will quickly make them so. Ergo, the New Era of Planned Economy is here.

But let us examine the facts.

II

On March 4, 1933—the birthday of modern civilization—the country was gravely concerned over its closed banks, its restricted banks, and even those banks which remained open; and Dr. Roosevelt and his Tugwells were suddenly confronted with a magnificent opportunity for seizing control of all banking. Two courses were open to secure this *desideratum*: first, direct action—a decree of outright federal management; second, indirect action—legislation to bring about control through regulation. The New Deal, running true to form, chose the second as the more adroit expedient.

Now it must be remembered that all banking in this country is chartered banking. National banks obtain their charters from Washington; state banks from the state capitals. The charter is a grant of authority to perform a certain function; in return, the institution must provide certain services. The widespread crisis of 1933 presented the opportunity of extending these chartering powers. A charter of safety was offered to and, in effect, required of the banks. National, Federal Reserve, and state members were virtually ordered to subscribe; they had no choice. All were told that if they conformed to the standards set up under the law, they could stamp the federal insignia of insurance on their deposits.

It is not necessary to relate the complete history of the passage of the Federal De-

posit Insurance Act. Briefly, there was first offered a temporary plan and, later, a permanent one. Revisions followed, the result of hearings in the House and the Senate. A few bankers subscribed to the theory as a palliative measure. Many others opposed it. But the law was passed and is now on the statute books. It provides that insured banks (which include all but 1000 of the nation's total) shall advertise that the FDIC underwrites all accounts up to \$5000. A brass plate was designed by the New Deal Cellinis and its display made mandatory; it must be placed over every paying and receiving window; not to display it carries a cash penalty of \$100 a day. Hence at the present, there are approximately 14,200 banks bearing the glittering federal imprint of supposed safety.

It is asserted by high officials of the Corporation, in their speeches and their literature, that ninety-eight per cent of the accounts in these banks are fully insured. To the casual observer this figure is impressive—because it *seems* to imply that ninety-eight per cent of the money on deposit is insured. Such an implication is at sharp variance with the truth. For, actually, less than one half the total deposits display the holy imprimatur.

A little figuring revealed to the New Dealers that the majority of all bank accounts are below \$5000. This is because there are so many small accounts varying from one to one hundred dollars. They make up the huge total of ninety-eight per cent, yet they do not reveal the actual scope of the Deposit Insurance Corporation. Neither does the corporation disclose to the public the fact that banks have never been especially concerned over accounts of *less* than \$5000. On the contrary, it is the sudden demand for payment of accounts *above* that figure which the bank must be prepared to meet, no matter what

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economic circumstances prevail at the moment.

The deposit liabilities of the 14,200 banks total approximately \$41,500,000,000. This entire sum, however, is not insured, even though FDIC officials are forever declaring that ninety-eight per cent of all accounts are safe. As the maximum of federal liability to pay immediately is but \$5000, these banks contain only about \$18,000,000,000 of insured funds. Under the New Deal guarantee, this sum will be paid on demand — calamity, war, disease, or the sudden growth of hair on Jim Farley's head to the contrary notwithstanding.

But what of the remaining \$23,500,000,000, also on deposit? No federal fiat insures this, although it is part of the whole. Hence, in case of a bank failure, the ordinary liquidation procedure must be employed with payments made as the bank's assets are sold. This \$23,500,000,000 represents the deposits above \$5000 and comprises the bulk of money that meets America's payrolls, buys commodities, and provides capital through the purchase of securities. It is thus evident that the business of the country represented in bank deposits is not insured at all.

This \$23,500,000,000, however, is levied upon to pay for the federal charter of safety to the banks which carry the small accounts. The law specifies that all National and Reserve member banks and accepted state banks must pay one-twelfth of one per cent of their *total* deposits. But in actual operation, approximately 13,000 banks pay less than this premium, while 800 of the larger institutions pay more than one-fourth of one per cent. The 800, then, are taxed to provide the safety required for the small banks which cannot afford to pay and yet remain in existence. In the entire country, there are only about 200 banks which pay for their

own protection. Thus, we discover another extension of the New Deal's Utopian principle of penalizing the wealthy for the benefit of the masses. Big business, through heavy contributions, makes the fiat of safety plausible — but the federal government takes the credit.

At the time this is written, thirty-four insured banks have failed. With the exception of one institution, which closed as a result of alleged embezzlements, all are small banks. The bulk of their deposits are below the maximum insured line. The prompt repayment of these losses has provided a vast amount of ballyhoo as to the success of the insurance program. In the case of one Pennsylvania institution, with nearly \$5,000,000 in deposits (the only large failure), the liquidation process has been no more rapid than usual. After six months, a statement reveals \$254,000 in fully-insured accounts unpaid, and \$2,326,000 out of the \$5,000,000 paid. But the bank carried 168 accounts which totaled \$1,557,000. The sign in the window of the bank, placed there at the order of the Federal Corporation, is now providing no surcease to these 168 individuals and business corporations. They must await the red tape of the liquidators of the FDIC and share with the receivers the ultimate losses.

It can thus be seen that the program of deposit safety is not in actuality any such thing. It is not insurance at all. No one in Washington possesses any statistics, or has completed any studies, to obtain actuarial facts upon which to calculate bank deposit insurance. The premiums charged bear no relation to the degree of risk assumed or the value of the protection offered. There exists no information which makes it possible for the Federal Corporation to predict the interval of bank failures. This fact was admitted by one of its high

officers, Mortimer Fox, Jr., chief of the Division of Statistics and Research, and a nephew of Secretary of the Treasury Morgenthau. Speaking to a statistical group, he said:

The catastrophe hazard in the case of bank deposits is so great as practically to preclude the possibility of genuine insurance. . . . It is unreasonable to suppose that the experience of the past gives any indication of what the losses to depositors may be in the future.

And yet there is delivered to the nation an insurance corporation! As such, it assumes risks which are concentrated in a comparatively small number of large units without any actual compensate cost, since the premium charged is uniform. It takes no especial skill to appreciate that to insure all banks for the same price is as different from sound insurance procedure as insuring all buildings against fire loss at the same price, regardless of risk. How many fireproof buildings would be constructed if surety costs in non-fireproof buildings were the same?

Why then, it will be asked, is the FDIC attempting the impossible? Mr. Fox himself gives us the answer:

The equity of the United States Government, and the twelve Federal Reserve banks, in the Corporation, makes available to it the credit of the government without which deposit insurance would probably not be possible.

That frank admission ought to label, for once and for all, as outright quackery this fond New Deal scheme for a bank insurance which does not fully insure, does not distribute its risks according to any tested plan, requires payments from some banks to support others, and provides an unpredictable tax on every citizen of the United States in event of a nation-wide economic catastrophe.

III

As I have indicated, there is far more to this program of federal insurance than the popular belief that bank runs are ended forevermore. In the contract between bank and corporation — the charter of "guaranteed" safety extended by the FDIC — the careful reader will find considerable fine print. It is the type of contract that holds many a joker. When closely examined it reveals the collectivists' move to bring under control all banks and make them pay tribute to a politically-appointed board in Washington.

Who are these controllers of the insured banks of the nation? How are they appointed and what can they do under the guise of extending bank safety? The Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation functions through a three-man board of directors. These directors are appointed by the President of the United States. The Act does not require that bankers, statisticians, financiers, or actuaries be selected. It merely specifies that the jobholders be "citizens". What sort of citizen is left to party advisers and the President's happy-go-lucky nature. Reward for party effort and service can thus be repaid — and has been repaid.

This board of three is supreme. It can swiftly draft a grandiose scheme of socialization of banking processes, or it can accomplish the same end through manipulations over a long period. Its authority is absolute. It has ample opportunity to re-organize the banking directory, to shift and to mould, and to issue countless regulations. Can anyone believe that such a triumvirate will eschew politics? Will a politically-appointed board bite the hand that placed it in control? Will a leopard change its spots?

The FDIC board is empowered under

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law to delve into the affairs of any bank which has accepted its protection. According to its own legal department, the board has the right to consider "the financial history and condition of the banks, the adequacy of their capital structure, their future earning prospects, the general character of their management, the conveniences and needs of the communities served by the banks, and whether their corporate powers are consistent with the purposes of the Federal Deposit Insurance law". After determining "earning capacity", and "policy", and "history", and "character of management", and "needs of the community", and polishing the crystal to "estimate its future", the board is permitted a criticism of corporate powers, regardless of whether these have been vouchsafed through national or state banking supervisors. In addition, the law provides that these politically-appointed czars of banking can order mergers and eliminations. True, the bank may object to these orders, and its officers may complain, but they must do so to the same board which issued the decrees. There is no higher authority.

The collectivists assert that the board must be given these broad powers in order that the insurance fund may be protected. Yet on the other hand, the banks have no protection as to the size of the Corporation's payroll, which is supported out of their premiums. Neither do they share in the naming of the board or its staff. It may well be asked, then, if a merger or an elimination is proposed, can the stockholders or the depositors of the institution in question do anything about it? The answer is nothing at all—but wail. What are the prospects of proving that the board in Washington was actuated by any but the most exalted motives? None. The FDIC has the power to transfer

your account to some other bank whose officers are acceptable to the New Dealers. It then follows that your new overseers may not be kindly disposed to your business. In fact, it is entirely possible, and not illogical, that the forces in control may not like you, your morals, your religion, your family, or your reasoning on political questions of the day. If that is the case, it will be just too bad.

The law provides that the Corporation can issue binding regulations—which it is doing at present—stipulating what interest banks may pay and to whom. The banks also are being told what constitutes demand and other deposits, and who may have such deposits. The law even provides that an institution must advertise the safety slogans of the Corporation in certain ways and under certain conditions. According to L. E. Birdzell, general counsel, the Corporation's board has the "power to approve or disapprove of any consolidation or merger with a non-insured bank. Similarly, it is given authority to approve or disapprove proposals to reduce capital, or to establish or operate new branches, or to move a branch from one location to another. It may also require banks to secure reasonable insurance protection against burglary, defalcation, and other insurable losses". Hence, it is not illogical to envisage the insured bank of the future as similar to the individual unit of a chain grocery, distinguished from others only through the affability of its personnel or the adroitness of its clerks in swatting flies.

The banker who pays his premium can do very little about all this. His institution is examined and criticized by the Corporation's officials. The reports are analyzed and filed in Washington. The banker knows he can be held to account for any policy designated as "undesirable"—

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which can include financial support of a political party and its candidates. In other words, your banker must please Washington or lose his insured status. The power of the three master minds is the power of life and death, since the board, in denying insurance, in effect advertises that such institutions are unsafe. Leo T. Crowley, chairman of the board, has declared:

I can visualize the day when dismissal from the insurance fund will be tantamount to a bank's liquidation.

Said the esteemed Mr. Fox:

Congress has given the Corporation the authority, after due notice has been served upon the bank and upon supervisory authority, to expel from insurance benefits a recalcitrant institution. The threat of expulsion has been the most potent means at the disposal of the Corporation for enforcing its recommendations.

Hence it is patent why the 14,200 insured banks will hesitate before refusing to follow the recommendations from Washington. It is also plain why bank deposit insurance is advertised as a boon to all mankind.

The right to change the banking set-up in any city or town is defended as a valuable check against the establishment of too many banks, of unsound banks, of banks without prospects of permanence. But the danger lies in the basis upon which the board predicates its action, for no one can expect it to ignore political factors. Mergers and eliminations are even now being effected. An announcement from Washington in mid-January revealed that

three Michigan banks were merged into one. The State banking commissioner found it to his advantage to accept the presidency of the merged institution. In Pennsylvania, two banks were merged. And the chairman of the board has revealed to a Senate committee that a number of other consolidations are under study, which will result in consolidations or liquidations for more than 100 banks, and possibly more. In each case, the officers of the merged banks must be sanctified by Washington.

Now to believe that such powers and programs will ignore party patronage is to subscribe to the infallibility of the New Deal. The collectivists' ideal is control, and the end justifies the means. A half-dozen examples could be cited as indicative of the unwillingness of officialdom to withstand criticism, and the nation has witnessed the punishment of critics whenever they could be reached. Can it be held with any validity that bankers will escape while there exists machinery available to require obedience? The Banking Act of 1936 grants a greater measure of control over the mechanics of finance than has ever before been given to any American governmental body.

It Can't Happen Here? If this isn't fascism, Mussolini is an Athenian democrat. And every day in every way the Roosevelt dictatorship tightens its hold over the life and property of every citizen. Encouraged by the support of all crackpots and radicals, the New Deal collectivist state swells to ever greater power as the liberal-minded American looks on supinely.

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compulsory education as the assured guaranty of this desirable result, and as its effective power. Bracketed with this was the amiable and humanitarian theory that all men are created free and equal.

Deriving from these pious aspirations, as of necessity, came the plausible scheme of representative, parliamentary government, founded on universal suffrage, with, as its own original contribution and essential quality, the Reconstruction Era principle that the electoral franchise is not a privilege (as it was prior to that Witches' Sabbath of corruption, infamy, and disgrace) but an inalienable right, inherent in man as man, and of equal validity with the incontestable right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. Finally, and in a way, the most curious (but imperative) of all, the dogma that the majority was practically sure to be more nearly right on all possible subjects than any minority, and that, anyway, the decision of the majority, right or wrong, wise or otherwise, must implicitly be accepted and obeyed.

This is the bastard form of an originally sane and fine idea. It has had to be abolished as a public nuisance in most of the countries of Europe. It still lingers in the fullness of its futility in France, with a number of inopportune devices added for full measure, while, under sufferance, it precariously exists in the Iberian peninsula. In Great Britain and the admirable Scandinavian kingdoms it still manages fairly well, partly because these countries are monarchical in form, partly because some of the worst features of modern democracy have never found lodgment there, partly because the subjects of the several sovereigns have been blessed by God with an unusual amount of good sense. Here in the United States we had, to start with, a great and preservative Fundamental Law that worked well until it became pro-

sively vitiated by ill-considered Amendments, while some of the silliest features of the later parliamentary systems of the Continent were never taken over, though the suggestion has been made from time to time that we might well indulge in this wild adventure. It is true we have troubles enough of our own, but what remains intact of the Constitution of 1787 has saved us thus far from the particular disasters that have brought the European democratic-parliamentary house of cards to destruction and established in its place communistic, military, or political dictatorships.

There are none too many citizens of these despotisms who would have the old system back. Whether they like the new autocracies or not, and probably the majority are not any too well pleased with what they have, they have had enough of parliamentary democracy and are vociferous in their denunciation of this, which has now become a sort of second and equally distasteful *Ancien Régime*. And the pathos, even the tragedy of it all, is that they themselves, these denouncers of democracy, are the very ones (or their immediate forebears) who made the old democracy what it is today — or was yesterday. To quote G. K. Chesterton: "They will first take a natural thing, then daub it and disguise it and deface it with artificial things and then complain that it is an unnatural thing, and throw it away. At the beginning each alteration must be accepted as an improvement. By the end each improvement is used to show that the thing should be not so much altered as abolished." In the greater part of Europe the daubed, disguised, defaced thing has already been thrown away. The same may happen here unless alteration is put in process. The wisdom of this course leaps to the mind.

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The really vital and insistent question today is just such drastic alteration, in what it is to consist, and how it is to be accomplished. If we are to avoid that vain repetition of history which has been the way of the world since time out of mind (there are, admittedly, few historical precedents that would indicate such a possibility) and escape the Nemesis of their foolish ways that has at last caught up with the several states of Europe (not to mention the *ersatz* republics of South and Central America and China), these questions will have to be solved in short order. These are the vanishing volumes of the Sibylline Books. Only three are left, those earmarked for England, France, and America, and the price is steadily rising.

We have had no lack of warning during the last ten years. Indeed it is astonishing how many and how significant are the books that recently have appeared, all showing in varying words and from different points of view just where we are and how we got there. A century ago William Cobbett warned of what would happen if society kept on the way it had begun, and he did not nor could not have known the half of it; or the tenth. Others followed after him down to the time of Carlyle, Ruskin, and Morris, but the ethos of the nineteenth century was in full control, and no one for a moment believed a word of these discredited Cassandras. Now that all has happened that they predicted — and more — diagnosis has taken the place of prognosis. Spengler began it, I suppose, and following him have come Hilaire Belloc, G. K. Chesterton, R. H. Tawney, Ortega y Gasset, Nikolai Berdyaev, William Aylott Orton, W. G. Peck, Herbert Agar, Albert Jay Nock, Alexis Carrel, Christopher Dawson, and a score of others all following along the same line. And the two great Papal Encyclicals,

Rerum Novarum and *Quadragesima Anno*, have their part here as well.

So far as the diagnostical works are concerned, most of them might not unjustly be called defeatist. For them it is "Under which king, Bezonian, speak or die?" since for them there seem but the two alternatives, communism or dictatorship, once contemporary democracy is liquidated; a consummation they confidently and unanimously look on both as devoutly to be wished and as inescapable. For their convictions there is, it must be admitted, ample justification in conditions as they are and as they hurriedly progress, but to accept such disaster without at least a struggle, is, as I say, a defeatism that borders on Moslem fatalism. As Ortega y Gasset says, "A hurricane of farcicality, everywhere and in every form, is at present raging over the lands of Europe," and it may be the nations that have not as yet had to make the terrible choice, may ultimately join the general debacle, with the second Dark Ages that the great Spanish philosopher envisages following after. It is neither easy nor pleasant to anticipate the same fate for the United States. With the great model of our original Constitution before us, and with the mental ingenuity of our inventors and discoverers turned to more really creative concerns than have been their prepossession during the past fifty years, we surely ought, by taking thought, to find a third alternative to communism and dictatorship.

II

The Great War was fought, we were told, to make the world safe for democracy, but we are beginning now to realize that it was the wrong sort of democracy. It was a thing not worth the saving. It was only a hundred years old anyway, but it had lived

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long enough to reveal its fallaciousness. Behind it stood another democracy of very different temper and it would seem to be the part of wisdom, first of all to go back to that and see if it might not serve as a basis to build upon.

The use of the word *democracy* is a little ambiguous. If what we have is that, then what we had before was not. A dictionary definition means nothing. The People never have governed and by their nature they never will. From town meeting to Congress, government—legislative, executive, and judicial—is determined, directed, and administered by small oligarchies of statesmen, professional politicians, money barons, industrialists, spell-binders, shysters, and gangsters—to cover the field from one end to the other—and its quality depends on the combination of these varied elements and the preponderance of one or the other. The people have very little to do with it, especially along constructive lines. They do not vote for a policy or candidate but *against* a candidate or policy. When mob psychology is aroused, they have a certain veto power that is effective through its very mass, and this, like all veto power, whether of a chief executive or a court, is as often used unwisely as wisely.

This is very far from being democracy, either in theory or practice, and if there were nothing more to it than the right to vote, representative, parliamentary government, rotation in office, free, secular, public education and social egalitarianism, and no standards of value, culture, or conduct determined and imposed from superior sources either human or divine, then the word could not be used in the sense in which I propose to use it. As a matter of fact, this is all no more than a pseudo-democracy, a sort of changeling foisted on a naïve and unsuspecting public. Rightly

it has no claim to the title. Is there, then, or has there been, a true democracy? If so, what are its distinguishing marks?

In the first place there are certain things true democracy definitely is not. It is not universal suffrage, the parliamentary system of government, direct legislation or those pet panaceas of democratic corruption and inefficiency recommended to a very sick body politic in the time of Roosevelt the First, the initiative and referendum. The *forms* of the governmental machines are not implied by democratic ideology nor are they determined by its principles. There have been and are “democracies” that are tyrannical, oppressive, and destructive of legitimate human liberty; there have been and are “monarchies” that stand for and enforce the basic principles of the higher democracy.

Democracy is not the abolition of status, the elimination of grades or rank in the social organism, the establishing of one dead level of uniformity by pulling down from above and pushing up from below. Aristocracy and monarchy are not inconsistent with its ethos—but they must be of the right type. The contemporary aristocracy of wealth and the monarchies that followed the end of the Middle Ages and held pretty well down to the time of the Great War, are inconsistent with high democratic principle.

What is this “Higher Democracy” of which the current and dissolving type is little more than a caricature? As there has never been any authoritative and dogmatic revelation on this point, each individual must, I suppose, construct his own definition. What follows can only be the statement of a personal conviction, but I think it has some justification in history and in philosophy.

Democracy is that form of social organization which endeavors to assure to

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mankind Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit of Happiness.

This sounds axiomatic, indeed platitudinous, but it is worth repeating here simply because it has so completely been forgotten, that all democratic or pseudo-democratic communities have either completely lost, or are by way of losing, power on the part of the individual so to live his life as to make possible the achievement of these ends. In this respect the United States stands on a level with Italy, Germany, Mexico, and the U. S. S. R. As a matter of fact, our social, economic, and political estate is now, and has been for seventy years, the antithesis of a true democratic polity and state. Not only does it negate all the principles of the Higher Democracy, it has lost even the reality of its modern degenerate form. Let us see wherein some of these antitheses exist.

In a very suggestive book called *The Crisis of the Middle Classes*, Mr. Lewis Corey says, in estimating democracy, that "its form of expression and substantial reality was the liberty and equality of men owning their independent means of livelihood." This is pretty fundamental. What price money-capitalism, big business, mass production, and trustification? The anonymous author of *Our Lords and Masters* has put into very concise form what we already subconsciously knew but were laggard to realize—the actual nature, the cosmic sweep, the inclusive and dominating power of the controlling factors in current society. Exercising, as they do now, complete control of the life of the civilized portions of the planet, they made this first qualification of democracy impracticable. A century ago seventy per cent of the American people lived in accordance with this first principle; they were free, independent, self-supporting, self-respecting citizens, owning their own land, practicing

their own craft or trade; in a word, free-men. Today seventy per cent of the populace are proletarians, whether they wear white collars or blue overalls. They have no means of support except the sale of their mental and manual services in a market daily becoming more and more congested and now close to the saturation point. They are unfree men. This is not democracy of any sort.

A stable democratic society must be based upon a populace, sixty per cent of whom live on land which they own, or make their livelihoods from subsidiary craft and shop work, also individually or communally owned. Incidentally, such a social order offers the only visible cure for current unemployment. As William Green of the American Federation of Labor says, "While technological improvements in industry are steadily reducing the number of workers necessary to provide all the goods and services industry can market, the number of men and women who want work is steadily increasing." At one time it looked as though this very obvious solution of a critical social problem had suggested itself in Washington, but as soon as subsistence homesteads were tentatively put in process, the vested interests that so largely energize judicial opinion took alarm, and the Comptroller General found the scheme as unconstitutional as the Blue Eagle.

Very soon it will be necessary to decide whether we shall restore a truly democratic state of the original sort, or go on (there is no other alternative) to the corporative, totalitarian state or to that state socialism which is the negation of all democracy, whether original or derivative.

III

The original democratic idea has been transformed, distorted, and finally nega-

tived by the measures adopted to implement it. The process was dual and reciprocal. The *zeitgeist* has for a century or more been busily at work inculcating what is known (and widely observed) as "democratic doctrine". This had a determining influence on the progressive changes necessarily taking place in the fundamental law and in the instruments and mechanism of the governmental organization, while each new modification of technical and operative methods intensified and exaggerated the "spirit of the age", whose workings were mysterious but actual and possibly irresistible. An example of this is the progressive amendment of the American Constitution where every change made since the promulgation of the Bill of Rights has been in answer to this — again so-called — democratic impulse. The original Constitution was conservative, constructive, anti-revolutionary, and anti-democratic, in the sense later manifested in the French Revolution. Once this epic event had occurred, the repercussions were universally widespread, and almost unconsciously it affected the whole course of later political development.

In the beginning, *i.e.*, 1787, there was no clear conception of, or provision for, party government, partly because at that time political parties did not properly exist. Shortly thereafter they were in full swing, dividing the electorate on what became the standard bi-partisan, Conservative-Liberal lines. It was a foolish system, since it resulted in permanent warfare for office between the factions, a generally regular oscillation between two powers (except when war and the suppression of a conquered people and the party of their allegiance left the other party in power for a long period, incidentally with worse results than had followed the older system of rotation) which meant a com-

plete lack of continuity in policy, domestic and foreign, and an unwholesome state of feverishness and uncertainty in society. The *reductio ad absurdum* of this plan, which finds its parallel only in *Alice in Wonderland*, is the parliamentary system of the Continent, where there were no plausible political parties, not even of the ins and outs, as in recent years in America, but anywhere from six to twelve personal and feudal followings. The result in point of conspiracy, corruption, and impotence through the shuffling of blocs in order that a government might achieve a brief lease of life, was on a par with *Of Thee I Sing* and would have been equally farcical and amusing if it had not had such tragic consequences. The spectacle of once reputable countries such as France, writhing under three or four ministries in a year (Portugal was even more phrenetic), was one to make the high gods grin acridly, and philosophical evolutionists cry *peccavi!* This three-ringed circus of Continental parliamentary government was in itself enough to explain, if not to justify, the advent of Mussolini, Hitler, Pilsudski, and the daily dozen of other dictators from King Zog to Mustapha Kemal.

Now the parliamentary system based on political, partisan divisions is no essential part of sound democratic doctrine. It was a plausible device to implement a democratic doctrine that was rotting as it ripened. And it was a bad one. *Si quiere monumentum, circumspece.* Fascism, Bolshevism, Nazi-ism, have produced substitutes, but day by day and in every way it begins to look as though the last state would be worse than the first, though such a result rather staggers the imagination. If this Republic had ever taken over the Continental idea of governing ministries responsible to the legislative bodies, and

bound to fall on an adverse vote, *finis* would have been written long ago. Back to the parliamentary system, either Continental or American, we cannot go, for we now have seen what it means and why and what are its results. Onward (or backward or sideways, whatever it is) we cannot go to state socialism or the totalitarian state. The discovery of a saving alternative is the precise issue before us today.

Social equality, *i.e.*, a leveling of all human life and its component parts to the basic grade of those that are least distinguished in point of intelligence, character, and capacity for creative work, together with a similar leveling off of standards of value, is equally no part of sound democratic doctrine. Three things are essential: abolition of privilege; equality of opportunity; utilization of ability. What is the application of these principles to the Modern Age?

To quote from Dr. Carrel, who of late has added to his high position of scientist that of a constructive philosopher:

Another error, due to the confusion of the concepts of human being and individual, is democratic equality. This dogma is now breaking down under the blows of the experience of the nations. It is, therefore, unnecessary to insist on its falseness, but its success has been astonishingly long. How could humanity accept such faith for so many years? . . . Indeed human beings are equal, but individuals are not. The equality of their rights is an illusion. The feeble minded and the man of genius should not be equal before the law.* The stupid, the unintelligent, those who are depressed, incapable of invention, or effort, have no right to a higher education. It is absurd to give them the same electoral power as the fully developed individuals.

. . . The democratic principle has contributed to the collapse of civilization in

opposing the development of an élite. . . . The standardization of men by the democratic ideal has already determined the predominance of the weak. . . . The myth of equality, the love of the symbol, the contempt for the concrete fact are, in a large measure, guilty of the collapse of individuality. As it was impossible to raise the inferior types, the only means of producing democratic equality among men was to bring all to the lowest level.

The first law in the Book of Man is inequality. Individuals vary in intelligence, character, capacity for doing one thing or another, and well or ill, far more than they do in their physical characteristics. From the Australian blackfellow, the writer of popular songs, or the publisher of a tabloid newspaper, to Akhnaton, Leonardo da Vinci, or Pope Leo XIII is a space that almost needs to be measured in astronomical terms. Any society that does not recognize this and attempts to liquidate this disparity can last but a short time and is doomed to quick dissolution after a sad and unsavory record. As a matter of fact, none has seriously made the attempt. The destruction of an aristocracy of Praetorian Guards of blood and breeding, of knighthood nobility, of great land-holders, of scholars and artists and poets, simply means that its place is immediately taken by something worse: party politicians and their subsidizers, multimillionaires, great industrialists, or the manipulators of securities on the stock exchange, and international money lenders. Where status is eliminated, caste takes its place and democracy is no longer attainable. There is only one equality that democracy demands, and that is equality before the courts of law.

Abolition of privilege, equality of opportunity, utilization of ability, are thus the three foundations of the democratic state. "Privilege" in this sense means power

* I assume that Dr. Carrel means under *statutory* law, not before courts of law. The difference is radical.

bought by money, control of natural resources or the means of production, or any other monopoly that is gained by force of any kind, not by merit of any kind. The present degenerate democratic society is shot through and through with this sort of privilege, just as the social system is dominated by an aristocracy of money lenders, tycoons of big business, cinema stars, and the publishers of amoral (and immoral) newspapers.

Democracy demands equality of opportunity. This means that the definite (but limited) potential inherent in every man must be given opportunity to develop to the full. Here is where the fact of fundamental human inequality comes into play. Free, secular, compulsory public school education may be the best way to ascertain just what this potential may be, as between one and another (the point is debatable), but beyond the beginnings it is worse than useless.

From one-half to two-thirds of the students now pushed through high schools, preparatory schools, technical schools, and colleges are not gifted with a potential that can be developed beyond a certain fairly low point, say that of the junior high school. Tempting them further is unfair, even cruel, to them and to those who can do better. The schools today are yearly turning out thousands of graduates who have been spoiled for doing the sort of thing they were by nature fitted to do. Either they crowd out those of real ability, working for lower pay and doing their job indifferently well, or else they join the cohorts of the white-collar unemployed. This is the bankruptcy of the idea of equality of opportunity.

Utilization of ability is closely tied up with this. Democracy should mean that every man would find and hold that place where his inherent and developed capacity

can find its clearest field and where all that he is can best be used for the good of society, the community, and the larger synthesis of the race itself; incidentally, that he may participate, through self-expression and self-fulfillment, in that pursuit of happiness avowed by the Declaration of Independence as one of the rights of man. Under deformed and vitiated democracy, this desideratum becomes increasingly unattainable. The transvaluation of values and the progressive lowering of standards of value (not to say those of right and wrong) minimize these opportunities because the people (or those who control opportunity) are not interested.

Under our contemporary democratic government, employment, like kissing, goes by favor. The doctrine that to the victors belong the spoils, initiated by General Jackson, that veritable Nemesis of true democracy, still obtains in full force, in fact if not by avowal, and in spite of civil service reform and similar well-meant but ineffectual panaceas. Today professors and teachers fight for their scholastic lives against bigotry and political tyranny in high places; potential statesmen must become party politicians or must hire themselves out to money to get a hearing; Hollywood seduces the actor, the writer, the artist into selling his soul if he would gain recognition, fame, and a competence; the Hearstified press reduces to the lower depths the literary and moral standards of men who would follow the high profession of letters; the radio and broadcasting lay their heavy, deleterious hand on all forms of the creative instinct. Religion is becoming ballyhoo, and philosophy the pragmatic doctrine of whatever will work and whatever the People are willing to take. This is not democracy in any rational sense.

IV

The new democracy is cancelling the freedom that was to have been guaranteed us by the old. We may perhaps be able to recover some of this through the material means of new laws, revision of the implements of government, or other technical action. Whatever we might accomplish would in the end prove both hollow and ephemeral, unless it were energized by a corresponding reorientation of the individual parts of the community. Says Dr. Carrel:

The day has come to begin the work of our renovation. We will not establish a program. For a program would stifle living reality in rigid armor. It would prevent the bursting forth of the unpredictable, and imprison the future within the limits of our mind. We must arise and move on. We must liberate ourselves from blind technology and grasp the complexity and the wealth of our own nature. The sciences of life have shown to humanity its goal and placed at its disposal the means of reaching it. But we are still immersed in the world created by inert matter without any respect for the laws of our development. In a world that is not made for us, because it is born from an error of our reason and from the ignorance of our true self. . . . For the first time in the history of humanity, a crumbling civilization is capable of discerning the causes of its decay. . . . Our destiny is now in our own hands. On the new road we must now go forward.

From Berdyaev's latest book, *Freedom and the Spirit*, I will add this:

Self-determination is precisely that which proceeds from the inmost depths of the spirit when spiritual forces are at work, and not from some exterior natural impulse, nor from man's own nature. In a state of freedom, man is not determined from without under the compulsion of a nature alien to himself, but he is self-determined in the depths of his spiritual

life and out of his own spiritual energies; he finds himself in his own spiritual world.

As a result of the rushing and cumulative events that have driven him onward for the last three hundred years, man, searching avidly for freedom both of body and spirit, has lost the reality of both. Losing this he has paid too high a price for bodily comfort, money values, and technological triumphs. Without spiritual liberty he becomes enslaved to the plausible subterfuges of the low, but materially successful, grades of the mass-man, accepting his reversed standards of value and so in time becoming not only a participant in his degenerative actions, but unconscious even of his own enslavement.

My memory goes clearly back to that Presidential campaign when Tilden, the Democratic candidate, was counted out, and Hayes, who had lost the election, was made President by the Republican cabal. I think it safe to say that since that time public opinion, standards of value, and overt activities have scarcely ever reached a lower level than now. I offer as substantial evidence three of the many recent examples that force themselves on our attention. The Hauptmann case, Huey Long's Louisiana, and the Veterans' Bonus.

If these instances of public intelligence, mob-psychology, and mass action, with their other unnumbered panaceas, are indeed indicative, as they appear to be, of the downfall of the American Idea as this was envisaged by the Founders of the Republic, then are we justified in expecting any wide support for material changes in the social framework or that of the political organism? I answer yes, but only if our people can regain their spiritual liberty. If this is accomplished, anything is possible; if we fail of this, then we must take our place with the disintegrating states of Europe.

CONFessions OF A POETRY TEACHER

BY C. M. WEBSTER

If you ever start teaching English in an American college you'll find yourself directing one of those "survey courses" where the class goes from *Beowulf* to Wordsworth the first semester and from Wordsworth to Hardy the second. In American literature you'll teach even more efficiently, and progress from Michael Wigglesworth to Robert Frost in one semester. In this way you give your freshmen or sophomores their required amount of literary inspiration, and a hard job you'll find it to be.

The first year or two you are confident, even arrogant, and believe you are teaching supremely well. Probably you believe the Educator who told you: "Any class will respond gratifyingly to any poem if it is properly taught." But gradually you begin to realize that something is wrong; you are either using poor methods or your classes are unnaturally stupid. At this period in your mental development you do not suspect the worth of the poetry itself; that would be blasphemy, for you were taught the same gems in the same way when you were in college. So you begin to read articles about how poetry can be taught by projects, dramatizations, appeals, visualizations, graphic analyses, maps of the voyage of the Ancient Mariner, and postcards of the English Lake Country. Your mind aches trying to coordinate all the methods into one which will enable you to teach Spenser and keep the class awake. You also have in mind,

however, a snappy little paper describing your way of getting results which you can give before the National English Teachers' Association. Early in your career you were an Apostle; now you, too, are an Educator.

But after you have been teaching ten years, you begin to doubt students, educators, poetry, and even yourself. You know now that you are not teaching poetry as it should be taught; at least you are not getting results that satisfy you. Yet you remember days when the class stayed awake and seemed to understand and enjoy the poetry they read. Then you realize that you've never come across a plain, honest account of what kinds of poetry students respond to in a way that justifies your teaching them any poetry at all; that for ten years you've been studying theory and not human beings. So you look back over your years of teaching and try to see how the Average Class reacted to the poetry you gave it.

You are old enough now to know that students will lie most awfully about their literary loves, and you discount any enthusiasm shown for the message of Crashaw. Dull and brilliant individuals merge into the mass, and you know the normal reaction. The Average Class is composed of twenty boys and fifteen girls. Three are Hebraic; two are Italian; there is one Polish football player—the others are a composite of Irish, German, Scotch, Scandinavian, and English blood. Five boys and one girl have low I. Q.'s; one boy

and one girl have very high ratings. Eight of the boys are working their way through college, and two are miserably poor. Three girls are so pretty that a susceptible instructor must watch himself or he'll be giving them A's. About one-fourth of the class is from the country, and one-half from small towns or cities. One girl has been abroad, and eight boys and three girls have been more than five hundred miles from home. Eight students are Catholic; most of the others are evangelical in their church preferences. Only two intend to specialize in English. The class is a typical cross-section of American college life. You like the students in it; in the words of Artemus Ward, they are "amusin' little cusses", and one of their most interesting mental traits is their attitude toward poetry.

II

You begin the semester's work with a lecture on "How to Get the Most Out of Poetry." The head of the department demands it, and you keep on hoping it will do some good. It never does. Then you start the class on selections from *Beowulf*. They laugh when you speak the original Old English, and the "majestic descriptions" leave them cold. The students read the poem carefully, and some have an intelligent grasp of its historical significance, but they show no emotional or intellectual responses, although at least one boy will argue that it's all a lie about *Beowulf's* swimming so far. This is a type of reaction you will encounter often.

You will waste your time if you do not skip from *Beowulf* to Chaucer. A few medievalists assure you that *Sir Gawain and the Green Knight* and even *Piers Plowman* and gems from Gower can be made thrilling; but you remember the year you

tried to do it and wasted a week. The *Prologue* to *The Canterbury Tales* interests the class, but you must work carefully over every line. The Head will probably insist that you drill the class in reading Chaucer aloud in the original pronunciation. You waste two days on this before you begin to understand why all English teachers are a little mad. The second year you limit your phonetic experiments to reciting in a nasal tone: "Whanne that April with his shoures sote", and hope the Head won't hear of your treason. Such a tale as *The Pardoners* is also appreciated in direct proportion to the time and intelligence spent in teaching it. If you are wise you hint that some *Tales* are not for the pure-minded but are in the library. A surprising number of the students will thereupon go in for Outside Readings. . . .

The old ballads are interesting, and so are a few of the pre-Shakespearean lyrics, with *Back and Side Go Bare* the favorite; and the songs from the Elizabethan plays go over big. The class apparently loves music, but it doesn't appreciate the flowery love songs, and such a lyric as Southwell's *The Burning Babe* leaves it bewildered. And then, just as you fancy yourself as a teacher, you strike Donne, Crashaw, Vaughan, and Herbert, and you spend a week trying to keep the students awake. With a sigh of relief you turn to Herrick, who is considered effeminate but whose music always pleases.

Your teaching schedule gives you one day for "Lyric Poetry from Spenser to Milton", but experience has told you that a lot can be done in that one hour if you choose a few of Shakespeare's songs; one sonnet, perhaps the fifty-fifth; *Corinna's Going a-Maying*; and *To Celia*. Conclude with the Fool's song at the end of *Twelfth Night*, and if you can read it aloud halfway decently the class will never forget the

days of Elizabeth. This one hour pleases you and the class a damn sight more than the week you gave to the metaphysical poets.

Of course you spent a week on Spenser, but you like to forget it, along with the one you're going to waste on another equally great "master of verse". The average student is bored by all of Spenser and all of Milton except a few short descriptions and one or two speeches in Book Two of *Paradise Lost*, and you have to expound them in the light of modern political speeches. Although it is rather fun to fit Belial and Mammon to present-day statesmen, you know very well that you'd much better be discussing politics *via* Dryden. It took you ten years to forget your old shame at any neglect of Spenser and the blind poet, but now you steal every moment you can from the hours assigned them.

Dryden's satirical portraits and Pope's attack on Addison interest the students, but their other works are dull teaching. Gray's *Elegy* is a traditionally accepted poem; the class expects it and is dully acquiescent and admiring. Collins and Cowper are just poets, and so too is Blake, whose strange interest in tigers is dismissed with a shrug. (Remember that the average of the class's response is being given.) The violent partisanship of Mr. Bernstein for Blake is offset by the indifference of Fullback Doe to anything but *The Miller's Tale*.

Just as the semester closes and you are despairing of ever getting across the message of poetry and becoming more cynical than ever, the class comes to Robert Burns and wakes up and reads poetry. Every year this miracle happens, and it is ever fresh and welcome. If the Educators some day compile one of those scientific anthologies and leave Robbie out, there will be a lot

of new faces in the English departments of every college. You can stand just so much without some sort of relief. Jew and Gentile, Methodist and Catholic, debutante and hill-billy, they all react in some way to everything you can give them of Burns' poetry. At least a dozen follow your suggestion (although you have made it about every poet) and go over to the library and read more of him. Of course some good souls wince at Holy Willie, but they are thrilled by the more conventional poems. In your delight at any response you can forgive the inevitable choice of *The Cotter's Saturday Night* as the best poem.

When you were younger you regretted and fought against this adoration of Burns; but now, as a plain, humble teacher, you cut down on the time assigned to lesser men such as Spenser, Donne, and Milton so you can have an extra hour for a man the class will read and like.

III

The second semester opens with a futile struggle to define romanticism, but then comes Wordsworth, and the class surprises you by rejecting the *Lucy Poems*, *Michael*, *The Ode to Duty*, and *The Prelude*, and liking the sonnets. And it actually responds to parts of *Tintern Abbey* and *Intimations of Immortality*. Probably the most perfect silence a class can give you will come after a good reading of that passage beginning: "and I have felt a presence", or the other: "Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting."

The class thinks Coleridge's *Odes* are hopeless, and it has had the *Mariner*, *Kubla*, and *Cristabel* in high school, so he is taken as assigned and enjoyed mildly for the old familiar poems. No one works up any enthusiasm about his dejection or what

he thought of France, although the inevitable mention that he "took drugs" helps convince the class that all poets except Shakespeare and Burns are strange creatures indeed.

Byron thrills the class far more than Shelley does, but certain parts of *Adonais*, e.g., from stanza 38: "Nor let us weep that our delight is fled" to stanza 43: "He is a portion of the loveliness —" hold them as well as anything in English literature. But *The Cloud*, *To a Skylark*, and the *Hymn to Intellectual Beauty* fall on deaf ears; the class prefers *The Destruction of Sennacherib* and *The Prisoner of Chillon*. Keats is liked for his *Lines on the Mermaid Tavern*, but *Hyperion*, *Endymion*, *Lamia*, and any ode or sonnet are ranked with that funny poem about beautiful intellectuals.

Then the great Alfred Lord Tennyson. Without any trouble the class picks out as its favorites the lushest and most resplendent poems. It is easy, however, to make it appreciate the two *Northern Farmer* poems, *The Lotus-Eaters*, and *Ulysses*, and see that *The Revenge* is better than *The Charge of the Light Brigade*. Of course *In Memoriam* and the other philosophical poems are rejected utterly.

Browning is a hard poet to teach, but you can get results if you try hard enough. As in the case of Chaucer, results follow intelligent and careful reading of a few poems with the class. If you tell them what to look for, the students will respond to *Andrea del Sarto*, *My Last Duchess*, *Soliloquy of the Spanish Cloister*, and one good speech from *The Ring and the Book*; in other words, the best of Browning's character analyses. *The Statue and the Bust* stirs up some comment, but the religious, sentimental, and musical poems are best left alone; you need all your time for the ones you can teach. Then you try

a little of Arnold and fail to get much response, and you are through with English poetry for the year.

But while you are teaching the second semester of English literature you are also running through American prose and poetry. After a day on Trumbull, Dwight, Barlow, and Freneau — none of whom interests the class — you start Bryant. *Thanatosis* and *To A Waterfowl* are familiar, so you try to work up some enthusiasm for *A Forest Hymn* and *Inscription for the Entrance to a Wood*, but it's a hopeless task. Nature isn't grand. Remember that while the class is having Bryant it is also studying Wordsworth, and it is capable of comparing the two and deciding that the First of the Bearded American Poets is a third-rater.

Poe comes next and the class rejoices. Of all American poets he is the one who is at once accepted as an authentic genius. Students will read him without being told to, and they will even go to the library and take out a biography of him. Emerson bores them, and those poets grouped as Minor Transcendentalists are anathema. Of course you can stir up an argument about some of their ideas if you try hard enough, but the class's real enjoyment of poetry is another matter.

Longfellow has a reputation you cannot hope to ruin, but the class doubts whether the *Psalm of Life* and a few other poems are really college material; therefore it accepts *The Birds of Killingworth* and *Sandalphon* as more sophisticated. The sonnets are not half as popular as *Victor Galbraith*, and *Giotto's Tower* less moving than *The Warden of the Cinque Ports*. And yet these same students were awed by the best of Wordsworth. Why are they so wise one day and childish the next? Probably because they have been taught Longfellow ever since they were young.

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Lowell's poems are accepted as part of a tradition, but you rejoice when the class sees no humor in the *Bigelow Papers* and brands the famous Harvard *Ode* as old and dry stuff. It laughs at Holmes' light verse and likes *The Chambered Nautilus* as it likes Edgar Guest. A few of Whittier's ballads get response, but for some reason the class thinks of him as a minor poet.

Then the battle of the semester occurs over Whitman. If you are strong in the faith you try to teach more than *When Lilacs*—and *O Captain! My Captain!*, and you have at least two students who seem to understand *Song of Myself* and *Pioneers!* *O Pioneers!* This is the class average over the years: two out of thirty-five have adored Whitman; the others think him no poet. Of course there is likely to be some strange fanatic about almost any poet, but he or she occurs so seldom that the class's average reaction is not disturbed. Whitman, however, splits it up into a bored majority and a very articulate Left-wing minority.

Lanier is a neglected poet who stirs the students in a way that makes you wonder if he has not been neglected by the critics. But the class is disappointed in Emily Dickinson and Stephen Crane. Carmen and Hovey are romantically thrilling and Miller less so, while Moody arouses more comment than you might expect. Of course *The Man With the Hoe* is another landmark that must be respected.

The last two weeks of the semester are devoted to Robinson, Frost, Amy Lowell, Edgar Lee Masters, Lindsay, and Sandburg—an hour to each. Lindsay catches the students' fancy; they snicker at *Spoon River*; are bewildered by Amy Lowell; see little in Sandburg; and like the narrative quality of Robinson and Frost, but do not think of their poems as legitimate examples of the art of Tennyson, Burns, and Poe.

IV

At the end of the year you have earned your money by teaching the class "the masterpieces of English and American poetry". You have worked hard; pounded your notes into compact form; learned to read the poems fairly well aloud, and studied the recent Lives and books of interpretation. The anthology has sensible and accurate notes. On the whole you have been objective and conscientious in your presentation of the poetry in such a way that the students can form a just estimate of it; yet you feel that you have failed in your task, and it troubles you.

The problem worries you all summer, and you can't seem to find any logic in the whole situation. Then one day the second bottle of ale soothes and mellows you, and you realize the simple truth—that students react best to the most obvious and trivial and to the most superb poetry. They liked the *Lady of Shallot* and *The Chambered Nautilus*, but the great lyric outbursts, the best character sketches, the wittiest verse, the hardest hitting satire—these also meant a lot to the class. You didn't need to turn clown and actor in order to put them over—you simply read and interpreted them.

You have found the truth—the starkly simple fact that only a little of the very best poetry can be taught the Average Class in a way that will interest it and at the same time satisfy your own intellectual integrity. You know now that no amount of teaching will produce anything but hypocritical acceptance of the poetry which the aesthetes, the scholars, and the educators insist is necessary. You open another bottle and drink to the damnation of anyone who makes you teach your class *Rabbi Ben Ezra* when what it really wants is *The Jolly Beggars*.

CANADA WON'T GO YANKEE

BY STEPHEN LEACOCK

EVERY now and then—and again quite recently—English newspapers break out into a discussion of what is called the “Americanization of Canada”. The basis of the discussion is always a sort of underlying fear that Canada is getting a little too close to the United States. It is the same sort of apprehension as is felt on a respectable farm when the daughter of the family is going out too much with the hired man. The idea is that you can't tell what may happen.

In the case of Canada, the danger symptoms of what may happen are supposed to be that Canada is “flooded” with American newspapers and magazines; that Canada is “deluged” with American broadcasts, “saturated” with American tourists, and “permeated” with American ideas; that American tourists cross the border in an unending stream, and Canadian tourists go back with them like a receding tide; that conventions and reunions assemble indifferently on either side of the line; that education is almost indistinguishable as carried on at Harvard or at Toronto. All these things, and a hundred more, are produced as a terrible warning of what may follow next—the handwriting on the wall that signifies that our Belshazzar's Feast of Friendship is nearly at an end. In other words, a relationship which should stand as a bright and conspicuous example for less fortunate nations, as an ideal and hope for distracted Eu-

rope, is turned against us as a mark of under-patriotism and lack of national spirit.

To my mind, the situation is exactly the other way. If Canada is being Americanized, then what England needs is to be Frenchified, and what France needs is to be Anglicized—and both of them to be Germanized. If then one might take the resulting amalgamation and Italianize it a little, and even give it a touch of Czechoslovak shellac rubbed on with a piece of old Russian Soviet, the world would be on the way to peace on earth. That is to say, the best hope for the European countries is to get into the kind of mutual relationship now fortunately held between the United States and Canada.

That this relationship is likely to end in, or even move towards, a political union, is just a forgotten dream. For those of us who best know this North American continent, on both sides of the line, know also that there is not on the present horizon, nor in the furthest vision possible, any prospect of a political amalgamation of the two countries. Long ago, of course, things were different. When the Loyalists from the United States came to British North America in 1784-1790, the French Canadians were only a handful (about 75,000 in 1784). It was naturally the pious expectation that they would follow the path of other little handfuls—fade out, or go away, or talk English, or something. Hence the future union of English-speak-

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ing North America was a natural idea. Even in the War of 1812 some of the settlers of Upper Canada were only half-minded about the British flag. And naturally the idea of annexation grew during the free-trade period of the great peace. It looked like part of Cobden's universal brotherhood. Many British statesmen, so called, thought of the dissolution of the Empire as its manifest destiny. The relative poverty and stagnation of Canada in the days of Lord Durham and Lord Elgin contrasted with the on-rush of civilization in the United States — the hip-hurrah of the roaring 'Forties with canals building, cities rising, forests falling, banks breaking — a vociferous age, shouting with conscious potentiality. No wonder that many merchants of Montreal signed a petition for annexation in 1849, or that many farmers of Upper Canada — of Massachusetts and of Virginia stock — would have taken annexation gladly if it came with peace and honor. The Maritime Provinces, too, were close to the United States in those days, both in thought and in intent. They sold their fish in Boston and bought their education at Harvard, though they kept their souls in Scotland.

But history has left all that behind. The French refused to disappear. Confederation opened for Canada a new horizon — leadership in a Canadian Commonwealth in place of absorption in an American. The curtain that had concealed the vast resources of the Canadian Northwest was drawn aside. There rose the vision of a Commonwealth as wide as a continent. The Red River settlement appeared as the keystone of an arch. The whistle of the locomotive in the Rockies — heard first in a wild flight of rhetoric by Joseph Howe — echoed in the mountain passes. Beyond that was a vision of the Pacific, and of the sunset over Japan. People with all that before

them do not amalgamate with anything. Confederation opened new ambitions, and Canada — in the old sense of the word — planned to take a lead, not to follow. It began to fill the West with the Ontario emigrants of the Manitoba boom. It reached out to pluck the Maritimes from the commercial embrace of the United States. It saw a new idea in the Union Jack; not subservience to England, but single sovereignty across a continent.

With all that, the prospect, even the idea, of annexation drifted away. It was an actual possibility in 1850. In 1891 when Sir John Macdonald said he would die a British subject, and did, it was still a factor, convulsing the country in a Reciprocity election. In the next Reciprocity election, 1911, it was still at least a ghost, which those of us in politics against Reciprocity made to walk for all it was worth. But in retrospect it is doubtful how much of that was reality, and how much just political humbug — that genial side of politics which gives it, ever since the Pickwickian days of the Eatanswill election, its great attraction. But now it is not even a ghost — or only of the dignified ancestral kind which gives honor to an old mansion. Anyone starting an annexation discussion in connection with the present reciprocity deal will merely start a laugh.

II

Now I do not mean by anything I have said that the people of Canada are less friendly to the United States than they were in 1891. They are probably far more so. In 1891 there were still outstanding recollections of evil times, still smoldering ashes of bygone quarrels. There are none now. But each country in its own way has firmly embraced its political ideal and means to keep it. It is inconceivable that

the United States should cease to be a republic: its worst detractors only picture it as a republican dictatorship. Equally out of the question is it that Canada would abandon its monarchical government. We don't want to blow about it or make other nations feel mean or small, but we look on the peculiar development of British monarchy as one of the happiest and most beneficent factors in the history of mankind. For ourselves, without it we'd be not one Empire but at least seven.

But just because the political destinies of America and Canada lie apart — till they join perhaps in a world union — so our social and cultural relations can be all the closer. This follows as a matter of geography and history. We buy and read a flood of American newspapers, because to us an American newspaper is today's, and an English paper belongs to the week before last. Our cities lie side by side. We read the news over one another's shoulders. English news, in this rapid world, is too old. What is the use of reading that Mr. Anthony Eden may become Foreign Secretary when we know he's Foreign Secretary already, or has been for ever so long — for ten days — as far back as anyone can remember politics? Why read about the proposals of the Prime Minister of France when there have been two more Prime Ministers since the paper went to press? In other words, English newspapers are history: American papers from straight across the line are news.

More than that, a lot of our news is common property. We share the weather. If the barometer falls to a new low in Montana, we have to watch out. If a farmer is reported frozen in Kansas, we may lose a couple up near Sudbury. If the Ohio floods the lower section of Cincinnati, it is likely that the Grand River will flood the lower section of Galt, On-

tario. We *have* to watch the American papers or we might get drowned in our sleep.

Even apart from the weather, a good deal of the American news is as much ours as yours. Take the criminal news, which is the chief part of any civilized journal. Our crooks go back and forth across the border: we even designate them "international crooks" and "international gunmen". We hear that one of them is coming across to kidnap us and we shudder. We catch him, and the Americans applaud. We hang him and there's excellent feeling all round, because your law doesn't permit the hanging of conspicuous characters.

Back and forward with the gangs of crooks go flocks of students to play hockey against Harvard or Dartmouth. Often you can't tell them apart, except that the crooks are quieter than the students. A little later hordes of Canadians go to spend Easter in New York, and in return we get a rough-looking lot of apparent criminals with firearms and knives in their belts, who are rich Americans going to fish in the Gatineau. Why don't the English fish in Germany and the French play hockey in Berlin?

And even more than all that — for those are things on the surface — our language and our culture run close together. Let us make no pretense to talk the best English, because everyone knows that that is spoken only by the Scotch — or even to talk good English. But at any rate we can talk the same kind of bad English. The Maritime Provinces people speak just as incorrectly as the people in New England. Ontario people mispronounce English just as they do in New York State. A lot of our local manners and customs in Ontario came with the Loyalists from the American provinces and are with us still

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— our school system, our land survey, our local government, our Thanksgiving Day, our old York Shilling, our New Year calls, our paring bees and logging bees and spelling bees. Why fret and fume against a past that we have in common? . . .

The truth is that what we have in Canada and the United States is what all the world must get or perish. It is universal peace or nothing. Machinery prohibits war. Out of war, courage is vanishing as its supreme asset; personal size and physical power went long ago; soon there will be nothing left but machine equipment. Have it, and you win. Lack it, and you lose. For proof, look at any of the current pictures of the effects of Italian gas. I would like to inscribe a monument with the picture of one of those torn bodies on the burnt heath of Ethiopia, *The Death of Courage*. It is not a triumph of civilization over savagery. It is a triumph of machinery over both. Our turn is next.

The union of the world can never be brought about by treaties, sanctions, and the *ultima ratio* of war. All that, in the words of Tacitus, can make a desert but not peace. World solidarity can only come through unity of ideas, of interest, of understanding. Most powerful of all is language, if we could but have it. The greatest bond of union today is the English language, as far as it spreads, whether pronounced as the King pronounces it or as I pronounce it. Without the fortunate unity of language our North American continent could easily be not one but a dozen states: a Spanish west, a German center, a Scandinavian north. This unity was achieved by the happy policy of not trying to achieve it, nor to prevent it. Nature did it. Mankind, said Aristotle, is a political animal. (He meant a "get-together" animal, but his command of language couldn't reach it.) Leave man-

kind to its own impulses and peoples will come together in all sorts of economic and social ways. The Rotary Club is the expression of an age-long desire. There must have been Rotary Clubs in Egypt under Rameses, and Ladies' Nights among the Pygmies of Herodotus. Men would rather associate than stay apart, rather be good than bad. That is why we are here.

In past history, association and union did not go very far. They were blocked by all kinds of hindrances—physical, geographical, personal, spiteful. But they didn't need to go far. Distance did the rest. Men out of arm's reach could not hurt one another. A little nation in a valley sat snug: a people on an island lived in peace; a castle gathered in its brood like chickens.

All this is gone. An island is nothing. A valley is a grave—as in Ethiopia. Men must unite or die: and for their union a written compact is nothing but a rope of sand. The only hope lies in what would be academically called "the inter-permeation of culture". In other words, nations have got to know one another.

Now the Canadians and the Americans know one another. That places the Canadians as a sort of half-way element between the Americans and the British people—creates as it were the nucleus of a world union: not in the sense of an alliance to challenge and menace the world, but as a first area of solidarity from which it may spread abroad. If we could only send over to Europe a few of our students to play hockey, or some of our international crooks, the union might start and spread at any time.

We Canadians have the lesser part. Of those concerned, we are the least important. But in the great arch of British-American solidarity we are the keystone. Don't shake us out.

TURGENEV, THE BEAUTIFUL GENIUS

BY FORD MADDOX FORD

HENRY JAMES once said to me: "Ah, he was the real . . . but a thousand times the only—the only real, beautiful genius!" He added: "One qualifies it with 'Russian' for immediateness of identification by the unknowing. But for you, for me, for us . . . for all of us who are ever so little in as you might say the know, of literary values, he must be always just that, *tout court* . . . the beautiful, beautiful genius."

He was talking of Ivan Sergeyevich Turgenev.

For me, my life is glorified as by nothing else by being able to state that I once offered that white-haired, white-bearded, and surely beautiful colossus . . . a chair. He was immense of stature in spite of the fact that his legs—though I don't remember the fact—are said to have been disproportionately short. But that gave him the aspect, when he was seated—because his trunk was naturally proportionately-disproportionately long—of something awesomely fabulous in bulk. I only remember once else in my life being similarly awed by a sense of incredible size in a created being—and that was when, in Paris, a young prize fighter offered me as a present an Irish wolfhound that measured exactly twelve feet from muzzle to tip of tail. . . .

When one is suddenly introduced to such immensenesses one—or at least I do—gulps in one's breath in awe, and for the moment believes that one is being vis-

ited by some supernatural manifestation. Thus when I saw that wolfhound I felt some touch of the fear of the death that visits one when one sees gods . . . as if, in the gray beast, with outlines rendered dim by its length of gray hair in a rather dim Paris *salon* that it seemed completely to fill from side to side, I were confronted with a dog specially built for the needs of the Irish gods of a day when that was a land solely of kings and heroes.

But it was no doubt symptomatic that, in spite of the fact that, short though his legs may have been, I can't have reached much above his knees, I did not feel any awe at all in the presence of the beautiful genius. I had certainly the feeling that he must have come from among the *roosalki* and strange apparitions that swung from tree to tree or loomed in the deep shadows of Russian forests and could only be dismissed by making the sign of the cross in the elaborate Russian fashion. But I was conscious simply of a singular, compassionate smile that still seems to me to look up out of the pages of his books when—as I constantly do, and always with a sense of amazement—I re-read them. I felt instinctively that I was in the presence of a being that could not but compassionately regard anything that was very young, small, and helpless. The year was 1881; he, sixty-three.

And I certainly can't have been awed, for I brought out in a high, squeaky voice and with complete composure, the words:

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"Won't you and your friend be seated, Mr. Ralston?"

Mr. Ralston, Turgenev's first translator, almost the only English friend of any intellectual closeness that he had and the only foreigner who ever visited him at Spasskoye, was another man exactly as tall and as white-headed and bearded as Turgenev himself. But, though he was an intimate friend of my family's—in which capacity he had brought Turgenev to call—and though, for night after night he had told me the fairy tales of Krylov—which is how I came to know of the *roosalki* with the green hair who swing from tree to tree—Mr. Ralston himself comes back to me as being the merest pale shadow beside the shining figure of the author of *A Sportsman's Sketches*. It was perhaps a merely physical fact. Mr. Ralston's hair, white as it was, had a bluish quality in the shadows whereas Turgenev's had that tawnyish glow that you see in the foam of tidal estuaries. Or it may have been because the shadow of Mr. Ralston's approaching suicide—for one of the most preposterous reasons of misery and shyness, after a fantastic *cause célèbre*, that I have ever heard of—was already upon him.

At any rate, there I was all alone in my grandfather's studio in the great house once inhabited by Thackeray's Colonel Newcome—who I daresay might physically have resembled either Mr. Ralston or Turgenev. And I come back to myself as being a very small boy in a blue pinafore, with long pale golden curls—as befitted a pre-Raphaelite infant—standing on tiptoe to look in at the newly-hatched doves in my grandmother's dove-cage. It had, as it were, a private apartment for the children. And suddenly I was aware of being walled-in and towered over by those two giants—who looked down on the

pink panting morsels in the cage-box . . . with even more curiosity and enthusiasm than I myself was showing.

So I asked them to be seated.

I don't pretend that Turgenev discussed literary technique or the nature of things with me, sitting on his knee. . . . The only thing that comes back to me is that he talked about the doves and then about grouse and that I called him to myself a birdman.

Indeed it does not really come back to me that I even asked him to be seated. I know it because he told my mother and my mother frequently afterwards told me, imitating Turgenev's imitation of my squeaky voice. For my mother—who along with her sister and Mrs. Stillman was one of the belles of the then pre-Raphaelite day—he fell with the heaviness with which, till his dying day he fell, for any charming young woman in or near her early thirties. He was then, as I have said, sixty-three, and my mother not quite thirty. . . . I remember her later, standing in the space between the front and back studios that were lit with branch candlesticks against a Spanish leather gilt wall covering, with her back against the upright of the door, extremely blonde, talking with animation to Liszt, Bret Harte . . . and the author of *A House of Gentlefolk*. . . . And I remember her, too, with her eyes red with tears as she read and re-read that book of the beautiful genius. . . . She knew it as *Lisa*, in poor Ralston's translation.

So that, from my earliest age, I was aware that that book was the most beautiful book ever written, and I was, as it were, transfused with a sort of rapturous admiration for that Master that has never left me. So that today, after fifty years, his image is as much as ever a thing of light to me—as it were of the light of candles

in branched silver sticks shining against a golden surface that had embossed on it grapes and vine leaves with their twisted tendrils. . . . And I am sure that if I ever—and how many others!—committed myself to little, good, and kindly actions or courses of life, it was because in my youth I fell under the influence of that beautiful and lambent spirit. . . . His work had that effect on the world. . . . Do not forget that one single book of his brought about in three days a revolution such as cost the United States years of fighting and an infinite outpouring of gold and the lives of poor men . . . and such as only yesterday—and still today—is a pretext for international convulsions that for years to come will endanger our whole civilization. One single book!

II

For me, when I read in that book, *The Singers*, or *Tchertop-Hanop and Nedopyushkin*, or that most beautiful of all pieces of writing, *Byelshin Prairie*,* I am conscious, as I have said, always of Turgenev's face looking up out of the pages—but also of a singular odor, sharp and rather pinching to the nostrils. It is that of smelling salts. The phenomenon had always puzzled me until only the other day the explanation came to me when reading one of the innumerable, not too sympathetic, Russian biographies of Turgenev. I was conscious, that is to say, when I had sat on the knee of my Birdman and he

had told me something about the grouse that he had come to England to shoot, that he had seemed to have about him that particular odor. I had always thought that that had been an illusion of my olfactory nerves. It seemed incredible that so male a giant should carry about with him a specific so feminine. Or I would put it down to the fact that so inveterate a sportsman, who at an advanced age came all the way to England to shoot grouse, must have been wearing Harris tweeds which are impregnated with the queer musty odor of the peat-reek of the cottages in which the fabric is woven. . . . But yesterday I had my explanation. It would appear that Madame Pauline Viardot had, in the first place, prohibited for him the use of cigars to which he was much attached . . . and then that of snuff-taking which he had adopted as a substitute. So to titillate his poor nose he had taken to sniffling smelling-salts. . . . And it was typical of him that, unlike me or you or the milkman, even when the rolling seas divided him from that sister of the divine Malibran, he did not indulge surreptitiously in tobacco, but carried about with him his smelling bottle and, when the longing for nicotine came over him, took, rather sadly, a long whiff. . . . Perhaps, even, the singular aroma may have served to keep off from him the attentions of the predatory charmers to whom his susceptible heart fell always so easily a victim.

It is not wonderful that he should have made so profound an impression on that child of eight. Indeed, of all the numbers of celebrated and great men that it was my rather mournful privilege at that date to see, it is he who most vividly comes back to me. . . . As a painter of French birth and tradition, as the so-called Grandfather of the English pre-Raphaelites, as the father-in-law of the redoubtable cham-

* May I pay my tribute to Mrs. Constance Garnett's matchless translation of the works of the Beautiful Genius. The true Russians say that Turgenev wrote very badly in Russian. He may have, but in Mrs. Garnett's achievement you have a monument in the sort of beautiful writing that deserves, if anything can, to outlast Time. For it, I at least shall never have sufficiently expressed my gratitude, for without it I could hardly have known Turgenev.

pion of the Music of the then Future, and as being reputed to be one of the best *raconteurs* in London, my grandfather let his studio become on Thursdays a *salon* to which it was almost obligatory for any distinguished foreign celebrity to come during his visits to that metropolis in the 'Seventies and 'Eighties. So that the program of my childish contacts has the aspect of something fabulous in the way of tuft-hunting. . . . Why, I remember . . .

But that perhaps can wait indefinitely . . . for the point is that nearly all those other figures are dim enough . . . the pre-Raphaelite poets and painters, and Wagner and the *Zukunfts-musikers*, and the French critics, and the German and American illustrious. Only Turgenev stands before me at this minute with a vividness that obscures the objects before my eyes . . . Turgenev, and perhaps Liszt. But the note of Liszt was not of quite the same naïve luster. He had a greater self-consciousness and that gave him in my eyes a touch of what I should today call the *cabotin*. He stood still or advanced slowly, with his dark brown face beneath its great carpet of white hair . . . he stood still or advanced slowly through salvos of applause, always making slight, hushing movements with his right hand, his enigmatic lips forming his famous Jesuit smile and moving as if they wanted you to believe that they said that all this praise should be given not to him but to the Deity Who had given him his gifts. What he expected that to mean to the four-wheel cabmen who, as I once saw, when Liszt was descending the steps from St. James' Hall after a concert, climbed up the lampposts of Piccadilly and, waving their top hats, demanded three cheers for the *Habby* Liszt . . . what he thought it or he meant to them, there is no knowing.

But about Turgenev at that date there

was no mistake. Standing, or rather reclining on one elbow on a divan, he was a Deity, all of himself. He had at that moment reached the height of his illustrious, world-wide fame . . . and, for the first time in many years, he was feeling physically fit. He was quite complacent on the subject of his health in the letters he wrote to Mme. Viardot; he had no fear of cholera in London; he had for the first time in his life succeeded in pushing aside the fear of death . . . and, although he complained that in Cambridgeshire he had missed a number of partridges, yet he could boast that he had hit a great many, too. So he seemed to radiate happiness and, leaning on his elbow, resembled one of those riverine deities who, in Italy, with torrents of hair and beards, recline in marble above the sources of streams, and let their waters render fertile the smiling valleys before them.

I prefer so to consider him. And always, except in the act of reading one or other of his lugubrious Russian biographers, my image of him swings back to that picture. His Russian biographers prefer, for as it were political reasons, to present always the reverse of that medal. They have to present him as a miserable expatriate from Russia, bound to the girdle of a tyrannous French harpy, groaning forever that he was not in Russia, detesting the French literary colleagues, detesting France where he was forced to live . . . and groaning, groaning, groaning.

Turgenev of course groaned . . . in a groaning world which was in the backwash of the Byronic-Romantic movement. Everybody in fact groaned, particularly in his letters. Reading the correspondence of the middle two-thirds of the nineteenth century is like sitting on a broken column by some grave beneath a weeping willow. Carlyle groaned, Flaubert howled groans,

George Sand groaned, Sainte Beuve was perpetually depressed. Tolstoi, Maupassant, Dostoevski, Queen Victoria, Schopenhauer, Bielinski. . . . But everyone that Turgenev knew or ever heard of . . . they all lamented their miserable lots; the injustices to which they were subject; the unpicturesque figures that they imagined themselves to cut; the world, and they with it, that was going to the dogs!

Nevertheless, George Sand's apartment in Paris roared and rocked with the laughter of Flaubert, Turgenev, the Goncourts, Zola, Daudet, and Pauline Viardot when the depressed Sainte Beuve on a Sunday would turn himself into a whitened sepulcher in the attempt to pick with his lips a wedding ring off a pyramid of flour; one Paris restaurant after another asked the five Hissed Authors—Flaubert, Daudet, Turgenev, Goncourt, and Zola, and now and then the youthful James—to take their weekly dinners elsewhere because their gargantuan laughter and titanic howls of derision at the style of their contemporaries disturbed the other diners. Yasnya Polyana—or whatever Tolstoi's lugubrious abode comes out when it is correctly transliterated—that hermitage then rocked to its foundations with scandalous mirth when Turgenev, aged sixty and declaring himself crippled with the gout, danced the *cancan vis à vis* of a girl of twelve. . . . Tolstoi notes in his diary: "Turgenev; *cancan*. Oh *shame!*" Similarly in *her* diary, the German Empress Victoria—*Die Englaenderin*—makes, after the private first night of an operetta that Turgenev had written for the music of Mme. Viardot and for performance by himself and the Viardot children, the note that the operetta was charming but Turgenev himself not quite *dignified*. . . . And Turgenev himself, lying on the floor, in the costume of a Turkish sul-

tan, and crawled over by adorable odalisques, was aware that there was passing over the great lady's face that singular English expression that we put on when we ask: "Isn't he being rather a Bounder, my dear?" But Turgenev just says: "Be-damn to that!" . . . And the Empress sends down two or three times every week to the Turgenev-Viardot villa to ask them to give another performance soon or that Turgenev should write another operetta for her at once. . . . And didn't someone once hear Bielinski, or it may have been Bakunin or Herzen or any other of those cheerful "true Russians", say to Turgenev after they had talked from eight in the morning till past three in the afternoon: "You, Turgenev, are an incredible materialist. Here we have not yet finished discussing the nature of the Deity and you are already talking about lunch." . . . But the more usual true-Russian complaint of Turgenev was that after he had been sitting with one of them for not more than half a day, he would begin to exhibit signs of uneasiness and would say that Mme. Viardot's daughter or Mme. Viardot's daughter's baby might be ill and he might be wanted to run to the doctor's or the chemist. . . . The true Russians would declare that showed how cravenly Turgenev subjected himself to the yoke of Pauline Viardot. But, knowing Turgenev and knowing what true-Russian conversation was then like, one might be pardoned for imagining that what Turgenev really wanted was either his lunch or an interval of blissful silence.

It is a good thing that no one ever did know what was the exact relationship between Turgenev and the great Pauline, and that for the world at large and Russia in particular it must remain in Turgenev's own enigmatic phrase an "unofficial marriage". That he was absolutely chained to

the lady's apron strings is obviously not true or even that he was in the technical sense of the word today an unhappy expatriate. His contacts with Russia — the as-it-were strings of interests that went from him to her — were innumerable and forever undissolved. His interest in her fate was as constant as his interest in his own estate . . . and that was really unceasing, if the results were never very satisfactory. He once told one member of my family — I forget which, either my father or my grandfather — that they must not think him merely frivolous if at his age he came as far as England merely to shoot partridges. Actually he could have shot partridges anywhere — except perhaps round Paris where the *chasse* was very expensive. But he came to England to study on the spot the English management of great estates and agricultural methods which he declared to be by far the best in the world. The immediate results of the emancipation of the serfs in Russia had been an almost boundless confusion and the only pattern of which he could conceive as being a fitting or even a possible solution for the Russian situation was something like that practiced on the semi-feudal, semi-libertarian, great estates in the English dukeries and their purlieus. Today that seems like irony; but for a liberal thinker of that day it was something very like common sense. . . . At any rate he never went back from England without carrying with him some specimen of agricultural machinery or some detail of the estate-management of the Dukes of Norfolk or Northumberland. . . . I remember — I must have been told it by my mother — poor Ralston's agitation at not being able to find the manufacturers of some miraculous new plow of which Turgenev had heard and which he imagined might go far to solve the agricultural difficulties of his country.

In any case, if thinking of the interests and problems of one's native land suffice to prevent one's being an expatriate, Turgenev was none . . . and it is to be remembered that Czar Alexander II ordered the emancipation of the serfs three days after he had finished reading *A Sportsman's Sketches*.

III

It is of course as impossible to know anything real about a novelist as to know anything real about a sovereign, both being so surrounded. One knows nothing about Turgenev. One knows less about him even than about Shakespeare. He moves surrounded by the cloud of his characters as a monarch by his courtiers; and, once more like a monarch, surrounded by crowds of admirers and detractors who all view him in the light of their own images, pre-conceptions, and desires. The result has been a cloud of witnesses all going to prove that Turgenev would have been a better Russian if he had never been out of Russia — with the implication that, in that case, he would have suffered less from the gout, not fallen under the influence of Pauline Viardot, and would, according to the political predilections of the particular writer, have been a better Terrorist, Slavophile, or Czarist. Certainly you can prove all those things, and out of Turgenev's own mouth and writings.

That is because he was the supreme creative writer. And, no doubt unconsciously enough, society exacts of its creative writers that they shall have no personality. . . . So perhaps one must confine oneself to one certainty . . . that he was not a journalist. . . . By that I do not mean to utter an insult to my confreres of the periodical press: I mean merely to say that a journalist of genius is of a genius

different in species and especially in production from that of the creative writer who desires to leave to posterity an enduring image of his world and day. The journalists go to things to look at them and use their genius in *reportage*. The great imaginative writer lives . . . and then renders his impressions of what life has done to him. He lives in, if possible, a fine unconsciousness . . . but certainly in an unconsciousness. He will not, that is to say, go to the Ukraine or Cambridgeshire in order to see what there is to see with the intention of writing about it. He will go to Spasskoye to set his estate in order, to Cambridgeshire to shoot grouse, to Bougival to continue his rather desultory courtship of Mme. Viardot, or to the limits of the Ukraine in momentarily passionate pursuit of some intelligent actress or some peasant girl of a pure heart. . . . Then, protesting that he will never write another word—and passionately believing that he will never write another word—he sits down and writes a masterpiece . . . not about the last passion or the latest trip to Spasskoye, but about the last but six, or the last but twenty. . . . Or about one that took place twenty years before he was born.

That is why the creative artist is almost always an expatriate and almost always writes about the past. He *must*, in order to get perspective, retire in both space and time from the model upon which he is at work. . . . Still more, he must retire in passion . . . in order to gain equilibrium.

Turgenev carried the rendering of the human soul one stage further than any writer who preceded or has followed him simply because he had supremely the gift of identifying himself with—of absolutely feeling—the passions of the characters with whom he found himself. . . . And then he had the gift of retiring and

looking at his passion—the passion that he had made his . . . the gift of looking at it with calmed eyes. It was not insincerity that made him say to the French *jeune fille bien élevée*, that her convent and home influences had made her the most exquisite flower of tranquillity and purity and refinement and devotion . . . and of course, that as a corollary, the Russian *jeune fille* was by comparison gross, awkward, ignorant, and sensual. That was his passionate belief in the presence of the daughters of his Pauline . . . who certainly were not his own daughters. . . . And yet it was equally his passionate belief, three weeks after in Spasskoye, when talking to a daughter of one of his princely neighbors, that the Russian young girl was limpidly pure, pious, devoted, resigned—was all that he had projected in his Lisa—whilst, in contradistinction to her, the *jeunes filles bien élevées* of Bougival were artificial products, *fades*, hyper-civilized, full of queer knowledges that they had picked up behind the convent walls . . . sophisticated, in short. . . . No, he was not insincere. It was perhaps his extreme misfortune . . . but it was certainly his supreme and beautiful gift—that he had the seeing eye to such an extent that he could see that two opposing truths were equally true.

He was by turns and all at once, Slavophile and Westerner, Czarist and Nihilist, Germanophile and Francophobe, Francophile and Hun-hater, insupportably homesick for Spasskoye and the Nevsky Prospekt and wracked with nostalgia for the Seine bank at Bougival and the rue de Rivoli. All proper men are that to some degree—certainly all proper novelists. But Turgenev carried his vicarious passions further than did anyone of whom one has ever heard. He would meet during a railway journey some sort of strong-passioned

veterinary surgeon or some sort of decayed country gentleman . . . and for the space of the journey he would be them. . . . And so we have Bazarov—whom he loved—and the Hamlet of the Tschigri district . . . whom perhaps he loved too.

It is because of that faculty that he made the one step forward. Flaubert—whom he also loved and who perhaps was the only man whom he really and permanently loved, since they were both mighty hunters before the Lord of one thing or another—Flaubert, then, evolved the maxim that the creative artist as creator must be indifferently impartial between all his characters. That, Turgenev was by nature . . . because of his own very selflessness. Like Flaubert he hated the manifestations and effects of cruelty produced by want of imagination . . . but he could get back from even that passion and perceive that unimaginative cruelty is in itself a quality . . . a necessary ingredient of a movemented world. To noble natures like those of Flaubert and Turgenev, the mankind that surrounds them is insupportable . . . if only for its want of intelligence. That is why the great poet is invariably an expatriate, if not invariably in climate, then at least in the regions of the mind. If he cannot get away from his fellows he must shut himself up from them. But if he is to be great he must also be continually making his visits to his own particular Spasskoye. He must live always both in and out of his time, his ancestral home, and the hearts of his countrymen.

So having lived, he must render. And so having lived, the supremely great artist who was Turgenev so rendered that not merely—as was the case with Shakespeare—did he transfuse himself into all his characters, so that Iago was Shakespeare and Cordelia Shakespeare and Bottome Shakespeare and Hamlet. . . . Not

only then are Lavretsky and Bazarov and Lisa and the Tschigri Hamlet and the Lear of the Steppes all Turgenev but—and that is the forward step—they are all us.

That is the supreme art and that is the supreme service that art can render to humanity . . . because, to carry a good-enough saying the one step further that we have got to go if our civilization is not to disappear, *tout savoir* is not only *tout par-donner*—it has got to be *tout aimer*.

The humane Czar lying down on a couch . . . I don't know why I imagine him lying down . . . perhaps because humane people when they want to enjoy themselves over a good read in a book always lie down . . . the humane Czar, then, lying down with *A Sportsman's Sketches* held up to his eyes began to read what Turgenev had observed when shooting partridges over dogs . . . with the ineffable scapegrace serf Yermolaï at his heels. . . . And suddenly the Czar was going through the endless forests and over the endless moors. He had the smell of the pines and heather in his nostrils, the sun-baked Russian earth beneath his feet. . . . Yermolaï did not have the second gun as ready as he should; Yermolaï had not even loaded the second gun; Yermolaï, the serf, had lagged behind; serf Yermolaï had disappeared altogether; he had found a wild bees' nest in a hollow tree; he was luxuriously supping honey, ignoring the bee stings. . . . And suddenly the Czar himself was Yermolaï . . . he was a serf who might be thrashed, loaded with chains, banished to a hopeless district a thousand miles away, put to working in the salt mines. . . . The Czar was supping the heather-scented brown honey in the hot sun. . . . He saw his Owner approaching. His Owner was fortunately a softy. Still, it was disagreeable

to have the Owner cold to him . . . and quickly the Czar sent his eyes over the country, through the trees in search of a hut. If he saw a hut he would remember the story of its idiotic owners. He would tell the idiotic story to the Owner and in listening to it the Owner would become engrossed in the despairing ruin of those idiotic creatures and would forget to be displeased, and the Czar would have two undeserved pork chops and the remains of a bottle of champagne that night in the wood-lodge.

And so the Czar would become a wood-cutter in danger of being banished for cutting the wrong trees, and a small land-owner being ruined by his own ignorance and the shiftlessness of his serfs . . . and a house-serf dressed as a footman with plush breeches to whom his Owner was saying with freezing politeness: "Brother, I regret it. But you have again forgotten to chill the Beaujolais. You must prepare yourself to receive fifty lashes. . . ." And the Czar would be Turgenev shuddering over the Owner's magnificently appointed table whilst outside the footman was receiving the fifty lashes. . . . And Alexander II would become the old, fat old maid, knitting whilst her companion read Pushkin to her, and crying over romantic passages and refusing to sell Anna Nicolaevna to Mr. Schubin, the neighboring, noble landowner who had fallen incomprehensibly in love with Anna Nicolaevna. . . . And the Autocrat of All the Russias would find himself being the serf-girl Anna Nicolaevna, banished into the dreadful Kursk district because the incomparable noble landowner Mr. Schubin had fallen in love with her. . . . And the great bearded autocrat with the hairy chest would be Anna twisting her fingers in her apron and crying . . . crying . . . crying . . . And saying: Is it possible that

God and the Czar permit such things to be?

And so, on the third day, the Czar stretches out his hand for his pen . . . and just those things would never be any more. . . . There would be other bad things, but not just those, because the world had crept half a hair's breadth nearer to civilization. . . .

. . . You may imagine how Turgenev's eyes stood out of his head on the day when he met Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, who, for her part, had never been below the Mason and Dixon Line . . . and who was introduced to him as being the heroine who had made the chains to fall from the limbs of the slaves of a continent. . . . He said that she seemed to him to be a modest and sensible person. . . . Perhaps the reader will think out for himself all that that amazing meeting signified.

IV

The reader will also observe—perhaps with relief—that contrary to the habit of writers of my complexion, I have here said nothing about the "technique" of my subject. It can't be done. No one can say anything valid about the technique of Turgenev. It consisted probably in nothing but politeness . . . in consideration for his readers. He must have observed that the true Russians of his day, living amongst lonely vastnesses, were all perfect geysers of narration and moral deductions. They were incredible, overwhelming, desolating. From the lowest peasant up to Tolstoi, everyone, at a moment's opportunity, would burst into un-damnable sputings of stories accompanied by insupportable indulgences in the way of moralizings . . . and self-analyses. It was the very genius of the people. . . . He must have waited on a thousand aching days for his lunch,

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and then have removed himself from Russia with the oath never to make anyone else go hungry whilst he told a tale; never to draw morals; never to analyze his own or anyone else's psychology. So you have his incomparable projections of his world put before you with an unapproached economy of words . . . and, because his temperament was very beautiful, with great beauty.

No, of Turgenev's technique one can say with assurance no more than one can say with certainty of his personality or of his relations with Mme. Viardot. The most you can say is that he was that fabulous monster, a natural genius; when you have said his name and those of Bach and Cézanne—and one other that you can suit yourself about—you have exhausted the catalogue, since the Crucifixion. As with Hudson, as stylist, the dear God made Turgenev's words to come, as He made the grass to grow. It is there and there is no more to say about it.

For myself I prefer my own undepressed version of the Beautiful Genius's personality . . . the giant, indulging in night-long verbal pillow-fights at Croisset, with the nearly as gigantic Flaubert. . . . Flaubert's patient niece told me that when Turgenev came to Croisset, Flaubert always surrendered his own bed to Turgenev and had one made up for himself in the attic. . . . But fortunately they never went to bed, preferring to talk all night about the assonances in Prosper Mérimée. For-

tunately, because Turgenev's feet would have stuck far out over the end of Flaubert's bed and her uncle would never have slept on the shakedown under the tiles.

Talking all night with Flaubert then; next morning taking a walk with a true-Russian visitor and telling him that Goncourt was a bore, and Zola ill-mannered at table, and all French writers hard materialists, and little Henry James too soft and the Terrorists heroes and the Czarists fiends . . . or the Czarists God-given if ineffectual statesmen and the Terrorists the spawn of the Devil; and taking a day's rest, missing hundreds of partridges but killing hundreds too, and spending the night copying out Pauline Viardot's music for his operettas whilst sitting by the bedside of her sick grandchild who certainly wasn't his. And going to a tea-fight in some studio—and wallowing in adoration and adoration and adoration. And groaning that Life had no purpose and writing had less. And telling some child about grouse to the acrid accompaniment of the odor of smelling salts. And calming Ralston, in hysterics because the new steam plow was undiscoverable. And swearing to a pretty lady that he would never write another line . . . never . . . never . . . never. . . . And writing, somewhere, anyhow, on any old piece of furniture with the dregs at the bottom of any old ink-pot . . . any old thing . . . *Fathers and Sons* or *A Lear of the Steppes* or *The Death of Tchertop-Hanop*. . . .

SALUTE TO AUDUBON

BY AMANDA BENJAMIN HALL

BEYOND the legend of the George
Of Georges, standing clear of time,
Lit by the fires at Valley Forge,
And framed in winter's snow and rime,

Beyond the sagas and the tales
Of rough-hewn pioneers and gentry,
And of a Lincoln splitting rails
To mend the torn house of a country,

This lore of one who followed far
Across a menacing expanse,
The eagles of America,
The while the eagles of his France

Were all forgot — one bold to pierce
Through that lost virgin land we dream of,
Knowing its forests and its fierce
Recesses, knowing every stream of,

With strange, unflagging passion bound
To hunt the bird and to acquaint him
With all its ways, its look, its sound —
To be the bird and so to paint him —

The fork-tailed petrel in the wind
Above the perilous white billow,
Caught while the air was stretched and thinne^c
(Ah, lovely, lonely peccadillo!)

He drew as privy to its plight,
And, out of love, the white egret,
As elegantly plumed and dight
As ever Marie Antoinette!

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Ohio mornings saw him skim
Down the broad river days together,
And Mississippi welcomed him,
Apostle of the wind and weather,
And of the hard-won, hoarded feather. . . .

Kentucky, Florida. . . . The man
Wore down the strength of teal and loon,
And wearied out the Indian,
And was the friend of Daniel Boone,

And joyed to see the cardinal
As warmly crimson as a canna
In Southern woods where, spring and fall,
He haunted bayou and savanna.

Or through lost forests dared to press
On horseback, tranced and lonely rider,
Or, marsh-wide, sought for the address
Of some rare gull, some beauteous eider. . . .

A vagrant, yet his love remained
His Lucy's! Mated without flaw,
However much long absence strained
Between them, they would find some straw

To build their nest anew. And as
A bird is torn by two desires,
To go, to stay, his spirit was
A thing of home and distant shires!

*I wonder were his spoken words
Soft with the accent of the thrush,
And was he brother to the birds,
This fellow of so true a brush,*

*Who trailed the marsh-hen and the goose
Lifelong, by flatboat or by dinghy —
A man with foot so free and loose,
And with a soul so wild and wingy. . . .*

I KNEW WHAT I WAS DOING

A Story

BY JEROME WEIDMAN

THEY thought they were tossing me around like an adagio dancer. But as long as I knew what I was doing, I figured they could think what they wanted. It sounds dangerous, but it isn't. All you have to do is learn how to fall.

I didn't realize he was going into an act until he followed me into the models' dressing room as though he had been watching for me, and said: "I wanted to tell you about tonight."

I didn't like the way he said it.

"What about tonight?"

"I'm sorry, Myra," he said, "but we'll have to call off the date for tonight. Mr. Weiss just told me he's taking me along when he goes out with the spring line. We're leaving tonight." He should have given himself the benefit of another rehearsal. He was running his speeches together. "You know how those things are, Myra. A guy doesn't want to be a shipping clerk all his life. I been pestering Weiss for months he should take me along when he goes on the road. Now I got the chance, I can't turn him down. See, Myra?"

"Of course," I said. If he expected me to act sore, he was crazy. You miss too many tricks that way. "I know how those things are."

"If only I'd known before," he said, "I'd've told you. Or we could've gone out last night or something. But Mr. Weiss only told me this morning."

There was no question about it. One or

two extra rehearsals would never have hurt him.

"That's all right, Jack," I said, smiling a little and letting the disappointment come through just enough for him to see it. "I wouldn't want you to pass up your big chance just on account of a date."

"I knew you'd understand, Myra," he said. That's what I like in a person, confidence. "It's funny, though," he said, shaking his head, "how those things work out." He didn't know how funny it was. "Here I been looking forward to this date for a week now and then *this* has to come up."

Sure, just like I was looking forward to going to the dentist.

"We'll make it some other time, then," I said.

"You bet," he said quickly, "some other time," and went out.

I drew the curtain between the dressing room and the showroom and took off my smock. Then I began to dress carefully. I put on the new brassiere I'd bought when I went out to lunch, and I slipped into the dress I'd had one of the operators in the back press for me. I took my time with the make-up too. Everything had to be just so. I gave myself a good shot of eye-shadow and a sweet coat of lipstick. I straightened the seams in my stockings and pulled the hat far over one eye. I couldn't make up my mind for a minute about the coat, but then I decided to carry it on my arm. What's the sense of investing eighty-nine

cents on a new uplift if you're going to hide your figure under a coat? One more look in the mirror, and everything was set.

I walked around through the back to the front entrance to the showroom and pushed the door in quickly.

Weiss and Jack both turned around to face me.

"Hello, Jack," I said.

He gave an imitation of a deaf mute pretending to be tongue-tied.

"Well, I'll try once more," I said. "Hello, Jack."

"What are you doing here, Myra?" he said.

"I'm playing ping-pong," I said. "What do you *think* I'm doing? We've got a date, haven't we?"

"But didn't I tell you it was —?"

"Listen," I broke in, "is this Thursday, or isn't it? And is it a quarter to seven, or am I cockeyed?" He kept opening his mouth to say something, but I wouldn't let him. I was looking and talking in his direction, but I wasn't saying a word to him. The party I was really addressing was a gentleman by the name of Weiss. And if Mr. Weiss had the brains and the eyesight of the average dress salesman, he'd get the drift before long. "And does that mean you and I have a date, or doesn't it?"

"But Myra, I *told* you —"

"Wait a minute. Wait a minute. Wait a minute." Mr. Rudolph Weiss tuning in. "What's going on here, anyway?"

I turned to face him, as though I hadn't seen him before.

"Oh, hello, Mr. Weiss," I said, smiling. "I didn't see you before."

"Lady," he said with a grin, "I wouldn't miss *you* like that." I didn't mean he should. "How'd you know my name? And what's yours?" He turned to Jack. "Say, why don't you give a guy a knockdown to your girl friends?"

No question about it. There was nothing wrong with his eyesight.

"Ah, quit kidding, Mr. Weiss," Jack said. "You know her. It's Myra. Miss Gross, our model."

"What?"

He came over and looked under the hat.

"Well, I'll be a so and so," he said, holding my arm.

I'll bet he could, too.

He stood off and looked me over. I could tell from where his eyes stopped that the eighty-nine cents was a good investment.

"Well, I'll be a such and such," he said.

Who should know better than he?

"I swear I'd never've recognized you with all the fancy clothes on," he said. He slipped his arm around my waist. "Without that smock you're always wearing, and in these clothes — saaay, you know, you're a knock-out!"

It's nice to be told.

"Thanks," I said, sounding a little peeved. "A lot of good that's going to do me tonight."

"But Myra," Jack said, "I told you about Mr. Weiss and me going out on the road tonight. I told you we'd —"

I'll say this for him. He couldn't have been coming in better with his lines now if I'd've rehearsed him myself.

"That makes everything just dandy, doesn't it?" I said. "I get all dressed up, and then you —"

"I'll tell you what," Weiss said, holding up his hand. "This is really all my fault. I mean, I should've told him a little earlier, given him a couple of days' notice, or something. But since I didn't, and since this is all sort of my fault, I'll tell you what." He wasn't so bad, either. "*You*" — pointing to Jack — "you finish packing the samples. Then, when you're finished, you take the cases down to Penn Station and check them. Me and Miss Gross — Myra,

here—" he put his arm around me again. Did I say his eyes were weak? Pardon me. He was blind. — "We'll go out to dinner. How's that? Will that square things up?"

"Oh, Mr. Weiss," I said, "it certainly will!"

"But, Mr. Weiss," Jack said, "What about the train? We gotta make the —"

"Forget it," Weiss said, winking at me. "We'll make a morning train."

II

I was plucking my eyebrows when Weiss came into the dressing room.

"Be with you in a minute, Rudy," I said, talking into the mirror. "Sit down for a while. You look all worn out."

Weiss did, too. But a chair wasn't what he needed.

"Thanks, Myra," he said. "I can't. I'm in a hurry."

What he needed was four square yards of towelling to wipe the sweat off his forehead.

"Warm, isn't it?" I said, still talking to the mirror. I had to hand it to myself. The arm I was working the tweezers with didn't even quiver. Just an old campaigner. "It's hot as hell for April."

"Yeah," he said, rubbing his face with his hand. "I'll tell you, Myra —"

"Don't bother," I said sweetly, "Let *me* tell *you*."

He stared at me with his mouth open.

"What?"

I pulled the smock up around my shoulders.

"Pardon the bare back," I said. "I didn't realize myself how warm it was."

He started again.

"I wanted to tell you —"

"I know," I said, squinting at myself as I worked. "You wanted to tell me the date for lunch is off. Right?"

His mouth opened a little wider. I figured one more notch and I'd be able to see what he had for breakfast.

"How did you know what I —?"

I shook the tweezers clean and started on the other eye.

"I guess I'm just psychic," I said. "But don't let me steal your stuff, Rudy. You go ahead and tell it to me all over again, just like I didn't know a thing."

He closed his mouth.

"I'm not kidding, Myra," he said.

I could take his word for that, all right.

"It's just that D. C. asked me to go to lunch with him," he said. "He wants to talk over the summer line. What could I do? He's the boss, Myra. You know that."

It was nice of him to tip me off.

"We'll make it for some other time. Maybe tomorrow. Or the day after. Okay?"

It was getting a little boring. Didn't they have enough brains to think up a new exit speech?

"Of course, Rudy," I said. "I know how those things are."

Come to think of it, I could use a new exit line myself.

"I'll have to run along, then, Myra. D. C.'s waiting for me," he said. "Be good."

"Don't worry," I said. "I'm getting better and better."

When I was dressed, I passed the switchboard quickly, as though I were in a hurry.

"Hey, Myra!"

I stopped and turned.

"For God's sakes," said Flo, "let's take a look at you."

I struck a pose and turned around two or three times.

"Boy," she said, "you're an eyeful, all right. Where'd you find all the clothes?"

"Find nothing," I said, "I *earned* them."

She grinned. "Tell a girl how, will you?"

Maybe I would. But I wasn't quite ready to publish yet. The system was still in its

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infancy. I might even want to get it patented. Who could tell?

"I can't stop now," I said. "I'm in a hurry. I have a luncheon engagement."

That's what I call progress. Two months before I had dates for lunch. Now I had luncheon engagements.

The restaurant was only a few blocks away. I walked in and looked around. D. C. sat facing the door, talking to Weiss, who had his back to me. I walked over and tapped Weiss on the shoulder. He looked up and almost fell out of his chair.

"Myra!"

"Nice of you to remember me," I said, smiling.

"Didn't I tell you —?"

"Maybe you did," I said, looking around, "but I don't seem to recall. I never think well when I'm standing up. Can't you arrange for a chair for me?"

The waiter shoved one under me and I sat down.

"Myra, *please*," Weiss said. His face was red and he kept looking at D. C. "I told you I had an important —"

"Really," I said, "I don't understand you, Rudy. You go and make a luncheon appointment with me, and then, when I keep it, not only do you forget to even offer me a chair, but you get all excited and start making speeches and —"

"Pardon me, Miss, but don't I know you from someplace?" I turned to face D. C., who had put his hand on my arm and was smiling at me. "There's something familiar about you."

There was life in the old girl yet. That made two times I was remembered in as many minutes.

"There's something familiar about *you*, Mr. Cantor," I said, turning on the dazzling smile.

"Saaay," he said, "how'd you know my name?"

"Intuition," I said archly. I mean I leered at him a little and acted coy. That's archly, isn't it?

"No kidding, though," he said, "Where've I seen you before?"

"Well," I said, "we've never been formally introduced, but we've met *dozens* of times."

"Yeah? Where?"

"Guess," I said. Right. Archly again. It wasn't really as bad as it sounds. They all fall for it, from shipping clerks up.

"I'm sorry about this, Mr. Cantor," Weiss said, turning to him. "I told her —"

"For God's sakes," Cantor said, "will you stop talking so much, and tell me who she is?"

That left jab shook dear old Rudy up a little. But it cleared his head, too.

"What, are you kidding me, Mr. Cantor?" he said. "That's Miss Gross. Myra Gross, one of our models."

"What?"

It was easy to keep smiling while he stared at me. All I had to do was look at Rudy and think what a dead ringer he was at that moment for Jack, the shipping clerk. The hard part was to keep from laughing out loud.

"Well, what the hell do you know?" Cantor said slowly, his eyes popping.

"Shall we consider Mr. Weiss' words a formal introduction?" I said, smiling sweetly, and reaching out my hand.

"You bet," he said, taking my hand and holding it.

I felt so good I could've reached over and kissed Weiss. Calling your shots and making them is the greatest sport in the world.

"The thing that gets me," he said, shaking his head, "is how in the showroom I never even gave you a tumble. And here —" he shook his head again.

"Maybe it's the clothes," I said.

"Maybe you're right," he said. Maybe I was. "Where'd you find them all of a sudden?"

I began to feel more at home. They all spoke the same language.

"They're a gift," I said, "from a former admirer." Accent on the former.

"I admire his taste," he said.

"I said *former*," I said, grinning at him.

"Glad to hear it," he said, grinning back.

I tugged gently at the hand he was still holding.

"Mind if I borrow this back for a minute?" I said. "I'd like to powder my nose."

His face got red and he laughed. "Oh, sure, sure," he said. "But remember, it's only a loan."

We both laughed. But Rudy didn't laugh. Rudy looked like the doctor had called him back and told him he'd made a mistake; that he had cancer after all.

"I'm sorry as hell about this interruption, D. C.," he said, screwing up his face. "I didn't mean to break up our conference like this."

Come on, D. C., use your right; he's wide open.

"I don't know what you're sorry for," Cantor said. "This is just what I've been needing. I've been working too hard lately." He turned to me. "We're going to make a real celebration out of this. You know," he said, taking my hand again, "I haven't felt so good in weeks."

Good old D. C. I knew he'd come through.

"But, Mr. Cantor," Weiss cried. "How about what we were talking about? What about the summer line?"

"You're right," Cantor said, shaking his head seriously, but winking at me. "We mustn't forget the summer line. After all, business is business. I'll tell you what," he said brightly. Weiss stopped scowling. "You're not in the mood anyway, Weiss.

You go back to the place." Weiss started scowling again. "The piece-goods salesmen and the trimming people are all coming in this afternoon. They'll ask for me. You tell them I'm sick or something, and *you* see them. Anything you think is okay. You place the order." He winked at me again. "And tomorrow, or maybe even tonight, when I come back, I'll look everything over and give it the final okay."

Weiss opened his mouth, then closed it and got up. The waiter came over quickly.

"Is anything wrong, sir?"

"Not a thing," Cantor answered for him. "Everything's perfect. The gentleman's been called away suddenly, that's all." Well, Weiss had nothing to complain about. At least he was being called a gentleman. "The lady and I are lunching alone."

"Yes, sir," the waiter said.

I didn't have anything to complain about, either. Things were starting off swell. Here I was being called a lady.

III

Cantor stuck his smiling face in from the showroom.

"You feel all right, kid?" he asked.

I twisted around on the couch to face him and smiled back.

"Of course, Dave," I said. "Why?"

He certainly had me guessing. According to my calculations he should have been rehearsing his exit speech for weeks already. But he wasn't. Instead, he seemed to become more interested every day.

"I didn't want you to be all tired out for tonight," he said. "That's all."

I couldn't make up my mind whether I liked it or not. At least with the other heels you knew where you stood.

"Oh, you don't have to worry," I said. "Since you moved this couch in here for me, I haven't been tired a minute."

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"That's fine," he said. "Think you can go through the line just once more?"

"Of course," I said, sitting up.

He watched me comb my hair.

"If it was an ordinary buyer, Myra," he apologized, "I wouldn't bother you."

This tenderness baloney was beginning to get me. What was he driving at, anyway?

"Don't be silly, Dave," I said. "Who's the buyer?"

"It's Bob Roberts."

Well! That was different. I shook my hair down and parted it again, more carefully.

"You mean of Liggett-Lustgarten?" I said.

"Yeah," he said. "He's leaving for Chicago tonight, and he wants to see the line once more before he goes." That was a *new* name for me. "After the big order he placed yesterday, I couldn't turn him down. Otherwise I'd never bother you, Myra."

Bother my eye. This was going to be a pleasure.

"Don't be silly, Dave," I said again, smiling at him. "I wouldn't let you down with one of your best customers, would I?"

"Good girl," he said, patting my cheek.

He started me off by calling me a lady, and now I was a good girl. Where the hell was this thing going?

"Okay, then, scram," I said, pushing him playfully. "Let's get started."

"Okay," he said, turning in the doorway to blow me a kiss. "Run it off the regular way. Sports, street wear, Sunday afternoon, and finish off with the evening gowns. Okay?"

"Right," I said, blowing the kiss back at him. He was making a regular sissy out of me.

Cantor and Roberts were the only ones in the showroom when I came out wearing the first dress.

"That's the number I came back to see," Roberts said, grinning.

I grinned back.

"It's one of the best in our line," Cantor said. "You'll never go wrong on *that* number, Bob."

"That's just what I thought," Roberts said, winking at me.

I pretended I didn't see.

"Look at the lines on it, will you?" Cantor said. He got up and stood behind me, tracing the sweep of the dress. "Just look at it."

Judging by his face, Roberts didn't need the advice.

"I'm looking, Dave," he said, "I'm looking."

With Cantor behind me I figured it was safe to risk the return wink. Roberts' face spread out like an accordion.

"You got *some* number, there, Dave," he said.

"Take my advice, Bob, and order a few more. For a number like this, you don't even need salesmen. It'll walk right out of your store by itself."

"Okay," Roberts said. "Send me another half-dozen of them."

He got more enthusiastic with each dress I modelled. When I went in to change for the evening gowns, I decided to leave off the brassiere. Not that I was worried. I knew my own strength. Roberts was poured from the same mold as Jack and Weiss and Cantor. Just a grade or two higher, that's all. I knew where I stood. But I wanted to make sure.

"How's this one?" Cantor said when I came in.

"Wonderful," Roberts said, shaking his head and kissing his fingertips toward me. "Marvelous!"

Well, I guess I could publish any day now that I wanted to. The system was perfect.

"How about another half-dozen of these, Bob?" Cantor said.

"Send me a dozen," Roberts said.
I turned to go.

"Hey, wait a minute!" Roberts said, getting up from behind the showroom table.
"Where you running?"

I looked surprised.

"Why, I'm going to change, Mr. Roberts."
"So what's the hurry? C'mere a minute.

I want to tell you something." He walked over and put his arm around my waist. I guess there's something about the dress business that ruins everybody's eyes. "You know, I owe you an apology."

"For what?" I said.

"Why, for making you go through the whole line again, and all that," he said.

"Oh, Mr. Roberts, you don't have to apologize for a thing like *that*," I said. "I get paid for it."

"Well, I want to apologize," he said.

"Well, in that case," I said, laughing, "I guess I'll have to accept your apology."

"Good," he said, laughing with me, and patting my back. Funny how they all seemed to have gone to the same school. "And you know how I usually apologize to a pretty girl like you?"

"How?"

"I take her out to dinner and to the theater and show her a good time. What do you say?"

"Well, I —"

That was the only weak point in the system. It wouldn't hurt it at all if I learned how to blush prettily.

"Come on, now," he said, "you said you accept my apology."

"But I —"

So I *couldn't* blush, so what? You can't have everything.

"No buts. What do you say?"

"All right," I said.

"But Myra!" David Cantor, my boss and

current boy friend, talking. "We have a —"

"Oh, gee, that's right," I said scowling and snapping my fingers. "I forgot all about it."

Sure, like Admiral Byrd forgot his fur coat.

"What's the matter now?" Roberts asked.

"Gee, I'm sorry, Mr. Roberts," I said. "But Mr. Cantor and I have a date for tonight."

Roberts turned to Cantor and leered.

"Why, Dave! You little devil, you! A confirmed bachelor like you," he said, "going out with a beautiful girl like this?" I guess he must've stood pretty high in his class. "Nothing doing, Dave," he said, shaking his finger at him. "I wouldn't dare trust you alone. I'll tell you what. We'll all go out together. The three of us." He turned back to me. "What do you say?"

"Well, I don't know," I said slowly, looking pointedly at Cantor.

"Oh, come on, Dave," Roberts said. "It's my last night in town, after a busy buying trip like this." He accented the word buying. "You wouldn't want to interfere with my having a good time, would you?"

This guy was the slickest yet.

"Of course not, Bob," Cantor said quickly, grinning like he had a toothache. "Sure. We'll all go out together and have a good time."

"It's a date," Roberts said, putting his other arm around me.

I bet I could have done it just as easy with the brassiere on.

IV

By the time we hit the night club, Cantor was so sore he wasn't even talking. But I couldn't be bothered. I was giving my undivided attention to Mr. Robert Roberts, head buyer for Liggett-Lustgarten of Chicago, Illinois.

"You know, Dave," Roberts said when we were seated, "you don't look well at all. You really ought to go home."

"No, that's all right, Bob," he said. "I feel swell."

"Well, you don't look it," Roberts said. "What you need is a little solitude," he said with a loud laugh, and turned to me. "What do you say we dance, Myra?"

"Okay," I said, getting up.

It's wonderful how you don't even need a vocabulary with these guys.

"You know," he said as we danced, "I feel like hell having to leave tonight."

"Why?" I asked.

"Why do you think, why?" he said. "I'm just beginning to enjoy myself, that's why."

"If I liked a town as much as you seem to like this one," I said, "I'd stay a while."

"You would?"

"I most certainly would," I said, smiling up at him.

"Lady," he said, "you tempt me."

When we got back to the table Roberts said to Cantor, "You know, Dave, you know what I feel like doing?"

"What, Bob?"

"I feel like staying in town another week and taking this fascinating young lady around a bit. How's that for an idea?"

"But Bob," Cantor said quickly, "you've got to get back to Chicago!"

Roberts put on a long face.

"You're right," he said.

Cantor began to look a little better.

Suddenly Roberts smacked the table hard. "The hell with Chicago," he said. "Chicago won't run away. It'll wait another week." Now Cantor had the long face. "You wait here," Roberts said, getting up.

"Where you going?" Cantor asked.

"I'm going to put through a long dis-

tance call," he said. "I'm staying in town another week."

He walked away and left us alone.

Cantor put his arm across the table and took my hand. "Listen, Myra," he said earnestly, "I don't want you to think I'm a killjoy, or anything like that."

Well, here it comes, I thought. It was a little past due, but even late it would be a relief. I braced myself for the shock. Although I didn't really have to. I'd gotten to the point where it wasn't a shock any more.

"I like to see you have a good time and all that," he said, "but what's the matter, Myra, don't you like me any more?"

I sat up a little. What the hell was this, anyway? Wasn't he getting his lines twisted?

"Of course I like you, Dave," I said. "What ever gave you *that* idea?"

"Gee, I don't know," he said sheepishly. "I guess when a guy's in love he gets crazy ideas."

Love? Oh, my God!

"Maybe it's my own fault," he said. "I guess I should've told you long ago. But I don't know, Myra, it's kind of hard to say those things. I guess when a guy reaches my age and he hasn't used the words before, they get a little rusty."

For a few seconds, I was groggy.

"That's why I've been acting like such a mope all evening," he said. "I couldn't stand it to see you laughing and dancing with him. I kept thinking what a dope I was not to have spoken to you before. What do you say, Myra?" he said quickly, leaning forward. "What do you say we get married?"

I knew I was looking in his direction, but I swear I didn't see him. My mind was jumping around so quickly that it was all I could do to keep track of it. No wonder he hadn't come through with the

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exit speech. No wonder he'd had me guessing all these weeks. *He wanted to marry me!*

"What do you say, Myra?" he said.

All of a sudden I felt sore. Who did he think he was, anyway? What did I work myself up from heels like Jack and Weiss for? What did I work out the system for, getting it down to the point where it couldn't miss? So I should bury myself by marrying a dumb dress manufacturer and let the whole thing go to waste?

"Look, Myra," he said, putting his hand in his breast pocket and pulling out a paper. "I went down and got the marriage license today. What do you say?"

Across the dance floor I saw Roberts coming toward us, threading his way in and out among the dancers. On his face

he had a grin a mile wide. One thing was sure, Chicago wouldn't be seeing *him* for at least another week.

"What do you say, Myra?" Cantor said, holding out the paper to me. "Look, here's the marriage license."

I shook myself a little to clear my head. It had been a narrow escape. But I'd made it. I wasn't worrying. I'd tested my strength, and I knew just where I stood. As long as the world was full of guys like Robert Roberts, I wasn't stopping until I reached the top. What the hell did I want with a dope like Dave Cantor?

"Forget it, Dave," I said, just as Roberts reached the table, grinning. "You can keep it," I said, pushing the marriage license away from me. "Paste it in your hat," I said.

FRUIT

BY AUDREY WURDEMANN

THIS is the song of fruit,
Whereof the skins are thin,
That, from a questing root,
Have suckled sweetness in,

That, by their alchemy
Grown drowsy-drunk with sun,
Lean, with the leaning tree,
Toward oblivion.

This thing the fruit intends,
The cherry, the plum, the pear,
Whose crystal flesh suspends
In crystal air:

Bitter about the seed
And a thinly bitter coat!
Blithely the small birds feed,
With honey in each throat.

FAREWELL TO HARVARD?

BY WILLIAM MORRIS HOUGHTON

IT is a curious coincidence, is it not, that Harvard's tercentenary should occur in the midst of a national political campaign that may determine whether the democracy, of which this university is the bright particular blossom, shall be altered out of all semblance to its traditional self? For every implication of the New Deal suggests that if it triumphs in November, a basic change in the social climate is at hand and the rich sap, material and spiritual, which has nourished Harvard will cease to flow. Then in place of the pride of our garden we shall have — well, something to remind us of the present Heidelberg. So our greetings to Harvard on her great birthday this month may be in the nature of hail and farewell.

The notion is not without its irony. At the helm of the New Deal is a Harvard graduate, a more conventionally typical product of its training than most. Associated with him are other Harvard men in sufficient number to provoke the popular complaint that the whole thing is a brain child of the Harvard system. One has here the picture of an indulgent parent breeding the architects of her own destruction. More ironical, if also pathetic, is the probability that none of these gentlemen is altogether conscious of his treachery. Each, one may assume, is still loyally grateful to his Alma Mater for the complete liberty she accorded him to develop his enthusiasm for regimentation.

As a center of scholarship, Harvard

stands uncontestedly at the top of our vast academic heap. No less an authority than a Yale man, Mr. Edwin R. Embree, risked his peace of mind if not his life a year ago to publish (in the *Atlantic* for June, 1935) a careful rating of American universities in the order of their scholarly eminence. "Harvard," he wrote, "is in a class by itself." I should like to emulate his courage by adding that in no other institution on this continent does one find quite the same degree of individual encouragement to pursue the truth, nowhere else so heady an atmosphere of intellectual curiosity. The result over three centuries of growth is a seat of learning comparable with any the world affords, and an irrefutable answer to the declaimers of democracy. Harvard is America's Exhibit A in its case for popular rule; or, I should say, for that kind of popular rule with which this country has been identified to date.

Harvard, however, was not always the headquarters of free inquiry. A long struggle, with many a pause, is the story of her rise to that distinction. Planted as she was by the infant theocracy which became New England, and long beholden for much of her income to state grants, she naturally reflected and suffered from the various bigotries, religious and political, that governed her overlords. Indeed, her early history is its own warning of what to expect should government again acquire authority to catechize her tenets.

No doubt President Conant had this

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history in mind, as well as contemporary warnings abroad, in his revolt against the recent teachers' oath legislation. He remembered, for instance, the fate that overtook Henry Dunster, second and in some respects most important president in Harvard's brilliant list. It was Dunster who nursed the tiny infant college back to life after Nathaniel Eaton, its first master, had flogged and starved the little student body to the point of dissolution, and then had skipped owing the better part of John Harvard's legacy. For the academic year 1639-40, Harvard College was deserted, and "it was almost equivalent to a second founding", writes Professor Morison in his *Three Centuries of Harvard*, when the Overseers engaged Dunster.

Dunster recalled to Cambridge as many of Eaton's former pupils as would take the chance of his proving a second flogger. . . . A new freshman class of four entered that fall (1640). A three-year course in the Liberal Arts, the Three Philosophies, and the Learned Tongues was instituted for the Bachelor's degree; the lectures, recitations, and the other exercises being so arranged that the President could conduct them all. And his efforts were concentrated on completing the college building that had been framed in Eaton's administration.

Unlike the English colleges on whose model Harvard was patterned, there was no sustaining endowment. Dunster had to go hat-in-hand to the Great and General Court of Massachusetts for most of his wherewithal; he had to abide, too, by the disposition of a Board of Overseers appointed by the Court and consisting of six magistrates and six ministers. However, besides reviving the college and managing somehow to scrape the wampum together to meet its quaintly frugal expenses, he got the Court in 1650 to grant the institution a charter under which the great modern university still operates. This was a tri-

umph second only to his work of rescue. The charter, presumably drafted by him, describes the purposes of Harvard College to be "the aduancement of all good literature artes and Sciences" and the making of "all other necessary pouissons that may conduce to the education of the English and Indian Youth of this country in knowledge and godliness". When one realizes that the immediate excuse for Harvard was that of a training school for the clergy, it is evident that here, for the times, was an amazingly broad declaration of aim and one which has undoubtedly served through the centuries as a bulwark of liberal policy. Under the charter the Corporation (as we know it) of President, Treasurer, and five fellows was established; but, of course, the General Court continued to hold the purse strings, or most of them, and to control the Board of Overseers. Wherefore this board remained the dominant governing body.

Dunster, it is said, resented the constant interference of the Overseers in the affairs of the college. Perhaps this resentment was premonitory, for presently his unorthodoxy in the matter of infant baptism brought the two squarely in conflict. It must be said that the Overseers pleaded with him to stay and shut up on so explosive an issue, but his conscience counseled candor and so he was forced to resign, the first conspicuous American martyr in the cause of academic freedom.

II

The lesson of Dunster's departure was not lost on his successors. Charles Chauncy, the next choice, who also had his peculiar ideas concerning infant baptism, agreed to keep them to himself. By this tactful acquiescence, combined with his marked insistence on pious observances, he was en-

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abled to survive his championship of an almanac compiled by Zachariah Brigden (A.B., 1657) which ridiculed the Ptolemaic astronomy and recommended to New England farmers the Galilean system. In his last year of office, Harvard acquired her first telescope with which to make her own observations. Thus, though he may have stooped to conquer, conquer he did, adding his own important contribution to the advancement of the institution along the road of independence.

Chauncy, too, of course, had his troubles wheedling appropriations from the General Court which, through its creatures, the Overseers, had ever a sharp nose in the wind for heretical tendencies. But, paradoxically, their jealous supervision in this respect had a fortunate issue in the appointment of Increase Mather to the presidency (after an interim of comparative ciphers). Mather at the time was the pope of New England puritanism. His ambition for Harvard, and for himself, was to turn her into a theological seminary under the thumb of the Congregational Church. He so fancied his time and importance, however, that he accepted the post of president only on the condition that he be permitted to treat it as a part-time job. For the better part of his administration he left the management of the college to John Leverett and William Brattle, two liberal tutors, who, safe behind Mather's imposing façade and unsuspected by him, proceeded to make of it a haven of enlightenment. Their pupils seem (relatively speaking) to have worshiped these two, whose impress on the spirit that animates the place has been indelible, especially so in the case of Leverett who later became president.

In Mather's time, which lasted from 1685 to just after the turn of the century, there was much ado about the college

charter. Joseph Dudley had come over from England with a royal commission as President of the Council for New England. Since his commission superseded the charter of the Massachusetts Bay Colony, he held that the charter of the college had been voided as well. Dudley was a graduate and loyal son of Harvard and hence disposed to let her governing boards carry on without legal status. But presently charter-mongering for the college became a pet diversion of the General Court, with Increase Mather in the thick of the intrigue, jockeying for a document that would crib, cabin, and confine the institution within the orbit of his beliefs. Finally the Court grew sick of the game and of Dr. Mather, too. It eased him out on a technicality, voted in Governor Dudley's brother-in-law (the Rev. Samuel Willard), and subsequently declared the old charter in force again.

This last coup in its devising is worth special comment. The Corporation, still *de facto*, had elected Leverett to succeed Willard, who died in 1707. Notwithstanding its lack of legal authority, it had had the temerity to choose a layman and a liberal for an office always filled before by an orthodox puritan parson. The Mathers (Cotton, the son, was now a power in the colony) voiced the sense of outrage in the conservative breast. But the Harvard virus was working in high places, in Dudley who was a friend of Leverett's, in influential members of the Court, also Harvard men, and in many ministers who had been Leverett's pupils. Dudley agreed to waive his royal prerogative respecting the charter if the Legislature would reinstate it and at the same time grant Leverett a proper salary. This was done. Dudley was an exceedingly unpopular satrap, but give him his due — he was good to his mater.

Handsome as the victory was, it turned

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too obviously on official favor. Professor Morison devotes a chapter to "The Great Leverett." Harvard thrived under his comparatively long reign of liberalism though he was "in almost continual hot water". He lost Dudley's favor when the Corporation refused to appoint the Royal Governor's son treasurer of the college. As this was about to prove his undoing, Dudley fortunately was recalled and Leverett was able to fend off the gathering offensive of the unco guid through the favor of the succeeding governor, who also stood between him and Cotton Mather's influential hatred. He had rows with his tutors, who appealed over his head to the Board of Overseers, who petitioned the General Court, whose hostile resolutions were adroitly quashed by the Governor. Thus did politics rule academic policy.

III

And so it continued to do with diminishing insistence for close to a century and a half. An important measure of emancipation came shortly after the Revolution when the accumulation of gifts and bequests and their shrewd investment in the securities of the new Republic, which Alexander Hamilton made good, rendered the college virtually self-supporting. In the meantime it is instructive to dwell on the years of John Hancock's incumbency as treasurer.

Hancock was appointed in the autumn of 1773, when the tide of revolutionary hysteria was already lapping at the ancient foundations. Professor Morison says that "politics, and a desire to secure for the College a part of the fortune of which John was being rapidly relieved by his political friends, doubtless account for this appointment". It should be said also that he had been a generous and affectionate

son. "He had given sundry books and subscribed 500 pounds sterling toward the restoration of the Library, carpeted the second floor of Harvard Hall and richly papered the Philosophy Chamber, and presented 'a curious Coralline on its natural bed' to the new Museum."

But he treated his post of treasurer as a minor trophy in his hunt for public honors. Months of absence went by and the Corporation humbly petitioned him for an accounting. He ignored their communication. After repeated requests he replied in April, 1775, that he seriously resented their importunity, virtually daring them to replace him. "If the Gentlemen Chuse to make a public Choice of a Gentleman to the Displacing Him, they will please to Act their pleasure." They didn't take the dare and so the farce proceeded.

A year later, in answer to another supplication, Hancock, who was in Philadelphia, wrote that he had dispatched a messenger to fetch him all his account books and papers. Since much of the intervening territory was in the enemy's possession, consternation seized the Corporation and President Langdon replied, "hinting" that they would welcome his resignation.

But it developed that "Mr. Hancock neither took the hint nor made an accounting."

The problem was turned over to the Board of Overseers, who sent a tutor after John to bring back the records. This emissary caught up with the great man in Baltimore, transient seat of the Continental Congress, and managed to return with the documents and a letter from Hancock censuring the Overseers for their "severe and unmerited censure" of him. But Hancock never settled his accounts with the college, which screwed up its

courage to fire him as treasurer (in 1777), but not to sue him. For he became Governor of the Commonwealth and a person to be flattered rather than annoyed. Finally, after his death, his heirs, more conscious of the obligation, paid off the debt on the instalment plan.

This episode, though not the most damaging, since it involved merely fiscal matters, was certainly the most humiliating in the college's history of servility to the politician. On the other hand, it led to the appointment of a well-named treasurer — Ebenezer Storer — who in his limited sphere out-Hamiltoned Hamilton, and to the election to the Corporation of the very substantial Judge Lowell of Boston. Between them these two established the college on its own financial feet. No longer, to be specific, was it necessary that the State of Massachusetts pay the president's salary.

But though financial independence was achieved, state and church still held a grip on academic policy through the Board of Overseers, and made it felt during all the controversies that divided Federalists from Republicans, and Congregationalists from Unitarians. The liberals triumphed in the end on both fronts, but at the expense of feuds and bitter campaigns in which the press and people took part. An example was the scramble for the presidency and for the Hollis Chair of Divinity when President Joseph Willard died in 1804. The Corporation chose Eliphalet Pearson, Hancock Professor of Hebrew, as acting president. The Unitarian drift was on. Pearson was a Calvinist. He wanted the presidency; he also wanted to name the professor for the vacant divinity chair lest a Unitarian be chosen. According to a junior fellow, the spiritual electioneering for both posts was alive with "as much intrigue . . . as was ever practiced in the Vatican."

Pearson lost out, and strangely enough, for the Overseers at the time consisted of the Governor, the Lieutenant Governor, Council and Senate of the Commonwealth, and the ministers of the Congregational churches in Cambridge, Watertown, Charlestown, Boston, Roxbury, and Dorchester — sixty-five heavy dignitaries in all. They confirmed a Unitarian in the professorship and another — the Rev. Samuel Webber — in the presidency, and "Elephant" Pearson, as the students were pleased to call him, shook the dust of the depraved institution from his feet. He founded the Andover Theological Seminary just to show 'em.

In 1851 the Legislature kindly removed the clerical section from the Board of Overseers and cut out the Council and Senate, retaining only as *ex officio* members the Governor, Lieutenant Governor, President of the Senate, Speaker of the House, Secretary of the Board of Education, and the President and Treasurer of the university. The House and Senate, however, were charged with the duty of electing a majority of the Board, consisting of thirty members. So it was not until the close of the Civil War, and the wave of public gratitude engendered by the service of Harvard men therein, that the umbilical cord was finally severed. The act of April 28, 1865, abolished the *ex officio* members of the Board, except the President and Treasurer of the university, and gave the election of the rest into the hands of the alumni. The age-long vassalage to government was over.

IV

The foregoing is, of course, the merest sketch of Harvard's climb to freedom from church and state, but it makes one wonder whether, but for the separation, Charles William Eliot, a professor of

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chemistry, would have been chosen president of Harvard four years later; whether, had he been elected, he could have carried through those revolutionary reforms which lifted Harvard out of the freshwater into the Olympian class. Harvard, since Eliot took hold, has become increasingly famous for her ability to persuade her students to practice the Emersonian doctrine of self-reliance, while stimulating them to the full expression of their individual talents. There is no such thing as a Harvard mold. Eliot broke it, and hence pouring from her gates into the channels of society come young men of every shade of opinion, whose predilections are as diverse as those of Jack Reed and "Ham" Fish, of Walter Lippmann and Heywood Broun, of Bronson Cutting and "Putsy" Hanfstaengl—all contemporaries. Could a flow so rich and varied have been developed under the old partnership?

This question is worth pondering. One imagines that President Conant would answer it in the negative. And for that reason one can understand the better his stout resistance to the teachers' oath legislation; one can understand why almost alone among our colleges and universities, Harvard has repulsed the blandishments of the National Youth Administration; why, in other words, she and most of her sister institutions look with unmistakable apprehension on the advancement of a political regime whose economic regimentation must eventually issue in a supervision of thought.

I am not unmindful of the objection that will be raised to my thesis—namely, that when it comes to scholarly eminence, some of our great state universities rank among the first ten in the land. Mr. Embree places California among the first five (his rating is Harvard, Chicago, Columbia, California,

and Yale). But if, as he says, there is much exaggerated nonsense about legislative interference with the tax-supported institution, the reason to me seems plain. It is that our endowed universities, with Harvard at their head, have achieved a standard and set a style which the politician, unless he be a Huey Long, is forced to respect even where he has a finger in the pie. "The older state universities," to quote Mr. Embree, "have won a real integrity, and the swift punishment by public opinion that recently struck the astonished heads of interfering politicians has pretty well taught self-seeking officials that they had better leave the educational institutions alone and concentrate upon easier and more accustomed spoils." But how would public opinion have known how to respond to the threat had it not had before it the ideal as embodied in the thing that Harvard exemplifies? In other words, let the politician tame Harvard and he has little to fear from the resistance of the rest of the educational system.

The catastrophe may not be so remote. Harvard has to face now not the government and church of Massachusetts, from whose clutches she managed to extricate herself after nearly two centuries and a half of struggle: a far mightier and more cunning opponent confronts her and one armored in innocence. The New Deal has no conscious designs on Harvard or academic freedom. Is it not captained by a Harvard product, guided by Harvard minds? But suppose, for example, the New Deal's policy of taxation to meet its self-propagating expenditures is carried to its logical extreme: how long could a university which depends for its growth on the growth of its endowment and, therefore, on the gifts and bequests of the

SONG

wealthy, continue to grow? How long, with the ever-increasing demands upon it (assuming that it tries to meet them, as it should), could it remain self-supporting? How soon before it must accept assistance proffered from Washington on whatever

conditions the gentlemen in authority there see fit to impose?

Not at all fanciful is the menace under which our oldest university this month beckons to her sons and admirers to celebrate her tercentenary.

SONG

BY MARYA ZATURENSKA

OH LIKE a young tree rooted near the water,
Foreseeing the fresh seasons year by year,
So let me stand.

Like the suave moss grown thick on water's edge
Warm under the tree's root, cooled by the curled wave,
Let me endure.

Surprising dewy-bright as the wild strawberry
In leaves that form a basket green and fine,
As ruddy and gay.

Or the wild rose that springs up new and sweet
Bride of the summer, child of summer rains,
So fair-adorned.

The learned heart, the eyes, whose steady look
Can face the dark, the still serenity
Of lake-drowned stars.

Let me ensnare for a leaf's span, for a flower's season
Joy's rosy, transient wing, skied in the summer light
Warm and unshadowed.

THE CASE FOR ECONOMIC NATIONALISM

BY J. A. LIVINGSTON

PROSPERITY is just across the water. That is as good a way as any to sum up the dogged dedication of American statesmen to a tried and true error — if an error can be true. Certainly, it has been tried. Foreign trade at all costs has been a fetish since the days when the thirteen Colonies wrenched themselves from the economic paternalism of King George III. And it still is. Today, both Secretary of State Hull and Secretary of Agriculture Wallace are busy tracking threadbare the old pattern of internationalism, in a sadly misguided effort to find economic stability for the United States via the foreign market.

The devout Mr. Hull, ordinarily a placid Tennessean, becomes fervent to the point of inaccuracy on the subject. To him, our trade policy has made it impossible for the United States to sell abroad "our vast surplus-producing capacity of twenty to thirty billion dollars". Coming from the man who is only twice removed from the Presidency, that is a statement we ought to be able to accept as gospel; but the statement is, to put it mildly, an exaggeration. For at no time have American exports approached twenty billions. In 1929, the total shipments abroad amounted to only five and a fraction billions; in fact, in that boom year, the entire world succeeded in exporting only thirty-three billions of surplus products. Mr. Hull, with the magnificent vision of the true New Dealer, would have our exports balloon five- or

ten-fold. But it can't be done — not even in the More Abundant Life.

The doughty Mr. Wallace is not so obsessed with arithmetic. Rather, with him, it is the principle of the thing, and he states it very nicely: "We must import more to export more." All of which sounds reasonable and is in keeping with what might be termed the Traditional American System (if it were not so un-American in its results). It is easy to say "import more". The next problem is what to import. The farmer, justifiably, will object to competing crops. The manufacturer will object to finished products. Working-men will object to foreign labor in the form of goods. And there you have the problem — entirely surrounded by valid objections.

But all objections are overruled by the irresistible seduction of the foreign market. There it lies, over the borders and across the seas: some 50,000,000,000 square miles of foreign land and nearly 2,000,000,000 foreign inhabitants. It is Infinity, compared to the Republic's 3,000,000,000 square miles and 130,000,000 population. And our politicos have proceeded to focus American economic policy on that infinity. The effect has been to embroil this country in foreign crises, large and small: let a war befall, and American trade entanglements are an ineluctable bait — to go in. American internal economy seesaws with world developments: when the *Creditanstalt* of the Rothschilds collapsed in Austria, do-

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merican business felt the shock and President Hoover shortly thereafter declared the war debt moratorium; when Great Britain went off the gold standard in September, 1931, the New York Stock Exchange made the unprecedented request that speculators refrain from short selling; when Ivan Kreuger shot himself, thousands of American investors went broke. Yet, rather than forego the deceptive values to be found in widespread internationalism, American businessmen and farmers yearn for them. Not because they have reasoned on which side of the water their bread is buttered, but because it is part of the American educational heritage.

The nation's schools and colleges are devoted just as doggedly as Mr. Hull and Mr. Wallace to the economic evangelism of Adam Smith. For Mr. Hull there is the excuse of his Southern background. Cotton must reach foreign markets. But Mr. Wallace, with the entire farm situation as his purview, must know that agriculturally speaking this country has an "unfavorable balance of trade". In the last ten years, foreign farmers dumped \$2,500,000,000 more crops and forest products on this market than American farmers were able to sell abroad. Which certainly would indicate that by (1) protecting the farmer against competitive foreign exploitation and (2) shifting production to crops which now are imported, American agriculture would be enriched by at least \$250,000,000 a year. And that increased income would be derived from domestic consumption, rather than uncertain sales in foreign markets.

But because Americans have been brought up that way, they will probably go on producing huge surpluses for the foreign market, while other nations are digging deeper and deeper into their own domestic resources for greater economic

stability. Nationalism, as an asylum from international crises, is the order of the day. Great Britain has turned to protection. France has trade quotas and tariffs. Germany is striving for self-sufficiency. Even if internationalism most suited American economic interest, which emphatically it does not, it would be futile to buck the trend. Though the hopeful Mr. Hull continues to make reciprocal trade agreements with other nations, it will not offset the tendency of foreign trade to decline. As long as countries pursue the self-interested course of producing whatever is possible at home, transactions are bound to be *minima*, rather than *maxima*.

It simmers down to this. Nations are beginning to look upon foreign trade as a means of obtaining what they lack in exchange for that which they have in excess. The United States buys coffee from Brazil because we do not produce it here; and Brazil buys machinery from the United States. It is inter-nation trade — not international trade — and it amounts to barter. What is one nation's surplus may be another nation's deficit; if so, they swap. George N. Peek, former adviser to President Roosevelt on foreign trade, summarized it pithily: "The way to trade is to trade." There must be a definite want for one country to buy from another country. Trade for trade's sake doesn't go any more. Even if this country has not, the world has profited from the American experience of building up a huge volume of transactions in international trade with only statistical grandeur to show for it. In the thirty-eight years from 1896 through 1933, according to Mr. Peek's figures, this country sent abroad billions of dollars' worth of goods and services. When it was all over, these doubtful assets remained on the ledger: (1) a depression; (2) the jealous distrust of other nations; (3) ten bil-

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lion dollars in defaulted war debts; (4) six billions in foreign bonds sold to American investors, half of which are in default. To the extent that those promissory notes are unpaid, American labor and American commodities have been shipped to the other side for nothing. Possibly that is what is meant by *free trade*.

Yet, after being played for suckers to the tune of thirteen billion dollars more or less, as soon as the Depression came and international trade declined (along with everything else), American businessmen, farmers, and economists blamed the slump in exports. It is a pet belief that foreign trade represents the margin between profit and loss for American economy as a whole: if we could not sell goods abroad, we would lose money. That was the theory; and it is based on the Quixotic estimate that exports amount to ten per cent of our production of movable goods. (Which omits roads, bridges, buildings, and the myriad services that enter our daily economic life.) Include everything, and international dealings might score up to three per cent. But fact has never interfered with the ten-per-cent fanaticism.

Once in the grip of the Depression, the nation redoubled its efforts to regain foreign markets. But exports still declined steadily to less than half the 1929 total. So that now we might as well face the fact that the foreign market, so far as the United States is concerned, is (1) irrecoverable and (2) if it were recoverable, would be unworthy of the effort. America is better off tending to its own knitting at home. At least, economic nationalism will acquaint Americans with the plus and minus signs of this economic habitat. As Simon Nelson Patten pointed out many years ago, "Nationalism tends to adjust the people of a nation more closely to their own environment and thus develops all its

natural resources"—a perfect prescription for current American economic problems.

II

Until today, unfortunately, this country has had neither the time nor the inclination to explore its own environment—its mining, agricultural, forest, and commercial resources. Like Topsy, the United States just grew. There was little necessity for conservation. Always, there were more mines, more land, more locations for factories. Until the frontiers receded to their final boundaries, at the Pacific, at Canada, and at Mexico, everything fitted perfectly into the pattern of improvident expansion. In the hurly-burly of it all, America changed from an agricultural nation to a manufacturing and commercial nation—and, along toward maturity in 1929, suffered intense growing pains.

It was but natural that through this development from infancy to middle age, the exploiters of resources should embrace the theory that suited the texture of the country and their own pioneering spirit. The theory they embraced was economic anarchy—every man for himself: the textbooks call it *laissez faire*. Adam Smith was its father, and his philosophy was a simple one: Men are dominated by self-interest, and personal fortune transcends loyalty to the State; consequently individuals will endeavor whenever and wherever possible to buy in the cheapest market and sell in the dearest, in that way to derive the greatest personal gain; and inasmuch as the State is made up of individuals, it follows that if the individuals, guided by their economic selfishness, do what is best for themselves, they will be doing what is best for the State.

That individual action is often opposed to national interest, however, is fairly ob-

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vious. Instances abound and need no recitation here. For the real clash of the national interest with the personal profit interest is yet to come. It is in the expanding sphere of corporate imperialism. For many years now, American industry has been establishing branch factories abroad. The reason is not hard to find. After the World War, the American industrial machine was geared to foreign demand. When that demand declined, it was necessary to find some other means of puffing up business. Two factors were involved: (1) European countries raised tariff barriers and established trade quotas against imports; (2) because of a higher standard of living, and consequently higher labor costs, it was impossible for American manufacturers to compete with foreign manufacturers.

And so, to hurdle the trade barriers and the wage differential, American companies exported capital abroad. At the end of 1933, American investments in foreign branch factories totaled \$7,700,000,000. That sum is three times the entire investment in the domestic automobile and truck manufacturing industry. Had that capital been used at home, it would have created from 750,000 to 1,000,000 jobs. Clearly, when the American businessman sends money abroad to erect a plant, he is motivated by economic self-interest. He expects to realize a higher return on his capital than he could get in the domestic market. Yet the exportation of that capital is a definite loss to the national economy — particularly when there is unemployment at home.

Right there, in the labor question, is the core of the foreign trade problem. For some countries, internationalism may function satisfactorily. For the United States, it is impossible — simply because the American standard of living is so much higher than the standard of living of other countries. Higher wages support this higher

standard of living: steel-mill rollers in this country get \$1.50 an hour, while in Great Britain the rate is sixty-six cents; domestic cotton spinners receive twenty-seven cents an hour, Japanese cotton spinners are content with two and one-half cents; metallurgical and machine workers in the United States receive 50.2 cents an hour, nearly twice as much as similar craftsmen in France. And so on throughout the industries.

There was a time, of course, when our industrial machine was so much further advanced than that of any other nation that we could grant foreign competitors an advantage in labor costs and still undersell in the world market. But, thanks to huge American loans to other countries to help them buy American machinery after the war, foreign factories caught up. Czechoslovakian shoes made on American machines now undersell American footwear. Why? Because the Czech standard of living (and wages) is lower. German toys, because of low-cost labor, vie with American toys, regardless of the price of the ocean trip. Brazilian cotton, despite more favorable growing conditions in the Southern States, can displace American cotton in world markets because of cheaper land and cheaper labor. Japan, all along the line — particularly in textiles — is running the higher standard of living nations ragged. Why? Because Japanese labor is cheap and because Japanese labor now uses the same machinery with the same skill as nations whose industries are older, but no more competent.

In the face of these labor odds, it is understandable why American money established motor, typewriter, plumbing, and other factories abroad. It was an *hegira* from domestic labor to cheap foreign labor. But the ramifications of these extra-territorial subsidiaries are dangerous — politi-

cally and economically. These plants are subject to the laws of a foreign government. They can be taxed out of existence. They can be evicted. Or, as has been threatened in the case of the General Motors and Ford plants in Japan, the American companies may be asked to surrender their investments to native interests, because the Japanese regard the automobile as important in national defense and control of its production in foreign hands a potential menace in time of war. Eventually, the American manufacturer will discover his ventures on foreign soil a source of headache, because of the increasing restrictions on the exportation of capital out of foreign countries. After all, the purpose of establishing a plant abroad is to collect dividends. If the dividends are not collectible — as in Germany, where exchange restrictions are unduly severe — the foreign plant will become a brick and mortar monument to America's Pyrrhic conquest.

The American plant abroad, indicating so plainly that the foreign trade jig is up, is the final ironical commentary on the internationalistic leanings of Messiahs Hull and Wallace. Foreign workmen have not remained industrial *moujiks*. Today, workmen in other countries produce on the same machines merchandise of the same quality and at the same speed as our factory hands. The Ford Company of England proves the point. An analysis was made of man-hour production in all Ford of England factories throughout the world. The results showed that workers, regardless of nationality, produced alike as to quality and quantity. Yet the pay varies in all the factories in direct ratio to the standards of living in the respective countries. The inference is clear. Only by reducing wages and the general standard of living can the United States succeed in selling its products in the cheapest labor

market of the world — for that is what the international market is today. The alternative is to shift the base of American economic policy to nationalism.

III

Economic nationalism is no newly minted theory. Traces of it are to be found in the writings of Aristotle. But Adam Smith's doctrine of economic internationalism so spread-eagled the English-speaking world that protestations of the nationalists against what they termed the "cosmopolitan" or "idealistic" school went unheard — except in central Europe. *Laissez faire* became not a matter of understanding, but of blind faith. Or, according to the *Encyclopedia Britannica*, "free trade had become by the end of the nineteenth century in the main an old habit, for which the ordinary English manufacturer could give no very reasonable explanation. . . ."

The first nationalist to propose a concrete system was Andrew Yarranton, an Englishman, who preceded Adam Smith by a century and whose name is not to be found in economic textbooks. Yarranton's proposals for the development of seventeenth-century England might be lifted right out of their 250-year-old phraseology and would, with only minor alterations, provide the foundation for Great Britain's current economic program. As a basis for *England's Improvement by Sea and Land* — the title of his book — Yarranton asserted that Britain should draw upon British raw materials, process them with British labor, transport the final products in British ships. In that way, he contended, Britain "could beat the Dutch". And in that way, through her "Empire policy", modern Britain hopes to do better than just muddle through. Though Yarranton formulated a practical program for Eng-

land's industrial advancement, it remained for an Austrian lawyer, Philipp Wilhelm von Hornick (1638-1712), to propound the early theoretical principles of nationalism. Von Hornick summarized nationalist economics concisely and sharply:

Except for important considerations, no importation should be allowed under any circumstances, of commodities of which there is a sufficient supply of suitable quality at home; and in this matter neither sympathy nor compassion should be shown foreigners, be they friends, kinsfolk, allies, or enemies. For all friendship ceases when it involves a person's or a nation's weakness and ruin. And this holds good, even if domestic commodities are of poorer quality, or even higher priced. For it would be better to pay for an article two dollars which remain in the country than only one which goes out, however strange this may seem to the ill-informed.

A century later, Smith revamped all economic concepts with his notion of individual selfishness. Not until after Friedrich List, a German, published in 1844 the *National System of Political Economy*, which attained political fruition in the *Zollverein* under Bismarck, was there a serious breach in the universal worship of *laissez faire*. List attacked the principle of free trade with typical German punch. He made the point, now thoroughly accepted even by the free trade school, that foreign trade is simply an exchange of the labor of one nation for the labor of another nation. That being the case, he postulated, the determining factor in cost of production and the price at which goods can be sold is labor, and therefore a country with a high wage will be unable to compete with a low-wage country in the international market. Thereby Herr List arrived at this fundamental principle: Free trade is an idealism not to be engaged in until the people with whom you trade have the same living standards (wage scales) as your

own; otherwise they will tear you down to their level.

And that, precisely, is what is happening to the United States today. By pivoting our foreign policy on an axis of internationalism, President Roosevelt, Secretary Wallace, *et al.*, are jeopardizing American living standards by placing this country's high paid labor in direct competition with the lower paid labor of the rest of the world. It is, in short, economic insanity.

IV

Although the United States officially continues to endanger its economic independence by homage to internationalism, there have been hopeful divagations. In July, 1933, President Roosevelt, in a flash of understanding, fired a message from a sailing yacht off Campobello Isle to the London Economic Conference, telling the delegates there, in effect, to go fly a kite: the United States was determined to put its house in order and not go rummaging around with currency stabilization and the vague promise of better things in the international market. But then the President shifted to the other side and sustained Mr. Hull in the dispute with Mr. Peek over this country's traditional trade policy. Secretary Wallace has a different method. He has managed to be loyal to internationalism by saying one thing and doing another. In all his economic pronouncements, and particularly that persuasive booklet, *America Must Choose*, the Secretary of Agriculture has clung religiously to the thesis that this country "must import more to export more" in order to solve the farm problem. But, instead of turning to the export market to sell American crops, the AAA paid bounties to farmers to reduce production. Thus Mr. Wallace preached internationalism and buried the crops he could not

hope to export. Indeed, even Secretary Hull seems sometimes to nod in the faith that a stork brings foreign trade.

The State Department's persistence in its reciprocal trade treaty program is a tacit admission that Mr. Hull's economic orthodoxy has its bad moments. Otherwise, he would regard the international market as free, open, and aboveboard and would not try to bargain for America's share in it. His method of bargaining, hamstrung by the most-favored-nation policy, is what brought about his tiff with Mr. Peek and the latter's withdrawal from the Administration.

Mr. Peek protested that the most-favored-nation policy was antique; that it had no validity in modern international intercourse. For this reason: when America in a reciprocal agreement makes a tariff concession to Belgium, say, on steel ingots, all most-favored nations are let in on that reduction. Though the tariff is sliced ostensibly for Belgium's benefit, at the same time the doors are opened wider to British, French, Italian, and other foreign steel-makers. Thus, the advantages of a reciprocal trade deal are never specific enough to assure this country a satisfactory or permanent export market for its surpluses; nor are they sufficiently binding on other nations to assure adequate supplies of commodities which the United States lacks. Therefore, Mr. Peek urged a series of exclusive trade agreements which would guarantee this country an export market for certain surplus products in exchange for certain deficit products. It would be similar to the barter agreement made with Brazil, whereby the United States took Brazilian coffee and Brazil accepted American wheat. Under the Peek plan this country would arrange to ship excess cotton and tobacco to specific foreign countries in a deal (either bilateral or polyangular)

for coffee, rubber, tin, silk, sugar, and miscellaneous other products of which we do not have a copious supply at home. In that way, the United States would be able to clinch a foreign market for cotton and tobacco, on which the solvency of the South depends.

But if it should prove impossible to make realistic agreements to export these crops, then it will become necessary to take other steps to protect the South. Substitute crops will have to be found. Sugar is an immediate possibility; three-quarters of domestic requirements are now imported, yet all could easily be raised here. Another is Southern slash pine, a quick-growing tree, similar to Northern spruce and suitable for kraft paper, newsprint, wood pulp, and cellulose products. About \$100,000,000 worth of wood and wood pulp products are now imported annually from Canada. Through a policy of protection, this country could foster the development of a basic industry in the South, which would broaden that region's economy and provide employment for domestic labor.

To the internationalist, focusing on infinity, a policy either (1) to clinch foreign markets by barter or (2) to raise substitute crops is heresy. The objection would be that consumers would have to pay more for sugar, or other crops we now import. But that is just where the internationalist misses a point. True, it may cost domestic consumers somewhat more, but that additional cost will go into the employment of domestic labor. People will be taken off the dole and that, in turn, will mean a reduction in taxes. So, out of one domestic pocket it goes into another. Unemployment is reduced and the internal economy gains.

What the internationalist refuses to see is that the United States is hemmed in by inevitability. Its export trade is doomed

CHIPMUNK

to attenuation. America cannot maintain both foreign trade and a high standard of living. Great Britain will bear witness. A generation ago she was still a free trade nation and the world's dominant industrial and commercial power. But year by year her economic strength was sapped by nations with a lower standard of living—Germany, the United States, and now Japan.

Today, this country is where Great Britain was thirty years ago. Every other nation is tearing us down, trying to lift its own standard of living at the expense of the American. That is why it is imperative to reframe the present economic policy, as Britain has done belatedly. There is but one escape from the dilemma of a high

standard of living and the foreign market: a bold program to protect the home market by tariffs or embargoes from the onslaught of other countries—in short, economic nationalism. Such a program will not guarantee peace, stability, or prosperity, but at least it will hold forth a promise of them. And if it seems iconoclastic, this economic philosophy, recall that Aristotle wrote about it; that Bismarck laid the foundation of Germany's industrial greatness with it; and that England has been forced to it. And then consider what this country stands to gain from it: protection of a high standard of living, freedom from foreign financial entanglements, and a chance to resolve peacefully the American economic destiny.

CHIPMUNK

BY LEIGH HANES

THE chipmunk thinks I am a tree,
And for the moment we'll agree,
Having come to slake our thirst
At the same spring, and he the first—
Having come to lap and cup
Meeting our faces coming up.

The sunlight blurs the fading line
That separates the two of us.
The spring is his as well as mine,
And things are now more credulous.

And since he was the first to come,
And trees seem friendlier when dumb,
I'll let him be the first to drink,
And then I'll kneel beside the brink
And cup my hand and dip the flow
And rise, and look around, and go.

THE SWEETHEART OF THE REGIMENTERS

Dr. Tugwell Makes America Over

BY BLAIR BOLLES

IN THE carefree days of his youth, Rexford Guy Tugwell, B.S., M.A., Ph.D., fruit farmer, economics professor, Undersecretary of Agriculture, Resettlement Administrator, and Bayard of the New Deal, was an earnest poet. More to the point, he published. And what he published in those rose-colored days cast certain flares of poetic prevision around Rexford, the embryonic Brain Truster. For by the time he had attained sophomore status at the University of Pennsylvania, the future Disentrencher of Greed was already singing, in a more or less Whitmanesque manner, the song of himself. His talent reached its fullest flower in *The Dreamer*—an open-throated, free-verse threnody describing the Superior Individual's moral obligations to the material world as Tugwell, '15, saw them. It surges with the fevered passion of a bard's Utopia; it breathes the supercilious protest of the romantic against the established order; and, save for the fact that it does not possess the catchy lilt of a campaign song, it might be the voting hymn for Rexford's colleagues, *circa* 1936, as they go forth to ballot with the loathsome economic royalists. Perhaps to the Dreamer's present annoyance, the words are imperishable:

I am strong,
I am big and well-made,
I am muscled, lean and nervous.
I am sick of a Nation's stenches,

I am sick of propertied Czars;
I have dreamed my great dream of their
passing.

I have gathered my tools and my charts;
My plans are fashioned and practical:
I shall roll up my sleeves—make America
over!

In these adolescent lines, the future historian may locate the genesis of that portion of the New Deal which has, to date, rained a gentle cloudburst of treasury checks over the fulsome acres of agricultural America. For indubitably there is still about the Tugwell appearance, with its brooding eyes and molded features enframed by wavy hair, the hallmark of a sophomore poet's wistful handsomeness. And in the curt and sometimes contemptuous manner of Dr. Roosevelt's Resettlement Administrator, there is evidence of the dormitory aesthete's scorn for homely ideas, for plain people, for politicians whose views are based, so to speak, not upon poetry but upon votes and pocketbooks. Something deep in the Dreamer's psyche drives him forward in the prodigious vision of enticing men to arrange themselves in fancy formations and to jump through hoops of metrical trickiness in a statesman's version of *The Divine Comedy*, which he happens, for the aesthetic moment, to be writing with robots rather than with English verbiage.

Yet, probably because the rhythmic temperament is an unknown factor to most

judges of American political flesh, the man who planned the New Deal's framework of cantos and still runs two gigantic stanzas of it from a sunny room on the second floor of the Department of Agriculture, remains a good deal of an enigma even to his enemies. Few of them realize the heights to which a dreamer's arrogance can rise in a mind conscious of intellectual superiority, when that consciousness is perpetually enflamed by a romantic imagination. Rexford himself evidently senses the difficulty his fellow-countrymen experience in taking the measure of such an exotic. "I've given up hope", he remarked *in camera* not long ago, "that people who don't know me or anything about me will ever stop talking all-knowingly about me."

Washington, at any rate, knows enough about the sophomoric arrogance to realize that it often achieves a virtually epic quality. When the Dreamer wants to be tactless, the job is done with a cold finish suggesting deliberate finesse rather than a harried poet's impatience. He makes, for instance, a sort of avocation out of being unpleasant to the worldly members of Congress. He is scornful to uncultured businessmen, haughty to practical politicians, cold to petitioning citizens. Tales of the Wildean quality of his disdain are countless. One concerns a group of farmers, those horny-handed hinds for whom Rexford bleeds in print and debate, who left his office muttering to themselves, after traveling from afar to seek an answer to their questions. While the Undersecretary sat, the pilgrims, on foot, stated their problem. Their story was an old one to the Dreamer. It bored him. His visitors asked advice. He made no reply. The leader of the bucolics repeated:

"What are you going to do, sir?"

Rexford never spoke. Aloof he sat upon

Pegasus. Hurt and nonplussed, the farmers departed.

Before the tribunal of senators who in June of 1934 met to decide whether the Dreamer's love of the Russian experiment was great enough to render him unfit for the new and exalted post of Undersecretary of Agriculture (he was then but Assistant Secretary), he flaunted his scorn as a kind of exercise in aesthetic exhibitionism. With superior grace the Professor received the anxious questioning of the legislators. He answered in tones so low that the throng of circus-goers who packed the room where once the mighty Morgan held a midget, could not catch his replies. A senator asked him to speak out. "I think," said Rexford, "it is more important you should hear me than they."

But other elements besides idealistic scorn for human imperfections have contributed to the grand-ducal manner which is the trade mark of the Tugwell personality in Washington. After all, the Sweetheart of the Regimenters was seventeen years a pedagogue. During his mature life he has been able always to answer in writing, either in rhyme or prose, the besetting problems of the economics of living. Because few of his gilded words were swallowed before 1933, he developed an intellectual superiority he now finds it difficult to shake off. Disputants of his economic beliefs he holds immature and anti-social. This makes it natural, as well as pleasant, for him to treat men in Washington who doubt his romantic nostrums as cavalierly as he treated all but his most brilliant students at Columbia. He is harsh with the supporters of existing American society because, having rolled up his sleeves, he is now engaged in his personally conducted expert task of remolding it. Of earthy businessmen, the arch-fiends of his private cosmogony, he once declared:

A set of irresponsible and certainly self-interested people half-manage and half-neglect affairs of whose consequences they have no adequate conception, but from which they have no hesitation in draining the last penny of profit.

But he knew how to take care of these enemies, because he appreciated that "fundamental changes of attitude, new discipline, revised legal structures, and unaccustomed limitations on activity" would all be necessary in the More Abundant Life. They were to be brought about by Planning. And he had no doubts as to the results of Planning:

This amounts, in fact, to the abandonment, finally, of *laissez-faire*. It amounts, practically, to the abolition of "business".

II

Until three years ago, the Dreamer was never in a position where it paid to be polite to people who held no interest for him. He grew up carefree and alone in the hills of Chautauqua County, New York, a country boy, born on a dairy farm near Sinclairville in 1891. His agrarian father never understood, it seems, the son who was detached, living, as it were, on a finer plane of civilization, even while plowing a hayfield. To the father, the land meant a living; but for Rexford the brooks and woods and the passage of the seasons represented a source of aesthetic dream-life so important in the development of the Tugwell psyche. For these things he would always long with a Hardy-esque intensity. However much or little of this Tugwell *père* understood, he must have realized that it was no way for a successful dirt farmer to look at a manure pile.

Even the teachers at the Buffalo high school which Rexford entered at sixteen, seem to have felt toward him a good deal

as 531 members of Congress do now. For Rexford's instructors manifestly bored him, and to the dismay of the principal he made no effort to hide it. He was already stirred, as some of his early theme papers show, by a poetic longing to do something good for humanity; but he revealed little interest in the about-to-be-succored race's individual representatives. Already, in fact, he preferred to cultivate himself as *littérateur* rather than as high school socialite.

During his last year at high school, Rex played at reporting for the Buffalo *Courier*. It was an experience to mention casually in 1911 when he reached the University of Pennsylvania to enter the Wharton School of Finance. His classmates were impressed, and made him managing editor of the college paper. Otherwise, he reacted calmly to the strange world of Philadelphia. He remained a man apart; he had few intimates. But there was a certain captivation about his detached suavity, his seriousness, and his literary erudition which attracted the lesser students. He became a brother in Delta Upsilon. The students even went so far as to name him a member of the prom committee. He was a big man on the campus — then, as now, sensitive, chill to his inferiors, whether they admired or hated him.

At the same time, his poetics were flourishing, but so was his interest in redirecting civilization. In the very year he organized a college dance, he wrote the poem which ends on the note of "make America over". Obviously, the Tugwell message of idealism was getting ripe for development.

Meanwhile, three men, all of whom he met at Pennsylvania, were putting themselves to work heading the young bard out of sophomorism into the serious business of becoming a Guider of Humanity. Scott Nearing told him his future lay in econom-

ics. Simon Patten convinced him he was wasting his time on frivolous collegiate activities. Dr. Clyde King aroused him to his first specific enthusiasm — a campaign to make milk a public utility. For a while he turned with zeal to this preliminary exercise in rhythmic regimentation. But curbing the profits of prewar milk individualists was difficult. He left the milk traffic to shift for itself and began his doctorate thesis — *The Economic Basis for Business Regulation*.

Rexford's break with orthodox economic thought was now well-defined. When he went up to Columbia as assistant professor of economics in 1922, his finished thesis marked his complete revolt against *laissez-faire*. From Nearing, with whom he worked for a while as a Pennsylvania instructor, he learned the trial-and-error study of economics, which had been taught for years with the exactness of mathematics. He quit the university after Nearing's dismissal, not out of sympathy for Nearing but because of the trustees' attacks on the other members of the faculty who worked with pedagogy's perennial martyr.

For a while the Dreamer taught at the University of Washington; it was dull business. There was excitement abroad, and Rexford, for once unsure of what he wanted from life, went to Paris to play intellectual Y.M.C.A. director as manager of the American University Union. Wartime Europe unsettled him still further; and for more than a year after his return to the United States in 1919 he lived near Wilson, New York, re-learning the plums and apples. Tramping the old roads reawakened his interest in himself and in mankind. And if there was any uncertainty left after this steepage in his aesthetic roots, Columbia cured it. The chief handymen of Nicholas Murray Butler fondly approved Rexford, theory and method. They gave

him *carte blanche* to teach what he would and devote all the time he wished to writing and poetic contemplation. With his customary lack of interest in direct dealing with people, he gave little attention to actual oral teaching; his classes were few. Instead, he wrote essays for a number of volumes edited by economists whose thought agreed with his, and thus became a contributing editor of the *New Republic*. With each year he grew more caustic toward the conservative viewpoint. Columbia approved, and raised him to the estate of associate professor.

But Tugwell Rex, as the New Deal's master romanticist and collectivist, was forged in Russia. The supreme experience of his personal education was the tour of the Soviets which he made in 1927 as a member of the technical staff of the First American Trade Union delegation. The tour was, in a sense, an essay in collectivist authorship. Rexford's party divided into little groups in order to swoop down on all the 3,500,000 square miles of European Russia. In this way they made notes for their palpitant volume, *Soviet Russia in the Second Decade*, in Moscow, Leningrad, the Donetz Basin, along the Volga, in the Ukraine, the Caucasus, and the Georgian oil fields. The roving minstrels listened to mild indictments of their own government from the big shots of applied communism — Stalin, Menjinsky, Lunacharsky, Schmidt, and Trotsky. Kalinin, president of the U.S.S.R., gave them apparently a kind of public scolding for asking frivolous questions and not recognizing the true religion when it was offered them. Most of them, including the usually sensitive Rexford, took it without protest. For Russia was proving that Rex still had a good deal of the sophomore in him. He had fun playing bad boy away from home. One non-collectivist member of the delegation

reports that the boys, sufficiently warmed with vodka, amused themselves by proposing toasts to the downfall of the American government, the ushering in of the Proletarian Revolution, and the coming Red Dictatorship in Washington, D. C. Added to such harmless frivolities was the fun of going native by discarding New World dress for Russian peasant smocks, and even, on occasion, joining the naked ladies and gentlemen in unashamed bathing in the river at Moscow. But in between these dormitory pleasantries, Rexford considered Russian Agriculture. His chapter of the collective book is empty of the propaganda about democratic discipline and industrial regimentation for America with which his later writings, composed when the Russian idea had more thoroughly filtered through his romantic brain, are filled. But buried in the chapter is a paragraph which its bucolic author must have reread often when the arrival of the Depression gave him an opening for louder shouting of damnations on Adam Smith:

The government has a machinery for accomplishing whatever general aims seem desirable. New seeds, even new crops, or breeds of animals, can be tried out on collective or experimental farms and can be worked gradually into the peasant routine; the policy of exempting poor farmers from taxation and laying heavy taxes on the rich ones can be carried through; the reorganization of the field system can be accomplished; co-operatives can be encouraged for reducing living costs; machinery can be bought and distributed. In short, agriculture can become the kind of activity soil scientists, farm management specialists, and economists have dreamed of—if only the peasant can be made to do his part.

This may explain the AAA to the American peasant, in case he is curious.

From the day Rexford returned from the Promised Land to the present, the Dreamer

has denied he is a communist. He says he is out of "sympathy with the revolutionary tactic"; and he is calm while billions are spent on national defense. He once wrote that the United States would be more receptive to fascism than to communism, but this observation may have been born of despair.

Rex was fed up with democracy, however, by 1932. For this is what he wrote in the *American Economic Review, Supplement*, Vol. XXII, No. 1, during March of the same year when he joined the charmed inner circle of the Roosevelt ménage:

The first series of changes will have to do with statutes, with constitution, and with government. The intention of the eighteenth and nineteenth century law was to install and protect the principle of conflict; this, if we begin to plan, we shall be changing once for all, and it will require the laying of rough, unholy hands on many a sacred precedent, doubtless calling on an enlarged and nationalized police power for enforcement. . . . Planning will necessarily become a function of the federal government; either that or the planning agency will supersede that government, which is why, of course, such a scheme will eventually be assimilated to the state, rather than possess some of its powers without its responsibilities. . . .

The next series of changes will have to do with industry itself. It has already been suggested that business will logically be required to disappear. This is not an overstatement for the sake of emphasis; it is literally meant.

In other words, the Professor who had hitched up his galluses to remake America was getting a pretty clear idea of how he intended to do the job.

III

Dr. Tugwell was brought to Dr. Roosevelt by Dr. Raymond Moley. The latter, with

the exuberance of the educational executive, admired, as did others at Columbia, Rexford's intellect. Aside from his record of brilliance as a teacher, the well-dressed professor was recognized by this time as a Leftist in political science. He summed up his viewpoint overneatly, thus:

When industry is government and government is industry, the dual conflict deepest in our modern institutions will be abated.

Now Governor Roosevelt had never read this sentence, but it expressed his own thought. He was, indeed, looking for somebody to tell it to him in scientific language, and about the 1931-32 year's turn, asked Samuel I. Rosenman, a former New York State Supreme Court Justice who was active in the Seabury investigation, to find him an economist. The learned Rosenman produced his friend Dr. Moley, who said: "I don't know much about economics, but I know a lot of fellows who do." The fellows he brought to Dr. Roosevelt were Rexford and A. A. Berle.

Drs. Roosevelt and Tugwell, in fact, had met four years earlier, when the Dreamer spent six months in drafting for Al Smith a farm program which was never used. Now, however, Dr. Roosevelt's primary interest in Dr. Tugwell was not his agricultural viewpoint. Rexford had written more on industry than on the farm, and besides, Henry Morgenthau, Jr., Dr. Roosevelt's gentleman-farmer neighbor, just then was the New York Governor's idea of a Presidential farm adviser. But there was an immediate if indirect clash between Rexford and Morgenthau, whose economic god was George Warren of Cornell. The President was impressed, however, by the universality of Rex's economic viewpoint, for the latter proposed an integrated economy of checks and balances to heavy in favor of neither industry nor agriculture. In turn

about, Dr. Roosevelt charmed the Dreamer with his ability to see that society, and with it economics, was in a constant flux requiring endless experimentation. Dr. Tugwell had been teaching that for ten years; his pupils had heard him, and a few specialists had read him in the *New Republic*, but Dr. Roosevelt was the first great worldly man who paid any attention to it.

Yet through necessity, Rexford became farm adviser. Dr. Roosevelt was in need of an agricultural plank to present to the Democratic convention. The Columbia professor stopped talking about industrial control long enough to discuss a crop-allotment plan he had heard explained a year before by M. L. Wilson, an agricultural expert and now Dr. Wallace's Assistant Secretary. The nominee adopted the idea and mentioned it in his acceptance speech. Rexford and Wilson lobbied for the plan in the dying days of the Hoover Administration, for Dr. Roosevelt had persuaded his adviser that, valuable as his industrial theories might be, he could do most for America in developing this new program for the farmer. With a certain reluctance, the Dreamer agreed to campaign for congressional support of the crop-control theory.

It was his first contact with practical politics, and a rather painful one. Congress did not convince easily; the mentally up-pish student for the first time in his life was having to argue directly with a workaday lot of men who looked with suspicion on his theorizing. He determined to return to his classes as soon as the Inauguration was over; but his wish was futile. This contemptor of capitalistic democracy, scornful of politics and an idealist in statesmanship, for more than three years has been helping to run a government.

Curiously enough, considering certain phases of the sequel, Henry Wallace was

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responsible for it. In the hectic post-election winter of 1932-33, between the two men an intellectual soul-mateship ripened. The messianic editor from the Iowa cornfields needed the social discipline, the almost Calvinistic intellectual logic, of the poetic theorist. The Dreamer's rhapsodies on the virtues of the crop-control theory stirred all the Wallace zeal at a time when zeal needed stirring. While Rexford hoped his new-found companion would be chosen secretary, the latter refused to consider the position unless Dr. Tugwell served with him. So the Dreamer gave up thoughts of Columbia. On March 7, 1933, he became Assistant Secretary of Agriculture.

And soon Rexford in the government was by way of becoming the Government. His picture of an industrial society crying for control made Dr. Roosevelt his votary. He said what was currently on the White House mind with the flowers of academic polish. His intellect abashed his co-workers. His disregard of political consequences struck mute his enemies. Here now was his opportunity, after eleven years of soulful writing, to curb, lead, regiment, and dominate each of the land's 130,000,000 inhabitants into acceptance of membership in a vast economic army, with its wealth and whims subject to a central public authority. Only a year before, in his essay on *Social Objectives in Education*, the Dreamer had described this collective society:

This [what people generally believe to be happening as a result of all the forces which are at work in our industrial age], they generally agree, is leading us into an era in which the individual is to find himself only through functioning in a group, in which the interests of each are likely to have become the interests of all, in which the institutions of pre-industrial America will be definitely obsolete and will be superseded by others which are now emerging from the chaos of transition.

The ex-poet's far-flung influence on the Administration's unfolding New Deal in those days is hinted at in a prophetic interview he gave in March, 1933. Dr. Tugwell said then that he favored a five-billion-dollar public works program to relieve unemployment; a slum-clearance program financed by the RFC, which at that time was the only governmental agency able to underwrite a housing plan; and higher income and inheritance taxes. He fathered the processing tax, and suggested the Civilian Conservation Corps. The National Industrial Recovery Act was not sent to Congress until R. G. T. had made his critical emendations of the text. When Gen. Hugh Johnson was flying as high as the Blue Eagle in the estimation of Dr. Roosevelt, Rexford could induce "the Skipper" to de-emphasize the General's proposals of boycotts in favor of a sounder economic approach to industrial regimentation.

The secret of Dr. Tugwell's power is his outward obeisance to the Constitution. He professes respect for democracy. His theology is orthodox if his practice is irregular—not unlike the hiatus between ecclesiastical rule and practice in a Renaissance cardinal with children. The President has become convinced that the theses his Svengali set forth in *Social Objectives in Education* and *The Industrial Discipline* are amenable to the Constitution. The White House cries, "Off with the heads" of other New Dealers who call for a New Everything. Dr. Tugwell, however, protects himself behind his naïve insistence that regimentation is possible under a form of government whose founders' chief wish was to guarantee the consent of the governed. While he winks at Marx, the Professor is ever ready to kiss the foot of Madison. His motto of amend America without amending the Constitution he even brought to the Senate committee

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which considered his nomination for the undersecretaryship. He told its members:

One of the curious things about the Constitution is that it makes no mention of industry anywhere in it. And what public policy has been with respect to industry has been one which has been built up by the courts. I think that is one of the best evidences that the Constitution is flexible.

Evidently in the back of the Tugwell mind is an unusually adroit legal theory that anything not specifically protected by constitutional reference is subject to extermination. Cockroaches are not specifically mentioned in the Bill of Rights as enjoying certain privileges and immunities; therefore, the professional exterminator can ply his trade. The fact that businessmen and industrialists are also omitted from mention gives Rexford, according to his extreme idealistic interpretation of the circumstances, a certain indefinite license also.

In any case, this willingness to cover his Russian wig under a Founding Father's hat led to an increase of Dr. Tugwell's importance and a widening of his authority during the years when Drs. Moley, Berle, Johnson, Frank, Sprague, Richberg, and a dozen others were forced to vacate their posts, and the New Deal was firing advisers as freely as Hearst bounces reporters. But the circuit rider whose sermon was the More Abundant Life kept his shirt on when George Peek, exponent of conservatism, was ousted from the AAA. He was scarcely singed by the charges of Dr. Wirt that the voters of the forty-eight states were paying the wages of a Bolshevik and that the Bolshevik was Tugwell. The Leftist purge of the AAA eighteen months ago passed him by. He has fought Harry Hopkins and Harold Ickes and won from both. Without weakening his position, he asked for the knifing of Big Business just

six weeks after Trilby, played by Dr. Roosevelt, had sung an aria promising Big Business a breathing spell. This reversal of the President was contained in Rex's Los Angeles speech of last October:

Our best strategy is to surge forward with the workers and farmers in this nation, committed to general achievements, but trusting to the genius of our leader [Dr. Roosevelt] for the disposition of our force and the timing of our attacks. I do not need to remind you of his devotion to the cause of overthrowing industrial autocracy and the creation of the democratic discipline.

The foremost of democratic disciplinarians is in ecstasy right now at the prospect of being able to regiment 7,000,000 farm families. The guinea pigs of this 1936 collectivism are the men who pledge co-operation with the new agricultural adjustment (the Soil Conservation law) and the subjects of the Resettlement Administration. Combination of the two groups under one administration would open the door to governmental meddling in the life of every half-acre spinach grower in this great broad land. Without evidence of compulsion, bribe money amounting to \$500,000,000 is available to seduce the farmers to agree to Washington's overseeing of their plantings, harvests, and marketings. It is actually the outlawed AAA in a new dress.

Resettlement is a bureau with a soul, set up as a gigantic, impersonal lap into which might crawl the thousands of the rural destitute, seeking, Dr. Tugwell thought, kind words—preferably from the press department—as well as new money. Its charges are desert-dwelling Indians, hillbilly clay-eaters, urban poor who see success in green pastures, small farmers unable to understand soil science but willing to accept a handout, hoe-wielders happy in their present estate. Resettlement

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tenders these people loans to better themselves, and then orders their existence in accordance with a set plan approved in Washington. The kind of houses they live in, the schooling of their children, the architecture of their privies, the locale of their homes—all are subject to the order of the poet Tugwell.

But the operation of Resettlement has been hard going. The initial cost of its plastic surgery on democracy is set at \$213,419,354—\$96,000,000 of it going for administration. Eight millions have been spent on tractors, steam shovels, gang plows, and similar heavy farm and excavation machinery. Yet the whole project of building a communal village near Berwyn, Maryland, to house 1500 happy farmers, is supposed to cost only \$5,500,000. Because federal land is untaxable, the citizens of Bound Brook, New Jersey, obtained an injunction against erection of a similar village at the edge of their town. The architect of a third proposed community at Milwaukee overlooked the plumbing when he drew his blueprints. Construction of the fourth of the villages is proceeding happily on the outskirts of Cincinnati, but when Dr. Tugwell sought to purchase the site for a fifth near St. Louis, the democratic inhabitants of the river metropolis became so aroused they still grow hysterical at mention of his name.

The Administration's attachment to written memoranda slows its progress to a snail's pace. Administrative orders, administrative information, administrative countermands, corrections, advices—by the bale, stacks of mimeographed instructions are sent daily from Washington to the perplexed sub-administrators in the field, who could not read all the tripe they receive if they spent twenty-four hours a day at it. But a Tugwell client filled the air with incense when he wrote the Professor

that if it hadn't been for Resettlement, "we just couldn't have lived and kept our self-respect".

Resettlement, in other words, is an expensive guidepost pointing toward the historical verdict that Rexford is a better poet than administrator. Senators are beginning to recall with hearty mirth that the Undersecretary himself once confessed certain deficiencies.

"I have not had any experience with the problems of the South, except at second-hand," he admitted at a hearing, "nor with the West, except at second-hand. I might say I have studied these as best I could through traveling and writing about them."

With cut-throat rivals and colleagues in office politics, the collectivistic dream come to life has put the Professor even more on the spot. His peers in the nobility of rebuilding are laughing at his plight; in private many of them are as raucous in their pleasure over the bungling of practical totalitarianism in the farm slums as prize-fight fans are at the downfall of a slapstick Baer.

IV

Yet three years of learning about civilization from politicians has left the poetic Tugwell still convinced that a perfected society is attainable. At the same time it has made him something of a politician himself, with a politician's readiness, for expediency's sake, to swallow his words. For Big Brains has had his disappointments. When Dr. Roosevelt decided to play with the public money, Dr. Tugwell turned his back on his principles and told a group of Chicagoans that their salvation lay in the New Deal gold policy. For Dr. Roosevelt he denied another of his beliefs, his interest in national planning, when in

May, 1934, it seemed possible that the Senate would refuse to confirm him as Undersecretary. In three speeches in one week, made to the American Society of Newspaper Editors in Washington, to Dartmouth students and faculty members in Hanover, New Hampshire, and to the New York State Bankers Association in Buffalo, he protested his hatred of —isms. A month later he announced to the Senate Committee on Agriculture and Forestry what Thomas Jefferson might have been entitled to consider one of the strangest paradoxes in the history of bureaucratic collectivism:

"I am a Democrat."

But despite dollar devaluation and the silver purchase policy, despite the existence of senators and cabinet officers, despite the pain and soiuvre of occasional fugitive contacts with congressmen, subordinate officials, and plain dirt farmers, Rexford stays on. Even the joy of officeholding, which he once seemed honestly to scorn, grows on him as the bureaucratic temper merges with the other facets of his

arrogance. God willing, and his charm over Dr. Roosevelt holding, Washington expects him to stick until he regiments agriculture into the More Abundant Life, or busts it.

And after agriculture, what? The Tugwell books, the Tugwell gospel, tell the story of the "misunderstood" aesthete's lifelong craving to fix the clutch of the handsomely molded and contemptuous hands on business and industry, which felt their grasp for a few painful moments in the New Deal's first insanity. Will he get that grip again? It depends, perhaps, less on his success with Resettlement than on the warrant which the New Deal may fancy itself as having drawn from the next election to proceed as it pleases. It was pleased to do as Dr. Tugwell pleased once before, at the height of its first self-confidence. There is nothing to indicate that either the Dreamer's influence on the Administration, or his ideas of pleasure, have changed materially during the period in which political discretion has been resumed for tactical reasons.

LABOR SPEAKS TO CAPITAL

BY MATTHEW WOLL

EVERY depression produces a new crop of prophets and soul-savers. One group of these, heralds of a new day, are now striving to convince Americans that the words *capital* and *labor* are merely labels designating two armed camps which are impatiently awaiting the signal to fly at each other's throats. Organized labor is portrayed as a vast army of workers existing for the single purpose of destroying, by violent methods, a vague monster known as Capital. In the same manner, Capital is said to exist for the single purpose of exploiting the helpless workman and reducing him to a condition resembling feudal serfdom.

Outwardly, the events of the past few years would seem to have given partial validity to these impressions. Certainly the relations between organized labor and organized employers in some industries have been damaged rather than improved. Much of this damage, however, has been caused by the appeal, if not the demand, for governmental intervention. Hence it cannot be denied that both labor and industry have, by their own attitudes and activities, assisted the government in bringing about a situation which labor, for more than two generations, has worked to avoid.

In examining this situation, it may be well, first of all, to ask just what is the real attitude of American labor toward the rights of capital to a fair return on investment. Is labor seeking the abolition

of private property? Does labor look forward to the day when all industry will be a federal monopoly? Does it foresee everyone working for the government, the only initiative and enterprise being that used by office-holders to perpetuate their incomes, strengthen their authorities, and eliminate opportunities for any other political aspirants?

To ascribe any such ideas to the organized labor movement is also to ascribe to it an extraordinary lack of intelligence, unsupportable by historical facts. The American workingman has no desire to see his country transformed into another Russia, with all property and all social and economic relations controlled by a vast bureaucracy. He does not want government in the hands of the few and freedom of action denied to the many. Neither does he propose to install any system of State domination and control such as prevails in Germany and Italy. American labor wants no traffic with European despotisms which have destroyed free-trade unionism and free private enterprise, and have forbidden any form of voluntary collective effort in social, religious, and economic fields.

These conditions are particularly obnoxious to the American worker and he will oppose, with every ounce of his strength, any effort to bring them about. He believes in private enterprise; he does not believe that capital consists of a group of bitter enemies who must be destroyed

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along with privately owned property. He knows that through the growth of a strong trade union movement, labor has become an exceedingly articulate voice in the social and economic affairs of the Republic. He will not permit that voice to be silenced. He knows that with the freedom to organize, there is always at work a temperizing force between right and wrong; he knows, too, that with the freedom for political expression and action, there is always a modifying influence upon government.

II

Every democracy has its evils; and perhaps the most regrettable of these, from the standpoint of both labor and capital, has developed in this country during recent years. Organized labor foresaw the danger and warned as long ago as 1923 of what might happen if industry continued to run to government for help in settling its labor relations problems. At that time labor urged management to organize and, to quote from the 1923 report of the Executive Council of the American Federation of Labor to the annual convention, urged it to cease "to be a disconnected collection of groups, like states without a union. The future demands an American industry in which it shall be possible for all to give of their best through the orderly processes of democratic, representative organization. Industry, organized as we urge it must be organized, will begin in truth an era of service, rational, natural development, and productivity unmatched by past achievement or fancy".

But the organization of industry remained a purely superficial one. Actually, American business split up into a score of warring camps, all jockeying for preferred positions. Industry not only failed to or-

ganize so that it could sit down quietly with labor and settle differences without the help of political umpires, but it began to show an increasing tendency to run to government on the slightest provocation and demand more laws, more orders, more injunctions, and more court action. This tendency grew in intensity until labor, which has always striven to avoid placing its affairs in the hands of office-holders and politicians, was forced to adopt similar tactics. The whole trend culminated in many of the unfortunate codes and regulations of the NRA.

Such a situation, of course, was made to order for the advocates of a collectivist economic system. Envisaging a beautiful Utopia brought about through governmental intervention, little inducement was given to labor and management to meet on friendly terms during the most critical years of a national crisis. Both were encouraged to appear before the government as disputants or litigants — seeking preferential treatment by federal agencies — rather than as co-partners in a joint enterprise. Those vested with the guidance of national affairs proceeded openly as well as secretly to cloak the true issues in a fog of words and slogans. Instead of encouraging employers and workers to play the game according to certain rules, the government itself more or less played the game for them. Too often there was ground for belief that those in charge of Administration affairs were motivated solely by an overwhelming desire to control American labor and business — just as the present governments of Germany, Russia, and Italy control all labor, business, and industry. Unfortunately there was brushed aside the example of England, where the government recognized that only through the co-operation of labor could the Empire be brought through the

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depression and start recovery on its way; which is exactly what happened.

Well, the results in America speak for themselves. History has repeated itself once more. Nowhere this side of complete fascist control and regimentation of business by government could the labor provisions of the codes under the defunct NRA have been enforced. Industrial management was brought face to face with those dangers which labor warned against so long ago. Thus today, business has partially learned its lesson and is trying to pull away from government as the referee of industrial relations. It no longer desires arbitrary dictation by Washington bureaus or officials, whether their knowledge be profound, or limited to the hasty perusal of textbooks, or to some form of professional welfare work.

There are, however, groups within organized labor which know only too well that through political power alone can certain advantages be obtained in dealings with employers. For the moment, they are not concerned with consequences. So long as their immediate demand for equal consideration is denied by other voluntary groups, why, they ask, should they be concerned if ultimately their attitude leads to conditions such as those in Germany, Italy, Russia, or any other countries where state capitalism exists, regardless of what it may be called? Furthermore, they ask, what has private capitalism done for labor? What is private capitalism doing today to assure workers that their interests are safer in its hands than in the hands of government?

It is true that the AAA legislation was distinctly class legislation — that it subsidized farmers at the expense of industry and the workers. It is true that the policy of restricting agricultural production and imposing a processing tax gave rise to an

additional burden, passed on to the ultimate consumer with compound interest. It forced upward the cost of living without a corresponding increase in income, and without contributing to the solution of unemployment. Also, it is true that the people who were injured by this policy account for eighty-three per cent of America's home markets and seventy-five per cent of the entire market, domestic and foreign. Therefore, has private capitalism really acted to correct the serious problems confronting American agriculture? Isn't the situation another example of agriculture as well as labor following in the footsteps of capital?

The answer to such questions is this: Today we may have a government that favors labor; tomorrow we may have a government favoring agriculture; the next day we may awake to find that we have a government which favors neither, but which is dominated by industrial and financial influences. In any event, however, class distinctions, class ideology, class hatreds, will have been bred and developed — and this is exactly what the collectivists, the Marxian theorists, the disciples of communism and fascism, wish to bring about.

The only safe course for America is the voluntary organization of capital, labor, and agriculture, and a co-ordination of effort between these three essential factors in our social and economic life. By mutual understanding there is bound to issue a better and improved order, wherein the rights of man as conceived in a free republic will ever remain constant.

Organized labor, agriculture, and capital must comprehend that they have a great mutuality of interests, that what is harmful to one is harmful to the others, and that what is helpful to one is helpful to the others. All are equally responsible

for the present processes of production and of distribution. This is a fundamental principle which the American Federation of Labor has always recognized. But to accomplish this recognition in the broadest sense, industry must alter its attitude and encourage voluntary co-operation with labor, discourage unfair methods of competition, and end secret compacts within its own ranks. Labor, too, must forget internal warfare and follow a like path, avoiding any appeal for sole labor control, regulation, or regimentation.

There will, of course, continue to be tests of strength between capital and labor. But this is something quite different from class war; and the latter is what we are

promoting by constant appeals to government. The logical and sensible alternative is a trade agreement drafted by responsible leaders of management and labor in any given industry.

It is highly desirable that both camps cease calling on the government for help in settling their disputes; indeed, it is imperative that Americans discourage the tendency of government to "turn every contingency into an excuse for accumulating force in the government". Unless this is done the State, sooner or later, will so regulate management and labor that every vestige of self-initiative and self-control will be destroyed in favor of a complete dictatorship.

LEAVING SEPTEMBER

BY LOREN C. EISELEY

If I have once forgotten on this field
The long light of the dusk, or far away
The sheep on tawny grass, how stones will yield
Small bitter puffballs, or a cricket stay
To wring wry tunes from emptiness and dearth,
Let me remember; let me hold them now
Close to the heart — while I upon the earth
Am the stone field and pain the heavy plow.
Not in wide measures is the harvest culled,
Not by disaster, nor by cutting hail
Is the loss seen, the grief in somewise dulled —
Being done at last. Ours is a different scale —
Leaving September stars and a little smoke
And memory tight as a lichen to an oak.

EDITORIALS

Liberals: Model

IN THE matter of trade-name popularity, Liberalism in the Republic appears to be looking up. The Roosevelt Administration proclaimed itself Liberal some time before commandeering our five-dollar gold pieces and continues to do so even after reading the love-life telegrams of the utilities barons. Likewise, the gentlemen of the Right have announced that their crusade to restore free marginal operations in Wall Street and to kick the soapboxes from under labor agitators is inspired by strict Liberal idealism. And the young pioneers of Socialism fling out a Liberal banner each time they propose to institute government ownership in a hot-dog factory. If Drs. Tugwell and Townsend, and Messrs. Ogden Mills and Upton Sinclair are not precisely embracing each other in the Liberal trenches, they at least are trying like hell to copy each others' clichés. The only surly malcontents who continue to leer with true Coolidgean sourness whenever the word is mentioned are those old-fashioned reactionary fundamentalists, the Communists.

All this suggests vast recruiting progress in the eight years since Liberal Hoover's victory over Liberal Smith, when the average Rotarian's mental picture of a Liberal was a *Nation*-reader who proposed to bring the Pope to the White House as a preliminary to the nationalization of women.

But, at the risk of disturbing the celebrations now proceeding in Mr. Gladstone's heaven, it must be doubted that

this striking gain in personnel is in any way helpful to the progress of true Liberal ideas. What seems to be happening is that, by spreading itself from the American Liberty League to John Dewey, and by diluting itself with all known brands of chiseling, misrepresentation, and self-seeking, the Liberal movement is rolling up another of its characteristic attacks of the bloating sickness. So many people are joining it out of lust to soak the rich or crush the Civil Liberties Union that in actual practice it is difficult to tell a genuine Liberal, 1936 version, from a Social Credit evangelist or a Sentinel of the Republic. Everybody who wants to live off the government is *ipso facto* a Liberal. So likewise is every sweatshop proprietor who wishes to run his business in defiance of decent practice. This situation simply does not make sense.

Unfortunately, the situation also appears to be following a familiar historic pattern. The chief drawback of Liberalism during the two centuries of its conscious existence has been its irresistible attractiveness to hypocrites. Everyone who has desired to live off the town, or to cheat his neighbors, or to make life sweeter for his fellow-citizens by regulating their private affairs, has inevitably at one time or another seen the way to a wider freedom of operations under Liberal philosophies and has gravitated toward the Liberal political establishment of the moment like a Freudian patient to his Oedipus complex. Being hypocrites and therefore expert in pious

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verbiage, such recruits have been responsible for most of the mealy-mouthed flavor in Liberal apologetics. Being at the same time competitive chiselers, their interne-cine struggles have deprived the Liberal program of all semblance of coherence, while their misrepresentations have deprived Liberal definition of most of its meaning. Such sneers as Liberalism has more or less justly earned from its natural enemies usually have been applied in the first instance because most Liberal spokesmen of the past six generations have been constitutionally incapable of finding out what Liberalism is.

Under these circumstances, the far-flung exposure of Liberal banners for the 1936 fracas suggests less a revival of Liberalism than a recurrent seizure of pernicious impotence. Accordingly, we propose that the present Liberal armies be disbanded and the fighting force reorganized on the basis of the following qualifications for membership:

No citizen may officially designate himself a Liberal who is

1. A candidate for any type of financial aid from his government.
2. An advocate of increased governmental regulation over any phase of private conduct or economic activity.
3. A proponent of the relaxation of governmental regulative authority in any form which does not equally apply to his own competitors.

Whatever array of membership committees, blackball-cliques, and bouncer-squads this reform may require, we hereby propose that it be forthwith ordained and established. The plan may or may not save Liberalism: but at least it will give the doctrine a place to go in the pleasant company of gentlemen—and ladies—who wish only to be free to mind their own business.

And it might restore to American Liberalism some of the honest dignity and decency it has seldom known since the death of Thomas Jefferson.

There is a certain fascination in reading the more inane pronouncements of the New Deal soothsayers; but one wonders if the average American actually understands the portent of the various Messages. For instance, we were interested recently in some remarks by Secretary of Agriculture Wallace, the Curse of the Kulaks. "Speaking more or less on behalf of the Government", he asserted that the task of the nation's economists today was to help graft new glands on "Old Man Capitalism", and thus save him from "premature senility". The rejuvenating gland he prescribed was the "social control" which has brought the "rise of dictatorship in other lands", but which in the United States "can be used in such a manner as to be brought into line with the democratic traditions of the past". In other words, the technique which enthroned Hitler, Stalin, and Mussolini would not, for some mysterious reason, result in the coronation of Dr. Roosevelt in these States.

Again, we spent some time perusing the following dispatch from Washington:

Aubrey Williams, Deputy Works Progress Administrator, speaking before the American Association of Social Workers, laid down the doctrine that the Government should undertake a program which "would assure a job to every man and woman in the country who wanted to work, regardless of need".

"I believe," he said, "that a job is a right. . . . Your program calls for a Federal Works program which would offer

employment to 'any person who is unemployed and able to work regardless of whether or not he is eligible for Relief'. I believe that this is a proposal wholly proper and worthy of the profession of social work. . . . Such a program will call for a yearly expenditure of at least nine billion dollars."

In other words, support everybody forever out of the bottomless Treasury.

Such imbecilic remarks as these get into print only because they issue from the lips of our duly appointed Lords and Masters. Unfortunately, Americans have a bad habit of attaching importance to any pontification, no matter how absurd, which comes from a high official source. The Republic's sad experience with the New Deal may serve to reform this habit. From now on, the fact that a statement is signed by a jobholder should be *prima facie* evidence that it is untrue. If our will-to-believe must be exercised somehow, it would be less harmful to listen with a new courtesy to the adumbrations of more responsible—comparatively speaking—men, such as Dr. Townsend, the Rev. Gerald Smith, and even the Sky Pilot of Radio, Charlie Coughlin himself.

Capitalist Gold

Of all the myths commonly accepted as gospel in this gullible land there is probably none more ludicrous than the one which pictures American capitalists as open-handed corrupters of the press and spendthrift bribers of public opinion. The assertion that newspaper editors are showered with gold to keep them reactionary, and the idea that the intellectuals of the Right roll about lavishly in suites at the Ritz while their less fortunate brothers

of the Left gnaw typewriter ribbons in draughty attics, are not only without foundation in fact but are actually the exact opposite of the truth.

For example, the most glittering capitalist gold being used to support publications today is devoted to the nourishment of organs of radical opinion. Thus the money which Willard Straight earned in the employ of J. P. Morgan has served to pay the salaries of the idealists who produce the *New Republic*. Mr. Wertheimer, the eminent international banker, coughs up for the *Nation*. The Garland Fund, a tidy trust account amassed in capitalistic enterprises, helps distill the fulminations of the *New Masses*. And so on. But where, on the Right, is there a similar magazine of propaganda kept in similar luxury? For that matter, where are there *any* magazines controlled by Tories?

The same holds true for the lecture platform. The radical lecturer today can make a handsome income spreading his Message throughout the land: while the apostle of conservatism is hard put to get a contract. One eminent lecturer, who has always devoted his remarks to upholding the point of view of the Right, was recently forced to quit the business because his lecture bureau could no longer find a market for his non-radical opinion. (He was advised to switch to Communism and get into the big money.) Another accomplished gentleman, formerly a leading figure in the Socialist Party, who has since mended his ways and become a conservative, laughs wryly at the charges made against him by his former comrades—that he has sold out to capitalist gold: for the truth of the matter is that his present income as a Black Republican amounts to less than a third of his former earnings as a Red. We are reliably informed that an accomplished intellectual of the Right is lucky indeed if he

can make \$3000 a year from lectures, writing, and all other forms of professional activity; while a fair-to-middling propagandist on the Left can easily rake in twice that amount. The apostles of Communism and Socialism seem always to be well-heeled. Whenever a liberal college invites men of all shades of political opinion to address the students on questions of the day, it is always the radical who turns up bright and shining, and the Tory who sends the telegram (collect) saying that lack of funds prevents him from buying a railroad ticket.

The explanation for this peculiar state of affairs lies largely in the excellent organizations which the radicals have at their command. They evidently know all possible sources for contribution: their dossiers of pink millionaires, radical sons of rich men, and Utopian-minded widows would make interesting reading. The Comrades go after these people with all the dispatch of life insurance salesmen smelling out sweepstakes winners. The Right, on the other hand, is not organized at all. The common assumption that Big Business is a powerful clique, the members of which meet in the dead of night in the vaults of the First National Bank and plot the overthrow of the proletariat, is only a wheezy dream of the cafeteria Lennins. Nowhere, in reality, is there more mutual suspicion, cordial dislike, and calculated lack of co-operation than exists in the broken ranks of the wealthy. If the Right had one-tenth the Left's financial organization, the story of American propaganda would be a very different one.

Thus we have this strange paradox—the intellectual of the Left drawing a handsome retainer for his professional work, while the intellectual of the Right devotes himself to the cause of his mone-

tary masters for no better reason than that he believes what he writes. The fact that this situation is not generally known is, of course, due to the radical propagandist's natural disinclination to admit that, far from being a martyr, he is an uncommonly well-paid craftsman . . . and also to the quite human fact that the Comrades do not want a lot of hungry and down-at-the-heel reactionary intellectuals cutting in on their territory.

Bandwagon Note

As it becomes more and more obvious, even to New Dealers, that Dr. Landon has an excellent chance of winning in November, there is an ever-increasing stampede to the Republican bandwagon. This desire to back the eventual winner is anything but new in the history of our subservient race. Manuel Komroff, in *Waterloo*, offers an amusing early example of the trait when he reprints successive headlines from the Paris *Moniteur* of 1815. Thus the first steamer upon Bonaparte's escape from Elba, was:

THE OGRE OF CORSICA IS AGAIN ON FRENCH SOIL!

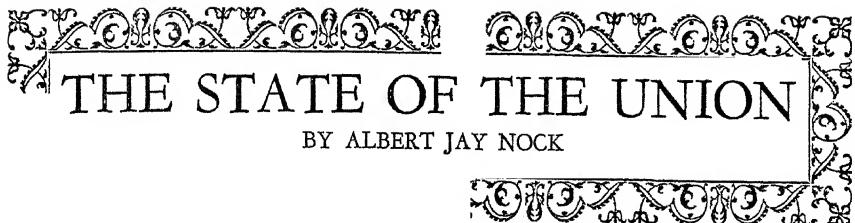
A week later, when the Little Corporal's threat was taken more seriously, the same sentiment was tempered to:

NAPOLEON ENTERS LYONS.

While three weeks afterward, when the Napoleonic eagles were fast advancing on the capital, the *Moniteur's* copy desk feverishly produced the following:

THE EMPEROR IS AT THE GATES OF PARIS.

New Deal papers please copy.



THE STATE OF THE UNION

BY ALBERT JAY NOCK



Keeping Our Shirts On

THE Germans have a good proverb about “throwing out the baby with the bathwater”. They use it to describe a person who is in such a sweat to make a clean sweep of something that he sweeps out a lot of good things with the bad. When we look over “the American way” of doing things, we have to admit that a little attention to this proverb would have come in uncommonly handy at any number of points in our history, especially when we had to deal with what we call a Crisis. When one of these disturbances comes up, the American way of dealing with it is by getting ourselves into a childish frame of mind, part panic and part tantrum, and then plunging at the thing like a herd of scared bulls. Nothing annoys an American more than the charge of infantilism, but if that is not precisely a child’s reaction to something he does not like and is afraid of, then there is no such thing as infantilism in the world.

For example, see what we did with Negro slavery eighty years ago. Slavery was a great wrong, a great evil, not an unmixed evil by any means, but a great one, so great that what few sincere defenders it had were hard pressed for arguments that were even halfway plausible. It was on its way out. Time, patience, and economic pressure would have taken care of it in other parts of the country, as they had already taken care of it in the North, without cost or disturbance. No institution, as we all know, can long withstand the erosive action of

economic self-interest. If we had left slavery to be taken care of in a natural way, by time, patience, and the operation of economic forces, there would not be a vestige of it left by now, and no bills to pay.

But no. Nothing would do but we must throw out the pickaninny with the bathwater, and out he went. We did not stop to remember that nature puts inexorable conditions on human activity, and that if you disregard them you come to grief. If you brought an automobile instantly from a state of rest to a speed of sixty miles an hour, you would not have any automobile; the heat generated would send it up in smoke. We did not solve any problem; we merely converted the slavery problem into the Negro problem, which is with us yet. As Mr. Dooley said, what we did was to turn the Negro out of the pantry into the cellar; and as for the new problems which we created collaterally, we did so well that we came pretty near not having any country left.

The simple fact was that we had a numerous race of agricultural specialists on our hands, and we did not have sense enough to see that reconditioning them to the requirements of an entirely new status was a most delicate business, demanding a great deal of time, patience, and intelligence; and no one knows when we shall get through paying the bill for that piece of destructive stupidity. Now that we are beginning to see that the true martyr of the Civil War was not Lincoln but Johnson,

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we may in time discover (I do not say we shall, but we may) that the nearest thing to a statesman in public office in that whole period was old Ten-Cent Jim Buchanan. It must be said for Lincoln that he followed Buchanan's policy as faithfully and as long as he could, until the combined pressure of hen-brained fanaticism and unscrupulous economic interest was too much for him.

That experience taught us nothing. Half a century later we did the same thing in the same large way in our approach to the liquor problem. To begin with, all there ever was to that problem was State-created, by making alcohol a source of revenue. Nature runs to alcohol so easily and freely that if it were produced and marketed tax-free, like onions, nobody would put up with bad liquor any more than one puts up with spoiled onions. Nobody would be driven to hard drinks — wine and beer would be too cheap — and nobody could afford to keep a saloon. The Prohibitionists have never known how right they are in blaming the State for a wholesale debauchery of its people.

Nevertheless, like slavery, that problem was well on its way out when our people suddenly went into one of their irrational hot fits about it. When the Eighteenth Amendment was passed, we were the nearest we ever were to being a temperate people. In spite of all the State could do to promote the abuse of liquor, social power was attending to the matter in a thoroughly competent way. A steadily growing force of repression and discouragement was being brought to bear from many different sources, and the problem, such as it was, could be seen approaching as near a solution as will ever be possible until the State withdraws its high premium on debauchery. But this would not do. Nothing would do but an insane policy of smashing and scat-
teration, the effects of which are too well

known to need describing. All one need say is that we are not yet through paying the bill for that run of midsummer madness, nor shall we be through for another two or three generations, if not longer.

One might suppose that two such utter duds as we have staged within a century — and we have staged many more than those two — would show us that we had better try some other method of approach against whatever public enemy may be our especial pet of the moment. Yet here we are again, valiantly fronting up to another scarecrow in the good old traditional way. The course of American business after the Civil War brought serious evils in its wake, evils that again were chiefly State-created or State-fostered, but at all events such as were bound sooner or later to snarl things up in an extremely bad mess, and they did so. Might it not be supposed, I repeat, that a people who by the grace of Providence had come through such appalling spells of suicidal jackassery would have learned enough to dodge the chance of another, and would decide to keep cool until they had weighed and measured the actual necessities of the situation? But no, once more nothing like that will do. Nothing will do but to knock all business in the head at once, and butcher it to make a hoodlum holiday for the very worst and most dangerous set of beings that can be found in the whole country.

That is our notion of the way to end our economic troubles. Mr. Roosevelt has made himself the public interpreter of that idea, which is what makes the chance of his re-election such a serious matter. The people dismissed Mr. Hoover four years ago in a sheer tantrum, and aside from the subsidized vote, it will be people in a tantrum who will re-elect Mr. Roosevelt, if he be re-elected — people in a tantrum which Mr. Roosevelt and his associates have most astutely encouraged and abetted. Only last

night, for example, a man high in his profession, an engineer holding a position of great responsibility, told me that he was in favor of looking after the poor man and letting the Astors and Morgans look after themselves, so he meant to vote for Mr. Roosevelt. Obviously this was a mere childish echo of Mr. Roosevelt's speech of acceptance. I said nothing in reply, for there was nothing to say — at least, nothing polite — but I went away thinking how completely the American gives his own measure when he resents being told, as we were told in the public press five or six years ago by an artist of repute, now dead, that America is "a country of children and morons, governed by scoundrels".

II

We are prone to laugh at the English and call them unprogressive because they do not like to change things unless they have to or to change them any more than they have to. When they put in modern plumbing, they clung to the old style and shape of washbowl, and when they first built railway cars, they made them as much like stagecoaches as they could. Around all their institutions they leave a fringe of things which seem pretty useless, but which have always been there, and since there seems no need of disturbing them they let them stay. Apparently they do it on the chance that there may be something in them which perhaps nobody can quite put his finger on, but yet might have value. As far as one can generalize about a whole people, the English seem to be the original Missourians. If you show them that it is necessary to change something, they will change it as far as necessary, but no farther.

They also take a good deal of showing. Showing them that a change is admissible or even desirable will not answer; you have

to show them that it is necessary, for if it is not necessary, they will take that fact as a compelling reason for not changing. That sort of thing can be overdone, of course, as everybody knows, but my point is that it can also be underdone, and the state of the Union shows how little we are aware that we are underdoing it. There we have one good reason why, when the hated British get into a jam, they usually do so much better with it than we do. After centuries of tough experience they appear to have got two things pretty firmly fixed in their heads. First, that a bargain is never a bargain unless the other fellow gets something out of it; and second, as Lord Falkland put it, that "when it is not *necessary* to change, it is necessary *not to change*". We have never learned either of these valuable truths, and until we do learn them the state of the Union will be reported periodically as much unsettled.

I am writing this on the tenth of July. Perhaps some readers will remember the period. Reports from the West today might make one think the Lord had decided that if Mr. Wallace has gone in for an "economy of scarcity", He will show him what one looks like when a real expert takes hold. It makes one wonder how much of that pig-killing, crop-restricting jamboree of last year was actually necessary. I wonder how Mr. Wallace's policy will look to our housewives even as soon as when these words get into print. Women are said to be great realists, and I wonder what they will think of the economy of scarcity while they are trying to stretch their housekeeping money over scarcity-prices this autumn.

When contemplating changes, it is better to stick pretty close to the line of necessity, for you can never tell whether the forces of nature are on your side, and if it turns out that they are not, the smaller the mess you have made, the better. There is the

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trouble with so much of the planned-economy business. If you could put God in a Nazi uniform and order Him around, the thing might work, but for one reason or another that does not seem practicable. You can get a long way with some piece of planned economy, until you run aground on a natural law that you did not know was there and never counted on, like the law of diminishing returns, or the law of wages, or the law of exchange, or Gresham's law — and there you are. One of the present Administration's choicest novelties is now stuck hard and fast on the primary law of economics, that "man tends always to satisfy his needs and desires with the least possible exertion," and probably no one in the Administration ever heard that such a law exists.

We all remember Mr. Roosevelt's announcement that his policy would be to do something, and if it worked, do it some more; if not, to drop it and do something else. Our people were delighted with this because, as I have shown, it is hundred-percent American policy. But the trouble is that not all the results of a policy show right away. Some of them do not show for a long time, and these may be the ones that will send the whole enterprise into the red. The worst results of our anti-slavery policy were those that nobody foresaw, and they did not come out into the open for thirty years.

A little British caution towards unnecessary change would do us no harm; there is no danger that we shall ever overdo it. Our politico-economic practitioners and their policies remind one of the frontier doc-

tor who told the mother of a sick child that "thish-yer boy has got the smallpox, and I ain't posted up on that. You must give the little cuss this medicine. That'll send him into fits, and then you call me in again, for I'm a stunner on fits." We took the medicine and we got the fits, but whether we are ahead on the original malady, and whether we are justified in calling in the same doctor again, may be regarded as doubtful. But whether we call in the same doctor, or another, or none at all, the Union will be in a state of chronic disorder until we ourselves get over our belief in the nostrum of change for change's sake.

The best advice Artemus Ward ever gave Lincoln was in regard to his Secretary of War:

Tell E. Stanton that his boldness, honesty, and vigger merits all prase, but to keep his undergarmints on. E. Stanton has apparently only one weakness, which it is he can't allers keep his undergarmints from flyin up over his hed.

This advice should be impressed upon our public servants today. Nothing is more necessary. But we shall not get far with impressing it on them until we have impressed it upon ourselves. If under all circumstances and conditions we show them that we know how to keep our undergarments on, they will quickly take the cue from us. If, on the other hand, at the first sight of trouble or disturbance we do as we have always done and resolve ourselves into a rabble bent on seeing who can make his undergarments fly highest, they will merely try to outdo us in that repulsive rivalry.

AMERICANA

CALIFORNIA

ADVANCE in medical science as illustrated by an advertisement in the up-and-coming Compton *News-Tribune*:

Christian Healing

A message to the person who is afflicted with one or more of the hundreds of ailments to which the human flesh is heir, only waiting for the Townsend Pension, or means from some source by which he can secure relief. Christ never gave Lazarus a prescription to a drug for a blood tonic to cure his boils. This same Jesus will heal your afflictions regardless of what you believe if you call on Frances Davenport and receive a free demonstration and read the testimonials given from those near the summit of life to the young, also drunkards, truck drivers, and football players.

THE Glendale *News-Press* reports a frolic of Baptist brethren:

Garbed in women's clothing and playing left-handed, a men's team defeated a women's group in a baseball game Saturday afternoon. The game was a feature attraction of a recreational program arranged for delegates to the annual convention of the Southern California Baptist Young People's union. The men's team was leading 7 to 0 in the seventh inning when H. Park Arnold, business manager for the local church, who was acting as umpire, called a bad one on the men folk at the home plate. He was promptly "mobbed" and in retaliation declared the contest a tie. Arnold was garbed as a sheriff typical of the movies.

GEORGIA

NECROMANTIC practices of the *gendarmerie*, as sworn to by the Savannah *Morning News*:

Young Davis, who was mysteriously drowned in the Savannah river several months ago, was grilled by the police for more than two hours, in a session that saw five persons taken to headquarters.

ILLINOIS

THE staff poet of the World's Greatest Newspaper sounds off on the eve of a professional-amateur football game:

Giants arrayed for the football war
Stand on the brink of fame—
Who can divine, when star meets star,
The trend of this greatest game?
When Grange and Nagurski take that ball
Will they find they are stopped at last?
When Lukats and Feathers give their all,
Will Kopcha and Karr hold fast?
Plan to be present at Soldiers' field
When the Bears and the All-Stars meet;
There will the answers be revealed—
It's time to reserve your seat.

KANSAS

ADVENTUROUS quest is started by an advertiser in the *Wyandotte Echo*:

NOTICE

Mrs. E. Coray of 520 Hayes St., San Francisco, Calif., wants the address of a customer she had in Kansas City, Kansas, some years ago, who sang in a choir. Also of Mrs. Anna May Bell, a very stout lady.

LOUISIANA

EXTRAORDINARY cultural influence of the State University on three tired businessmen of Baton Rouge, as stiffly chronicled by the *Reveille*, the college paper:

PERSONAL

Among the recent visitors to La Maison Français were the prominent Baton Rouge

businessmen, Mr. Jack Haget of the Pearce Foundry, Mr. A. M. Cadwell of the Peter Pan Bakeries, and Mr. Pike Burden of Burden's Printers. Mr. Burden, wearing a French beret, brought an English-French dictionary to lunch, as he understood that only French conversation was allowed at meals.

NEW YORK

SECRETS of a professional career are disclosed by a careless Comrade in a letter to the *Daily Worker*:

PROBLEM: to organize seamen. Two Party members sign up on a non-union ship. They examine objective conditions on board and study the reactions of the sailors. They discover an important detail: lack of soap. One of them "happens" into the boiler-room. "Gosh, you're filthy!" he remarks to a worker. "No soap," the latter complains. "You ought to get into our group," the comrade answers, proudly. "We can get anything we want — soap, towels, etc." The worker, interested, joins the group, which soon includes most of the crew. Soon the group visits the captain in a body and *makes certain demands*.

OKLAHOMA

FROM the distinguished *Times* of Oklahoma City:

The following was written by an Oklahoma City professional man who never has used tobacco in any form, upon learning that his attractive young daughter had acquired the cigarette habit:

The gentle breeze of this Spring morning lifts and spreads apart your beautiful flowing hair. Its freshness, full of vigor, casts a sheen like the golden glow in Summer sunset. Let not the stifling stale and stagnant smoke of a half-lit spittle-soaked cigarette streak it down in mottled ropes full of foul fragments of frivolous folly.

The gentle touch of your baby-soft hand fondles my tired face with soothing effectiveness like balm to the biblical nomad. Let not the burning embers of parching nicotine cook and color your dainty fingers

until they lose their softness of velvet and become hard, calcined, clumsy and cultivated only to tip and tap collected ashes from a smoldering sedative.

The rose red reflection in your perfect cupid's bow softened by the vigor of flaming youth is likened only in comparison to the blush and bloom of budding flowers. Let not the parching heat of poisoned paper pale the purity of your lovely lips into dry and hardened bits of flesh calculated to hold cooking kilns of nicotine.

SOUTH CAROLINA

APPALLING lack of literary taste as exhibited by a floor sweeper, according to a front-page box in the *Johnston Herald*:

NOTICE! NOTICE!

We are very sorry as you notice that *The Herald* comes out without any LOCALS, a few SOCIAL ITEMS and SEVERAL NEWS ITEMS. These articles were blown off the hook by a whirlwind early this morning and the floor sweeper swept them up not recognizing or knowing the importance of them. We will be glad to publish same next week if the writers will rewrite them.

TEXAS

New and ingenious method for supplying more radio static, as uncovered by the *Rocky Mountain Herald*:

The hens entered in the international egg-laying contest at the Texas Centennial Exposition probably won't understand or care, but their nests will be wired for sound. Also for publicity. The hens will settle to their task June 1. When the first egg drops into the super-comfortable nests which the exposition will provide a buzzer will sound and an attendant will hurry into the henry with a microphone, and the hen's cackling will be picked up for a waiting radio audience.

WISCONSIN

THE candid medico goes whimsical, as chronicled by the *Madison State Journal*:

NOTICE!

To those of my patients who for the past 20 years have frequently and freely, constantly and continually complained of not being able to park within four blocks of my office, I hereby wish to announce that having in mind the many duties that my patients have had to perform, I have chosen a "new" location midway between the Willow Bathing Beach and the Madison Zoological Gardens, Twelve blocks from the County Jail, Eight miles from the Poor Farm, and Five Miles from the State Hospital for the Insane, which you know is quite naturally situated across from the University. Parking place is restricted at the Willows during the short summer months, but at some of the other places you can stay as long as your own judgment decides. This new location offers the following attractions:

Grocery store under Office, Barber Shop at entrance to office, Two Taverns close, Church a little farther, Two Restaurants within six doors, Drug Store just this side, Plumber just beyond, University of Wisconsin in the distance, Nurses' Home across the street, Monuments and Tombstones can be secured within one block, Direct route to Cemetery, Undertaker next door, Stop Light at my office.

KARL W. SMITH, M.D.

IN OTHER NEW UTOPIAS

CANADA

INTERESTING prophecy concerning the future of English royalty, as relayed from Toronto to a waiting world by the Canadian Press:

Biblical indications lead J. S. Easson, editor of *The Periscope*, official organ of the British-Israel-World Federation of Canada, to the belief British kings are directly descended from Solomon and David and that King Edward VIII should be crowned David II.

"The indications are," he said tonight, "that King Edward is the Prince David mentioned in the Bible, who holds his

throne in trust and will hand it over to Christ when He returns to earth to establish the kingdom of God.

"As everyone knows, David is his household name and it is likely that by the end of May, 1937, when the coronation is due to occur, the bulk of the British people will realize that they are really the children of Israel and will probably insist that he be crowned King David. It is more than likely that the identity of the British people as modern Israel will be definitely established by the latter part of the present year."

ENGLAND

PROGRESS in the science of medicine, as gravely chronicled by the staid London *Times*:

When, less than a month ago, the East Grinstead Hospital was opened the people of these parts felt proud of the fine new building and grateful for the services which it was expected to render. Since those days, however, two patients have died in the hospital, the matron has been ill, and it is recalled that on the opening day rain fell in torrents. Accordingly people have begun to seek a reason for this accumulation of misfortunes, and many of them have found it in the serpent which sits high on the tower of the hospital.

The serpent is, of course, made of brass and is twined round a staff. From the hospital tower it is a dominating symbol of the healing art. The Housing Committee decided to take the serpent down.

USSR

JUSTICE, as dispensed by the enlightened Comrade Judges in the glorious Soviet:

A woman worker in the Leningrad chocolate factory was sentenced to death today for stealing chocolate. Sentenced with the woman was her husband, who received ten years in prison as an accomplice. Three watchmen in the factory were convicted of accepting chocolate bars as bribes and were sentenced to from one to two years at forced labor. Three other women workers, who aided in the theft, were sent to prison for three to seven years.

THE LIBRARY

Story in America

By THOMAS BURKE

THE WORLD OVER, by Edith Wharton. \$2.00. *Appleton-Century*.
BONES OF CONTENTION, by Frank O'Connor. \$2.75. *Macmillan*.
HEAD O' W-HOLLOW, by Jesse Stuart. \$2.50. *Dutton*.
LAUGH, JEW, LAUGH, by B. Kovner. \$1.00. *Bloch*.
AMERICA THROUGH THE SHORT STORY, by N. Bryllion Fagin. \$1.75. *Little, Brown*.
INHALE AND EXHALE, by William Saroyan. \$2.50. *Random House*.

THE short story as a recognized literary form arrived in England and America almost simultaneously — at the beginning of the nineteenth century. The magazines of the middle and late eighteenth century had carried an occasional "Eastern tale" or an affecting fable "from the Spanish"; but the short story which found its material in the national scene and manners did not arrive until *Blackwood's*, in England, and similar magazines in America, gave it encouragement. Even then, it mostly took German models, and preoccupied itself with themes of terror or grotesquerie. But after the first quarter of the century it found itself as a form through which it could catch and illuminate the normal incident and emotion of the everyday life of everyday people; and within the hundred years just past it has been as flexible in design as human dress; has assumed every kind of accent; and treated every kind of theme.

Its development in America, and its adap-

tation of tone and structure to the spirit of the period, is excellently illustrated by Mr. Fagin's historical survey and anthology, *America Through the Short Story*. Here one may see its movement from the European tradition in Hawthorne and Bret Harte, through Stephen Crane and O. Henry, to the pure and hard American product of Sherwood Anderson, Faulkner, and Saroyan. From Hawthorne to Saroyan is a long run. With this volume one can trace the laps by which it was made. Up to the end of the nineteenth century America had produced only two really native writers — writers whose work derived solely from the American soil and scene and spirit. These were the first American poet, Walt Whitman, and the first American observer, Mark Twain. Neither *Leaves of Grass* nor *The Jumping Frog* owed anything to a predecessor. These two stood alone in their Americanism until Ring Lardner came along to carry on from Mark Twain and make literature out of the American vernacular. Since the World War, young America has found itself, and the writing of the new men is now so national in spirit and voice that to Englishmen it is a foreign literature in a foreign tongue.

Of the volumes noted at the head of this piece, some belong to this class, and some, like the older American writing, might have been produced in any country. Some use the latest idiom and form (or lack of

it) and some make fresh adventure in the standard form. I have no prejudice for either method. All work, whatever its method, is good or bad in its own being. There is no ready-made superiority in a man's using the modern method, and nothing necessarily contemptible in a preference for the older method. The difference turns only on what the writer achieves. The sketches or stories in *Cranford*, in *Plain Tales from the Hills*, and in *The Merry Men*, are as good today as when they were written; no contributor to the magazines of the Intellectual Left has done anything better. He has done only something different; something in accord with the accent and tempo of these times, as the earlier work was in accord with its own times. The forms and methods of art cannot remain stationary; they must move as man's experience moves. But new themes, new machinery, new approach, are sterile unless they are used by men as full-minded as the past masters. When they are, you get something good in substance and piquant with present novelty — though not necessarily anything better. When, as often happens, they are not, the result, despite its flourishing of modern accent and idiom, rates no higher than the conventional work in the conventional magazines.

Mrs. Wharton comes between the extremes; neither Diehard nor Left. If her territory and her themes are familiar, she sees them with fresh eye and alert mind. She knows what she is doing, where she is going, and how she will get there; and if she uses the sub-conscious, she uses it under the bridle of the conscious. Her stories are stories; they begin and they end. Some of the more juvenile of the younger men, I believe, greet such finished work with lifted noses. For them, the short story may be anything you please except a complete story; and sometimes one wonders whether

the reason is that they are in the condition of Canning's knife-grinder. Mrs. Wharton is not in that condition, nor is she limited in kind. The seven stories in *The World Over* are varied in subject and in character. Most of them could, I think, have been written by an Englishwoman of equal ability, though here and there one catches a flavor that one used to attach to the "American short story" — the story that, years ago, found its fullest being in *Harpers Magazine*. It is a dry flavor, not yet old-fashioned or even out of date. Indeed, since sherry has, within the last few years, come back to win the appreciation of the most modern cultivated taste, Mrs. Wharton's stories are apt to these times. Her dryness is not aridity, but the dryness of a cool, comprehending mind which can look blandly on men and women of all sorts and discover their essence.

Mr. O'Connor also tells stories which begin and end, though again the stories in *Bones of Contention* can scarcely be considered as examples of the American short story, old or new. They are stories of Ireland, and they are good stories. If they do not illuminate cobweb corners of the soul, or arrest us with new technique, they can be read with delight, which is the first and whole purpose of art. (Not amusement, but delight.) But it seems odd that Mr. O'Connor, with all his skill in this form and his response to its possibilities, should have used standard material for it. His method is individual without being eccentric, but his stories have that note of melancholy farce which has haunted the Irish story since the middle nineteenth century. They are concerned with themes which, in fiction, have become stuck on the Irish — gigantic drinking, ludicrous mishaps, quarrels, fights, tragic destinies suffered with a self-pitying jest; all told in the voice one uses for an aside. Even a Celtic nation must

surely afford other kinds of story, and a minor Irish Question is why they never get themselves written. Are these ungainly dilemmas the only incidents that arise on the social scene; and are these inept, incoherent playboys really typical of the people of Ireland? All writers of Irish stories, serious and comic, seem to agree that they are; but it is so hard to believe that I think I must use my fee for this review in making a trip to the land of my fathers, and seeing for myself.

But whatever one may feel about Mr. O'Connor's material, his use of it, as I say, is delightful. His book has given me as good a group of half-hours as anything I have lately read; I have returned three times to "What's Wrong With the Country?" He has a shrewd eye for flicks of character, a keen sense of a situation, and a neat hand with a sentence. The stories are clean in structure; two or three are touched with that rough, flickering beauty which one sometimes catches in Irish voices; and the point of each is implied rather than stated. I hope he may yet use these gifts on stories of modern Irishmen in modern Ireland — if there are such things.

The point of most of Mr. Kovner's pieces — one cannot call them stories — in *Laugh, Jew, Laugh*, whether actual or implied, escapes me. They were originally written in Yiddish, and it may be that in that form they had a salt and spit which English words would not carry. Something salty, I feel, is here, but as an English reader I have to take it for granted. I cannot perceive it as I perceive it in Montague Glass, Bruno Lessing, Milt Gross, and Arthur Kober. Possibly Mr. Kovner's characters, and their actions and reactions, are more authentic than these others, but in that case only a Jewish reader will fully catch their quiddity. His pieces have something of the naïveté of folk-tales, and, as with all folk-

tales, one gets an idea that each piece is a revelation of some trait of character, with an ironic meaning for those who know. For those who don't know, they are pieces on rather worn-out themes and situations to which the author's manner (in English) gives no fresh twist.

In that part of Kentucky which is the setting of Mr. Stuart's *Head O' W-Hollow*, the material and characters of his twenty stories may be commonplace. But to one English reader they come more foreign than the material and characters of any translated stories of farming communities of Norway, Finland, or Czechoslovakia. They present a phase of the American scene unguessed by those who meet only American metropolitans and read only the big city press. Here is the old America, the vital, enduring America, of which current literature takes little account; an America which uses the English tongue but is otherwise remote from anything an Englishman knows. Mr. Stuart has treated this strange region and its people lovingly but truthfully. His themes are varied, but whether they are grim or humorous or homely (even the humorous and homely themes of this primitive people have a grimness for the English reader), he handles them with the quiet power of the poet. Most poets when they take to prose are apt to be diffuse, and Mr. Stuart has this fault. But granting him that, he gets his effects. His book presents a little world, and though some of the stories, as I say, are overlong for their material, when you have read half a dozen of them you accept that world. The very fault of slow-footed meandering helps to give the sense of great hills and great distances and vast skies. What basis his episodes and characters may have in actual Kentucky life does not matter. They have the truth of art, and they live with greater reality than the front-page news of American papers.

They are not, in the ordinary sense, "modern", nor are they stories that would be welcomed by the popular magazines. Their method is oblique narrative, and their matter is the everyday matter of strange, rough life, set down without expurgation or comment, but with illuminating vision. The result is work that is vital and new. Some of the stories—"Battle Keaton Dies," "300 Acres of Elbow Room," "Word and the Flesh"—have that inherent power which keeps them in mind long after the reading.

Mr. Saroyan, too, has power; or perhaps I should say that power has Mr. Saroyan. The seventy-odd pieces which form the fat volume, *Inhale and Exhale*, are permeated with a power which is capricious—and American. Only a few of them attempt to be stories. The bulk of them, whether fiction or descriptive sketches, are moushings of the young-Saroyan perplexity with mankind and civilization. A large number are scarcely worth preserving, but when he is good he is distinctly good. He is regarded, I believe, as a problem, and a fresh and arresting problem he is. He is bursting with things to say, but he has not yet, it seems, taken the breath necessary for steady utterance. Often in this volume the spectacle of injustice and stupidity makes him so hot that his statement is lost in a fury of dishevelled sentences. Still, they are good sentences; not such sentences as an Academy of English would pass, but sentences that invigorate literature; sentences whirling and kicking with childhood energy.

His method is not that of the artist using power, but of a man driven by it. He does not approach his themes. He goes at them smash-and-grab, and sometimes turns round with a handful of jewels and sometimes with a damaged raspberry. The jewels appear in his bursts of ecstasy at contemplation of the earth—the morning light,

the color of oranges, the smell of rain, the taste of water, the music of crowds; and in his magnificent hates. Invective at full strength carries its own delight, and such things as "The Drunkard," "Prelude to an American Symphony," and "Nine Million Years Ago" are splendid in their kind. Elsewhere his paragraphs crackle with a smoky beauty. He is on fire with life and ideas and words. The pieces he calls "Psalms" reveal him as a poet exercising his wonder and his hate in a sort of prose sonnet. For these and some other things one can forgive him most of the damaged raspberries.

The general effect of these volumes on an English reader is to confirm the presumed vitality of the short story in America, which publishes more short stories than any other country. It is thrusting here and there, seeking new food, taking new forms and shedding them when they don't serve, and all the time curiously awake, reflecting, more ardently and truly than the American novel, the thousand facets of the American scene and spirit.

Provincialism in Art

By THOMAS CRAVEN

THE SIGNIFICANT MODERNS AND THEIR PICTURES, by C. J. Bulliet. \$4.00. Covici-Friede.

IN HIS introduction, Mr. Bulliet assures us that "it is the attempt of this book to weigh and evaluate the modern men and their pictures". There is no evidence, however, save for the sorting of his idols into convenient bundles, and his contemptuous dismissal of American painting as "puerile nationalism", that he has made such an attempt. He would have us believe that "Cézanne is of the stature of Apelles,

Giotto, El Greco, Rembrandt, and Rubens", that "Matisse and Picasso are commensurate in loftiness with Leonardo, Titian, and Velasquez"—but his incredible opinions are supported by nothing more serious than scraps of impertinent gossip. His book contains an introduction of four pages, a succession of biographies in the erotic tabloid style, and 274 reproductions. He is content, I take it, to rest his case upon the reproductions, a most unhappy blunder from any point of view. It is one thing to tell the reader, with the arrogance of the printed word, that certain private horrors are great works of art; it is quite another to make him believe it when you place before him the babyish conceptions of Bohemian misfits.

As a critical valuation, *The Significant Moderns* (Mr. Bulliet of Chicago must call himself a *Western*) deserves little mention. Such claims as it has on our attention arise from the attitude of mind which it voices, an attitude altogether foreign to the average American but common enough in art circles, and still a considerable nuisance to all self-respecting painters. This affected state is the result of a half-cultured provincialism which, struggling with submerged feelings of inferiority, tends to despise everything American, and eventually to judge all questions of art, taste, and behavior by European standards. What else, indeed, can be said of a writer who, professing to discuss significant modern artists, snobbishly excludes the most significant of living painters because they happen to be Americans, a group of men whose work, whatever its faults, is not only far richer in human values than the work of the present school of Paris, but richer in those much-extolled plastic values which Mr. Bulliet fancies to be the all-in-all of art? Not an American is mentioned; nor is the painting of a single New World

artist, with the exception of Diego Rivera, reproduced in this book. It is by way of being an affront to the American people who, more than any other modern nation, have been long-suffering in matters of art — tolerant of imported trash, hospitable to eccentrics, imposed upon by charlatans, generous in their purchases, and eager to be edified — to be offered a book that is stupid in its selections and essentially frivolous in spirit.

This provincial affectation of superiority pervades all the circles within circles enclosing the exploded phenomenon called Modernism. We find it among the painters themselves — the internationalists who sought refuge in abstract art, the last resort of failures; we find it subtly employed by the vested interests — the dealers, collectors, and promoters; it is characteristic of museum directors and trustees, of the aesthetes of New York, Chicago, and Hartford, and of the high-brow critics dangling from the fringes of the vested interests — the pallid intellectuals who make a living by pandering to obscurities and by opposing everything in which good sense is a manifest ingredient. It is, in short, the stock-in-trade of those who played their money and their reputations on the stake that America could not possibly produce an art worth encouraging. But they played a losing game, and the fact that a number of gifted Americans have turned the current of modern art into healthy channels, and have won the allegiance of large groups of intelligent laymen, has driven the merchants and their spokesmen into a last desperate battle to salvage their decayed stocks and their self-esteem.

Mr. Bulliet, having made the startling discovery — years after the fact — that Modernism is dead, attributes the end, in part, to "the crash in 1929 of the money markets of the world". This unexpected

admission brings up an unsavory subject that calls for elaboration. During the past season we suffered in New York and elsewhere a trumped-up revival in abstract art. Many dealers, particularly those with international affiliations, offered displays of old cubes and cones by the "significant moderns"; the Museum of Modern Art of New York devoted its entire plant to a historical survey of abstract art, the largest exhibition of its kind ever held in America; and the local dabbler in formless things chimed in with their own imitations of Picasso and the Sur-Realists. This little flurry was nothing more than propaganda for a dead cause. The dealers, stricken by the economic crash, hoped that slightly improved financial conditions would enable gullible Americans to invest in exotic wares; the Modern Museum issued a book of pompous drivel to maintain the prestige of its director; and the local paint-worms had nothing better to do than to batten on the dead. Dealers, of course, are merchants, not philanthropists; but this particular brand of dealer differs from other merchants in one respect: his sales are based upon reputations, not upon merit, and he depends upon museums, critics, and literary hirelings to fabricate the reputations. Thus the Modern Museum unwittingly, and in defiance of fine American painting, played into the hands of the international merchants.

It is not too much to say that the whole movement in abstract art—the fanatical concentration on method to the exclusion of meaning—would never have reached the stage of the framed picture, much less the exhibition room, but for the connivance of critics and dealers. Nor is it an exaggeration to say that Picasso, the alleged father of abstract art, owes his notoriety and his fortune to the combination of salesmanship and the high-toned blather

which impels provincial snobs to part with their money. Picasso, a waggish, diminutive Bohemian with an uncanny knack for arranging particles of dead matter into amusing novelties and eccentric posters, has been secreted and nursed like a sick princess. He has been cunningly fashioned into a man of mystery with a gigantic intellect that solves, by rebuses and abstract equations, all the riddles of the universe; he has been housed near his dealers, in deep seclusion, where, behind impenetrable doors, he paints what his managers prescribe. But the legend is beginning to crack. It is not so easy in these hard times to convince people that great intellects are preoccupied with trifles. Even the snobs are beginning to worry over their investments in Cubism, to suspect that Picasso's vitality was only verbal. And once the little Bohemian becomes an unmarketable curiosity—and that time is rapidly approaching—the jig is up. The dealers will relegate him to an oblivion from which no amount of literary sagacity can reclaim him.

But it is the reproductions that tell the story; for after all, the objective fact, the picture, is the best witness of the mental habits of the painter. Some of the men represented—Cézanne, Renoir, Seurat, Van Gogh, Toulouse-Lautrec, and Grosz, are unquestionably artists, men with roots in the real world, and with the ability to interpret their experiences in strongly individualized forms. The fantastic valuations placed upon several of these painters are another matter. No one in possession of a sense of values, looking at Cézanne's pictures, would be convinced that an artist of such appalling limitations belongs in the company of the masters; nor would any one believe that Van Gogh is a giant; and for the sake of his fame, some of Renoir's nudes—those bulging tubs painted in the

last period and said to be full of plasticity, painted fumblingly with paralytic hands to discharge an imaginary obligation to his dealer — might well have been omitted. And incidentally, let us remember, the painters just listed have received far more attention in America than in their native land. Their works have been exhibited everywhere, idolized, publicly discussed and written about, flattered by myriads of imitations, and purchased for fabulous prices — to the great disadvantage of native artists. They have afforded inspiration to students, and excitement, if not exaltation, to all who care seriously for art.

The majority of the reproductions, however, do not fall within the province of works of art. They are, strictly speaking, technical exercises, exhibitions of tools and methods; and methods, or "organizations", have no life of their own, no function unless applied to the material of living experiences. They are, in a word, abstract patterns of one sort or another. Around abstract art, or pattern-making, a vast literature has accreted, perhaps the most fulsome and unintelligible writing in the history of expression. The proponents of abstract art are divided into two sects. The first undertakes to prove that the design, or pattern basis, is the end and aim of art, and that representation is irrelevant, literary, and sentimental. The second attempts to make the pattern the carrier of human meanings and proceeds to pump transcendental properties into aimless tangles of lines and colors. Both sects, I am glad to report, have forfeited public confidence.

Mr. Bulliet, conceding the death of Modernism, is left with nothing to engage his humors. All that he can do now is to level angry quips at the rising Americans, and to await, with provincial petulance, the coming of a "New Modernism".

Praise of Ladies

BY KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD

MARY TUDOR, by Beatrice White. \$6.00.
Macmillan.

PATRIOTIC LADY, by Marjorie Bowen. \$3.00. *Appleton-Century.*

THE ODYSSEY OF A LOVING WOMAN, by Eleanor Oddie. \$3.00. *Harpers.*

RACHEL THE IMMORTAL, by Bernard Falk. \$5.00. *Appleton-Century.*

THE TURBULENT DUCHESS, by Baroness Orczy. \$3.00. *Putnam.*

THRESCORE. The Life of Sarah N. Cleghorn. By Herself. \$3.00. *Smith & Haas.*

IT HAS always been an arguable matter whether or not female emancipation has added notably to the luster and influence of the individual woman. Zenobia, Cleopatra, and Joan of Arc took to the field, with a fine military flourish, when it pleased them. In the Middle Ages, women were frequently to be seen managing their absent lords' legal and financial business with full responsibility and complete competence. Has any woman, since the "higher education" was vouchsafed her, enjoyed the intellectual prestige of a Lady Mary Wortley Montagu or a Madame de Staël? Can Florence Nightingale or Mrs. Pankhurst compete, as careerists, with St. Theresa? Does Lady Astor, so long and so conspicuously a British legislator, have as much influence on British policy as did Lady Hamilton, who had no morals and could not even spell? The group of women here considered — a group that begins with "Bloody" Mary and ends with the anti-vivisectionist Miss Cleghorn — sheds a parti-colored light on such investigations.

The fact seems to be that the achievement of Women's Rights, while it has worked to the advantage of the female mass, has done little or nothing for the

woman of unusual gifts; for the simple reason that the woman of unusual gifts never needed those rights. Mrs. Samuel Ripley of Waltham and Concord did not have to brood over the fact that the Harvard faculty offered no courses to women: when the aforesaid faculty was constrained to rusticate an undergraduate, it sent him to Mrs. Ripley to be tutored in mathematics, science, and the classics—or Hebrew, if necessary. Victorian repressions and inhibitions did not prevent a frail, uneducated Scotch mill-girl from becoming Mary Sles-sor of Calabar—not only a distinguished missionary but a great colonial administrator. The sex-antagonism of feminists in pre-suffrage years was largely based on their conviction that men were unwilling to give women credit or reward for the gifts that were theirs. In point of fact, women got almost more credit and reward (from men) for the gifts that were theirs, in the days when they were legally chattels. A curious result of this is that the biography of a woman has more chance of interesting us if the subject of it was born at least a hundred years ago. Is there any woman now living—full inheritor of female freedom—whose life we particularly look forward to reading? Perhaps there is; but at the moment of writing, I can think of none.

I am not, of course, arguing that my sex should be deprived of all that it has fought for and won. One must think of these things, with due democratic honesty, as mass-problems. But let us do the opposite sex the justice to admit that the exceptional woman, in all ages, has been acknowledged, praised, even deferred to, by men of her own time. A bigoted feminist might suggest (though many of the famous “blues” would be evidence to the contrary) that the power and prestige of women in earlier periods depended to a

large extent on their ability to captivate men; that their freedom, their immunity, their privileges, resulted from their sex appeal. It is quite true, I fancy, that a woman's life usually makes better reading if it includes what is technically known as a love-interest. Female chronologies do become more dramatic, more poignant, at the point where they begin to be involved, on the personal side, with male chronologies. We may admit that the most interesting thing, often, about a woman is how she placed her affections; and if she had no affections to place—or placed them ineffectually—her actual achievement sometimes seems to suffer. But even male biography is enhanced by a love-interest; and the men whose lives are an inexhaustible quarry for biographers are usually the men whose lives have been emotionally complicated. One definitive life of Huxley suffices us; while, every five years, a new life of Byron finds readers.

No doubt, in all times, women have acquired political influence through their personal relations with statesmen. Probably they still do; though such influence was perhaps more openly exerted and more readily acknowledged before the middle-class industrialists came to power. Very likely, Lady Hamilton's career could not now be duplicated. If one is to believe Miss Bowen, Lord Nelson was a skunk and Lady Hamilton a slut, and between them they dragged British honor in the dirt—and in *Patriotic Lady* Miss Bowen's practiced pen, her artful massing, induce us to give full credit to her amazing narrative. The point for us is that Lady Hamilton needed no more “freedom” than she had. Indeed, it is almost inconceivable that to-day (vote or no vote), any European woman should have so much. Lady Ellenborough would have found it easier, in the twentieth century, to manage her various

divorces; yet she might well have found the pursuit of her ideal more difficult. Certainly, as one follows the amazing erotic history of Jane Digby — set down by Miss Oddie in *The Odyssey of a Loving Woman* with no particular literary virtue, but all the more convincing perhaps for its obvious pains-taking — one wonders if, had she been born fifty years later, she could have trodden with equal dignity a path so littered with lovers. Nowadays, for all her birth, her beauty, and her wealth, she could hardly have reached her goal — and she did reach it at last, in the desert — unhampered. Modern feminine protests against the "double standard" sound a little foolish when one sees what Jane got away with! Though the *grande amoureuse* is presumably an eternal type, could a woman of our own time have as many lovers, as many children, as she, and still be the object of sycophantic approaches by as thorough a snob as Lady Burton? Would she, in other words, have been as free?

We admitted, I believe, that the biography of any woman often gathers a large part of its interest from the placing of her affections; that if she placed them ineffectually or not at all, the document is less interesting. All the loot of archives could hardly make Mary Tudor appealing, if she had not genuinely and astonishingly loved Philip of Spain. Political plots, intrigues, maneuvers, lose, with the centuries, some of their power to move us; but Mary, with her disastrous passion for Philip, can stir us like a Massinger heroine. Miss White's *Mary Tudor*, indeed, in its effort to document us adequately, almost surfeits us with crabbed sixteenth-century prose. Yet even Miss White, though she tackles her subject in the grave historian's fashion, and turns out a book that must go on the shelf beside Froude, does not fail to explore Mary's tortured heart. No one cares much, now, about

the Comte de Chambord. What can still rouse us is the gallantry of his mother's attempt to keep his cause alive, and the frustration of her gallantry by her secret marriage and the untimely birth of her legitimate, but alas, not royal daughter. It is not the Duchesse de Berri hiding under the Breton hedges in boy's clothes that moves us to pity and fear, but the Duchesse de Berri trapped by love and stripped, by her marriage to a mere gentleman, of all influence in the chancelleries of Europe. The Baroness Orczy has not forsaken in *The Turbulent Duchess* her usual romantic vein; and under her fluent and vivid treatment the Duchesse becomes the goodly heroine of an historical novel. *Grande amoureuse* for *grande amoureuse*, Rachel is less appealing than Jane Digby, the marvel of whose career was less the number of her affairs, between London and Damascus, than the fact that not a single one was sordid. Mere lists of these women's lovers matter little, though they include a Ludwig of Bavaria and a Louis Napoleon; what imports to us is what these women did with love, and what love did to them. Lady Hamilton is damned chiefly by the fact that she never loved anyone (though Miss Bowen, appalled perhaps by the portrait she has drawn, pretends rather feebly that she loved Grenville).

Rachel has been damned for most of us by (of all people!) Charlotte Brontë. Who can forget Charlotte's paragraphs?

She rose at nine that December night. Above the horizon I saw her come. She could shine yet with pale grandeur and steady might; but that star verged already on its judgment-day. Seen near, it was a chaos — hollow, half-consumed: an orb perished or perishing — half lava, half glow. . . . What I saw was the shadow of a royal Vashti: a queen, fair as the day once, turned pale now like twilight, and wasted like wax in flame.

(It is well for us to be reminded that, when Charlotte saw the great actress in Brussels and stored up her vitriol for future spilling, Rachel was only twenty-one.*.) When we know that the illiterate young Jewess (ah, these glamorous, grammarless ladies, with princes and poets at their feet!) was a chosen intimate of Madame Récamier, and that the actress who, in 1842, seemed to Charlotte Brontë "a spectacle low, horrible, immoral" had, in 1841, struck Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort not only as "perfect" but as "such a nice, modest girl", we begin to get a humanly complicated and interesting figure. It is easy to say that the governess had heard scandals that the Queen had not heard. Something certainly there was, in that personality, which transcended promiscuity and illiteracy; an austerity of taste that must count on the human side. No woman can be, to her fingertips and to the least inflection, the great classic heroines of Racine, unless she keeps within herself some secret citadel into which vulgarity cannot enter. Mr. Falk's *Rachel the Immortal* is a conscientious biography, fairly pedestrian and a little too long. But he makes his point about Rachel: no easy task, since the actress, unlike poet and painter and composer, can leave no "evidence" for posterity to evaluate.

It is a pity to have at hand, on the modern side, no biography more easily comparable with these others than that of Miss Cleghorn. Miss Cleghorn makes no challenging gesture to the women of earlier periods. The record is a curiously private

one; the humanitarianism, the socialism, the mysticism, the faith-healing, the verse-writing, are all gently sufficient to the individual who practices them, but they constitute no social comment, they strike no emotional spark, they set up no beacon to the remoter reaches of human character. In spite of Miss Cleghorn's constant use of "Franciscan" as an adjective, it is not here that we shall find recorded the dramatic business of being a St. Francis—or a St. Theresa. (I am no adherent of either saint; yet surely there was that in each of them which inescapably created adherents: they had *mana*.) The book is a brief encounter with a high-minded gentlewoman; it does not involve us in any of the classic conflicts—moral, intellectual, or emotional—which alone, in the end, can stir us. Sentiment, in human records, can never take the place of passion; for sentiment is diffused and directionless, while passion, of its own nature, must focus itself, whether on a dynastic right, a classic conception, or, more cheaply, on a human desire.

The preceding paragraph may suggest one reason why, except as they may have the immediate attraction of gossip, lives of modern women are less interesting than lives of women longer dead. The easy communication, the general accessibility, the forced solidarities and classifications, of our own day merge us in labeled groups and blur our private purposes. Accordingly, the gifted woman finds her organization rather than her niche. Her freedom to be herself, she may discover, is actually less than the freedom of her "downtrodden" ancestress. Less free to be herself—elbowed, stifled, overshadowed by comrades—she is naturally less impressive. Which is one reason why the praise of men fails her, and her biography may—however unfairly—be a dull business.

*I may accept too casually Mr. Falk's reference of the Vashti passages to Rachel's 1842 appearance in Brussels. *Villette* was not published until 1853; and Charlotte saw Rachel in London in 1851 (as Mr. Falk notes). There are references to Rachel in Charlotte Brontë's 1851 correspondence, and the Vashti passages may have been inspired (unless Mr. Falk has information he has denied us) by the later experience.

The First Reformer

BY EDGAR LEE MASTERS

THEODORE PARKER, by Henry Steele Commager. \$3.00. *Little, Brown.*

ONE rises from reading this biography of the Yankee reformer asking the question: what was all his anxiety and industry about? The earth is still here, and the stars still shine; political questions and parties have melted away; theology has changed a little. But, after all, a quiet unstriving influence like Darwin's is more in keeping with the dignity of nature than the anxious activity of the reformer, and goes much farther toward changing human conditions. Parker may have done good in his time: but if we of today can get no, or little good from him, what real benefit did his own generation receive? What good were Phillips, Lowell, and that earnest band of desert-howlers and locust-eaters? Up from those swamps of controversy and prophetical prowling only one star arose, and still shines. That was Emerson, whose juxtaposition by the side of Parker, and even the pretentious Lowell, shows the difference between a poet and a philosopher on the one hand, and a radical, a preacher, and a reformer on the other. Mr. Commager's book, so competently done and with such an impressive bibliography, furnishes the material and even the reasons for these conclusions.

Theodore Parker was the grandson of Captain John Parker, who fought on the Plains of Abraham and at Lexington, and left farmer descendants who lived at Lexington, where Theodore was born in 1810 with a consuming thirst for knowledge. He began school at six years of age. Very soon he was reading Rollin's *Ancient History*, and then he was earning money by picking berries and using it to buy books in Boston. At twenty he entered Harvard, and soon

was tutoring students in Hebrew, Portuguese, Dutch, Greek, and German. First and last he learned Italian, Swedish, Danish, Arabic, Persian, Coptic, and he dabbled in African dialects and in Russian. What for, considering that Parker found man's life was very short?

At twenty-six Parker was editor of the *Scriptural Interpreter*; at twenty-seven he was ordained an Unitarian minister, and went to West Roxbury to preach. He fell in with the group that ran the *Dial*, was loosely connected with Brook Farm, and was one of the combatants in the Unitarian quarrel, which Emerson called a "storm in a washbowl". He next earned the designation of infidel by contending that Christianity was merely one of many religions, and subject to the same critical tests as the others. From Christianity he exorcised the miracles, Christ, the Bible, and the Church. That left what he called natural religion, Wordsworth's "natural piety". For these blasphemies the clergy ostracized him. Thus at thirty-two years of age he was alone and in darkness. Emerson had said his say about religion and turned away calmly to go on with his thinking. Parker could not do this. He had attacked Calvinism and the Unitarians, too, in terms well worth reading now. But with the excitement of all this, his great labors, and his rejection on nearly all hands, his health cracked and he set off for Europe to regain his strength. He was in Paris at the Sorbonne. In Berlin he followed with Bancroft and Motley. And in a few months he was back in West Roxbury, armed with fresh scholarship and full of fight.

Two years later circumstances improved for him. He was called to Boston, there to preach in the Melodeon to its seven thousand attendants. At the same time he was writing a *History of the Reformation*, a *History of Religious Thought*, and *Introduc-*

tion to the New Testament, and editing De Wette. He was still a gourmand as a reader, keeping up his studies of Polybius, Juvenal, Plato, Herodotus, and the Homeric question. When he was resting, if rest it was, he was fellowing with Webster, Everett, Choate, Phillips, Garrison, and Mrs. Howe. With another hand he started the *Massachusetts Quarterly Review*. Meanwhile the great John Calhoun was living, and Jefferson Davis, and Robert Toombs. But how could they contend with this Boston group? They couldn't, and they found it out. Boston thus became the Hub of the Universe, where Neal Dow was fighting for Prohibition, Reverend Sargent was trying to stamp out prostitution, Dorothy Dix was working to help the insane, Phillips was talking for penal reform, and Lowell was writing against capital punishment. Parker was broaching the sex question. He wrote:

A history of the gradual development of the sexual element in mankind would be a noble theme. What a deal of prudery there is about the matter in New England. If there is a damnable institution on earth it is compulsory celibacy in women.

He thought there was something quite aesthetic and graceful about the love adventures of the Greeks. As to drink, he was in favor of it in moderation. He took a hack at industrial feudalism, then rising in the mills of New England. But he didn't see with Carlyle that Negro slavery was no worse than machine and industrial slavery. No, though excoriating the merchant nature, he was for righteous war in the name of God's law, whatever that is, or whatever he could have thought it was. Mr. Commager calls Parker a "spiritual Martha", an apt characterization.

When the Fugitive Slave law of 1850 was passed, Parker put on heavier armor. He opposed it with violence and got into the criminal court therefor. He helped John

Brown to take guns to Kansas. He assailed the aging Webster; and though he had discarded the Bible he held to its Hebraic curses and howled that the South must reap as it sowed.

At forty-six he was getting in a pleasanter position in life. Out in Illinois was Herndon, Lincoln's law partner. Herndon was an Elihu Burritt of a less-talented order than Parker; but he was full of studies and enthusiasms for reformations. The two started a correspondence; and Parker thought that Lincoln dodged the issue in one of the debates with Douglas. That was no way to get at God's truth. Over in England, Buckle had learned of Parker. Buckle wrote him that he was "the most advanced leader of opinion in one of the two first nations of the world". What of Emerson?

At forty-six he was receiving two thousand letters a month and trying to answer them. Every Sunday he was preaching, and at the same time he was lecturing at the rate of eighty-four times within a few months. Then he was welcomed back to Watertown at an independent church, and preached every Sunday. The call there was a vindication. By this time he had accumulated two volumes of sermons, and a book called *Discourse of Religion*, and he had reached a third edition of his translation of De Wette. But he was getting tired now. His candle was standing in a current of air. "I need rest," he wrote. "I think I need fun."

At the time, revivals were sweeping the land and people were singing, "Stand up, stand up for Jesus". Parker could now scarcely stand up for anything. He had spent years fighting for and against the Bible, rejecting its superstitions and using its moral and immoral appeals. No more now! Consumption, as it was then called, had him. So he started for the West Indies. But he spent his time writing his experiences as a minister — for the good of men and the

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world. From Cuba he went to Paris, then to Switzerland, then to Rome. But the tale was told. He was just fifty in years, but he was more than seventy in lack of strength. He didn't like Rome; so he went on to Florence and died there on May 10, 1860, just nine days before Lincoln was nominated for the Presidency at Chicago. A new era was on, of which Parker had no conception whatever.

Some years before this, Goethe's son, August, died of drink in Rome and was buried in the Protestant Cemetery where Keats had found sepulture in 1821, and the ashes of Shelley in 1822. In 1860, Theodore Parker was buried there under the shadow of the pyramid of Gaius Cestius — the Yankee reformer! They say the owl was the baker's daughter. . . .

Mr. Commager makes a capital summation of Parker's character. He calls him a provincial, and an American who loved a cattle show better than Notre Dame. He knew the West of America as the home of democracy, says Mr. Commager. He was a realist in religion, reform, politics. He saw through the nonsense of Manifest Destiny. He detested the Doctrine of Sin, and he thought Grace and Salvation were idiotic inventions of the theological mind. He was interested in science, especially in botany and biology, not astronomy. He thought history should teach lessons, otherwise it was useless. As to poetry and novels his yardstick was a moral one. Rousseau was a bad man, therefore to be eschewed. Byron was a libertine, therefore to be unread.

Parker was learned, but in an encyclopedic fashion. His learning did not make for wisdom, for analysis. He could not loaf and invite his soul. He could not walk along a country road without making notes on the soil and the crops. He was didactic and pedantic. He was neither original nor critical, and made no contributions to scholar-

ship or philosophy. He lacked intuition; he was not transcendental. His bulging forehead and thrust-out chin depict him, "saving the perilous souls of the nation with holiest, wholesomest vituperation". For long he was the spiritual father of the pest known as the reformer, that type of man found chiefly in America, and unknown entirely in France and the Latin countries, and less offensively in England. Parker's loins in these days seem spent; and this book of Mr. Commager's can show us why it is, and why we should be glad.

Making the World Safe for Communism

BY LAWRENCE DENNIS

WHAT IS COMMUNISM? by Earl Browder. \$2.00. *Vanguard Press*.

IT WOULD be easy for a literary critic or a professor of one of the social sciences to write a devastating review of this book by Mr. Browder, secretary general of the Communist Party in America. Its literary merits are practically *nil*. It comprises a series of disconnected special pleadings against capitalism and in favor of the 1936 Moscow program. It is full of bad reasoning and patent contradictions. And it will make few, if any, American converts to communism. Yet the book is important and worthy of reading for two reasons: first, because it expresses faithfully, in the idiom and thought patterns of an average Midwestern American, the latest Moscow world view and revolutionary strategy, with appropriate concealment, naturally, of the authorship and underlying Soviet *Realpolitik*; second, because whatever Moscow thinks — no matter how false or foolish it may be — is important to the outside world.

One hundred and fifty million Russians can be wrong. But a wrong opinion with a standing army of 1,300,000 well-equipped soldiers to back it up is important. Today there is little point to academic criticism of official expositions of communist or fascist points of view. Both communism and fascism are on the successful offensive, while liberal capitalism is on the none too successful defensive. The sensible thing for the foes of either to do, therefore, is to try to apprehend the meaning of communist or fascist messages, no matter how badly such messages may be delivered. A half-century of refutation and derision of Karl Marx did not prevent the triumphant emergence of communism in Russia, nor did a decade of the same sort of treatment keep Hitler from attaining power.

The most important fact to be learned from Mr. Browder's American paraphrase of Moscow's latest confidential instructions to the Comrade Workers in this foreign mission field, is that Russia is afraid of fascism and wants to mobilize all the forces of accessible moral feeling and class interest in America in support of her latest position at Geneva. Accordingly, after trying to identify the Communist Revolution with the Spirit of 1776, *i.e.*, the spirit of proletarians G. Washington, T. Jefferson, A. Hamilton, B. Franklin, *et al.*, and predicting "Big Trouble Ahead" in this, "A Special Kind of Depression," Mr. Browder proceeds to identify "Fascism: American Brand" with W. R. Hearst, General Johnson, the NRA, Father Coughlin, Huey Long, and even President Roosevelt, and then to call for "The United Front against War and Fascism," "A Farmer-Labor Party," and "The Fight for Peace." This last-named chapter contains the milk of the coconut. It is an appeal to the United States to join the League of Nations and support whatever joint moves of imperialist France

and Britain Comrade Litvinoff may happen to endorse at Geneva.

Two or three years ago the communists were inciting soldiers in the American, British, and French armies to mutiny against the imperialist governments of the capitalist bosses. Today, the latest orders from Moscow direct that the masses of these arch-imperialist nations be urged to support the Franco-Russian military pact and all appropriate military measures pursuant thereto. Now this about-face of Moscow would be ludicrous if it were not for the reality of the Franco-Russian military alliance and a widely shared feeling in the United States, Britain, and France in favor of unlimited support of economic and, ultimately if necessary, military pressure against the violators of the League Covenant, to wit, Italy, Germany, and Japan. Well, if Litvinoff and the British, American, and French internationalists have their way in this matter, it certainly behooves all literate Americans to devour Mr. Browder's latest book and a great many more books on the political theories of our future noble ally. For Mr. Browder tells us:

The imperialists do not wish to apply sanctions. . . . They will be applied only if the masses force the imperialists to carry them through. The fight for sanctions develops into a fight against the capitalists at home. It is the independent action of the toiling masses that is the spearhead of the fight for peace. To compel League sanctions by mass struggle is important. The primary weapon is the independent struggle of the toilers, enforcing their own sanctions. The rallying center in the world fight for peace is the policy of the Soviet Union.

Shades of all the communists who went to jail and faced firing squads for refusing to fight in Mr. Wilson's war for peace and a League! Now the workers are to force their wicked imperialist governments to

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lead them into another war for the same glorious objectives. The membership of Holy Communist Russia in the alliance is to make the war holy. And this for the American isolationists who would keep their country out of European entanglements: "Isolation, no matter how well intentioned, helps the forces of war; makes easier the outbreak of another world conflict into which the United States would be drawn."

It is clear, not only from this book but from the daily newspapers, that Communist Russia now wants strong League action against Germany, Italy, and Japan, and that Moscow is offering its army, the largest in the world, in support of such action. What may be the subject of some uncertainty is whether or not Moscow wants the next World War just now. Of course, the communists — Mr. Browder among them — and their friends say that Russia does not want war, for war would interrupt her internal program and, also, find her not fully prepared. Hence, they reason, Russian enthusiasm for the League and sanctions expresses a sincere desire on the part of the Moscow government for peace. There are, of course, plenty of people sufficiently humorless to say with all seriousness that if a nation wants peace enough to want to start a war for it, the sincerity of that nation's passion for peace should not be questioned.

There is much, however, to be said for a somewhat different view of this recent Russian zeal for League sanctions. In the first place, it is to be observed that the communist leaders in charge at Moscow are much too hard-headed to be able to indulge any illusions about the possibility of stopping Mussolini, Hitler, and Japan by League sanctions, short of war. In the second place, these Moscow party chiefs, like many of the French militarists, must realize that if fascism is to be crushed, now is the time to do

it. For, as to preparedness for war, it is fairly likely that the war effectiveness of Germany, Italy, and Japan will increase faster in the near future, the way things are going, than the war potentialities of Russia, France, and Britain. And, in the third and last place, a world war, followed by economic collapse and social unrest everywhere in Europe, would afford Communist Russia the ideal opportunity for using its Red Armies and propaganda agencies throughout Europe to set up and support red dictatorships. Russian communism is the one system suited to survive a world war and economic collapse, for it was born of just such conditions and has operated during its nineteen years of life on a war basis with unlimited hardships and sacrifices for its people. That is to say, Russian communism has everything to win from a war in which the USSR has allies on whom it can rely to smash the fascist enemies as well as themselves. In fact, Russia could hardly lose a war to the finish between the liberal and the fascist countries: she can easily egg them on to start such a war and then leave them to re-enact the Kilkenny cat fight.

Mr. Browder's book does not give relatively as much space as this review to the international situation, for the book has to restate a great many socialist arguments which will be found in any socialist pamphlet, be it one by Mr. Norman Thomas, or by Mr. Ramsay MacDonald while still a socialist. Mr. Browder's rather considerable discussion of the international situation and his impassioned advocacy of a war to end war and fascism, however, are the only features of his book which make it significant. For instance, he is not to be taken seriously when he advocates the promotion of a Farmer-Labor Party with which communists will co-operate but which will not be communist; or leadership by the Ameri-

can workers through sovietized unions, such leadership to be accepted and gloried in by the American middle classes who will have been liquidated by prolonged depression; or the official communist policy in respect to the Negroes; or the admission of religious people to a novitiate status in the Communist Party, during which they will be duly converted from Moses or Jesus to Marx and atheism. Evidently, the word has come down from Moscow to follow a strategy which may be described by the old formulas: boring from within, gradualist or even Fabian. It does not lie within the scope of this brief review to show why such strategy will not work for a system as revolutionary as communism. Of course, a large part of the communist case against capitalism and for social justice is fully subscribed to by the Tories of England as well as by Mr. Herbert Hoover and Mr. Ogden Mills, not to mention the New Dealers.

The weakness of communism as a movement making a bid for mass support is its subserviency to Moscow. The trouble is that the people who make policy decisions for the Communist Party are primarily concerned with what is good for Russian foreign policy and not with what might be good for communism in specific foreign countries. Thus, for instance, in Germany, before the triumph of Hitler, the Communist Party was told to make no revolutionary move and to hamstring the Liberal-Socialist coalition governments. This naturally played into Hitler's hands: it weakened his foes and attracted many revolutionary spirits from the communists who could not promote revolution because Moscow did not want to be bothered in her Five-Year Plan by a German upheaval. The Nazis were under no such inhibition and, in addition to offering an exciting revolution, they offered everything the wounded spirit of the German people could demand.

Again subservient to orders from Moscow, official communism in America, instead of supporting a 100% isolationist and no-war policy, which would have the strongest popular appeal, attacks the isolationists and advocates sending Americans to Europe to fight for Britain, France, and Russia. With a program like that, the communists need not be surprised if they prove easy marks for Mr. Hearst and every rabble-rouser in the land. In this respect, millions of level-headed, decent Americans will be forced to concur with Mr. Hearst in attacking a movement, one of the chief purposes of which is to mobilize Americans for a European war in support of an alliance in which Russia is a leading partner.

It is interesting to note how Mr. Browder, on orders from Moscow, can rationalize obligatory atheism for all full members of the Communist Party with close co-operation by the communists with Father Divine, the Negro charlatan, whose followers proclaim that he is God. Yet at the same time, Mr. Browder cannot rationalize a harmony between American nationalism and socialism. The explanation, no doubt, is that one socialism can have but one nationalism and that orthodox communism already has the nationalism of the Kremlin. Communism, however, is a real menace to America, not because of Mr. Browder's arguments and the 30,000 paid-up members his organization can boast, but precisely because Russia is a powerful nation with a will to impose its system on the rest of the world, given the chance to do so. That chance will not come as a result of Mr. Browder's activities or those of his organization in challenging the existing order. That chance will come as a result of another world war and its sequels for the capitalist and fascist countries. If that chance is given Russian communism, it will be the work of millions of confused American and British idealists,

who, although as unsympathetic to real communism as the fascists, will have supported Russia's present foreign policy of stirring up a world war for peace, and who, in consequence, will have fought the fascist foes of communist Russia.

The Morality of a Novelist

By LLEWELYN POWYS

GEORGE ELIOT, by Blanche Colton Williams. \$4.00. *Macmillan.*

ANY estimate of the life of George Eliot must almost of necessity throw into strong relief the superficiality of human judgment where infringement of its customs, hallowed by time, has taken place. Our ethical canons may be divided into those that have to do with the prevailing *mores* of social convenience, and those that have to do with the deeper moralities uninfluenced by accepted codes but sensitive to the claims of compassion informed by intelligence. The mass mind often confuses the hawk with the handsaw, and the most unjustifiable persecutions are constantly being perpetrated in the name of laws divine when in reality they are merely an expression of the sense of outrage experienced by unreflective people when their accepted habits of life are menaced.

In spite of appearances, George Eliot was extremely tender about the good opinion of the society of her day, and her irregular association with George Henry Lewes accentuated a morbid distrust of herself which even the almost universal applause that she won by her literary achievements was never able to still. This spiritual tension was the profound preoccupation of her psychological life. It is present at the time of her first honeymoon visit to Ger-

many, when she wrote to Cara protesting against her relationship with Lewes being considered immoral; even till that evening at the end of her life when she astonished "the great O.B." by listening with an attention, neurotic in its intensity, to Turgenev's description of a gross popular demonstration in a Parisian theater in support of the matrimonial convention presented in a particularly degraded form. The rest of this Newmarket party carelessly judged the narration to reveal how the popular mind always "preferred the shadow to the substance". Lewes asserted roundly that the bourgeois English "would have behaved just as badly". George Eliot hung upon every word that was spoken while the Russian novelist assured the company that he alone in the whole theater "had stood up in his box and hissed".

George Eliot, in spite of her own unresolved doubts, was enabled to carry through victoriously her trespass because fundamentally her whole attitude to life reflected in a most signal fashion the prevailing obsession of her period — moral earnestness. The fact that her outlook accorded so easily with the accepted temper of those mid-Victorian years brought her wealth and prominence so that, as often enough happens in the case of an outstanding worldly success, society was ready to overlook its customary disapprobations. And even to this day George Eliot's notable moral energy serves her turn well, as is illustrated by Dr. Williams' careful and conscientious biography, heavily laden as it is with the sentiment which is apt to follow fast upon the misjudgments of an unthinking public as undiscriminating in its acclamations as in its denunciations. Her book will be as pleasing as it is interesting to the general reader, for Dr. Williams' heart is obviously "in the right place", but for the informed minority on the lookout

for fresh insights into this humdrum drama, the biography will be a disappointment.

The wheel has come round full circle and Dr. Williams is surely well endowed for voicing the reaction in favor of this Victorian "Queen". As a young American student Dr. Williams visited her heroine's grave, and again twenty years afterwards, in the company this time of George Eliot's great-niece. On the last occasion she and her companion "laid over the dust of that once gallant heart a sheaf of lilies". She champions George Eliot in this same strain throughout the book. A few quotations should suffice to give the reader some notion of what to expect. George Eliot was "too honest to dicker with life . . . and she loved much". "Passion," we are informed, "dominated her when she craved to merge her life with another's life; to find the calm blessedness of a woman's lot." In one of her letters, George Eliot writes: "But there is no excessive visiting among us, and the life of my own health is chiefly that of dual companionship," a sentence that prompts Dr. Williams to exclaim, "So it had been, so it was now, all in all to one; one, all in all."

This apostrophe prepares us for Dr. Williams' conclusion that George Eliot's relationship with the man whom a French critic described as "having a leonine head and the heart of a turtle-dove" was preordained. They came together in an "inevitable union, inevitable as the common channel of two streams rushing to meet each other down the mountain slope". And in her final verdict upon the compelling principle of her subject's life I dare say she does not fall far short of the mark: "A man's woman in her earliest days, when she adored father and brother; a man's woman when she accepted Lewes. . . A man's woman, when she commit-

ted her final days to her adorer, John W. Cross."

It is a little difficult to understand how it comes about that George Eliot inspires Dr. Williams to such high emotional flights. Without doubt the novelist possessed a powerful mind and a wide knowledge of the more ordinary influences that condition human conduct, together with a very idiomatic gift for presenting types from the Midlands that she had observed in her childhood. Yet in spite of her obvious limitations, her airy detachment from the sweat and dust of her age, her almost total absorption in her own parlor-land perceptions, Jane Austen would seem to me to be more worthy of this kind of enthusiasm, and still more might this be said of George Eliot's contemporary, Emily Brontë, with her wild, romantic, flame-like genius.

It is amusing to contemplate Herbert Spencer, who at one time had actually proposed to George Eliot, violently denying after her death, as he did, that he had ever felt any tender emotion towards her. Were these excitable protestations due to an incongruous display of personal vanity on the part of the philosopher, a shrinking perhaps from being compromised in the opinion of posterity on the score of questionable familiarities with this learned pupil of his younger days? At any rate he took inordinate pains to suppress the rumor that he had ever been in love with her. Even as late as 1885, on the publication of *George Eliot's Life*, it was still a neurosis with him. "It is unsatisfactory," he comments, "in that respect about which I wrote you some years ago—the report that I have been in love with her", and he is said to have emphatically declared: "I did not propose to her; she proposed to me."

At Cambridge at the beginning of the

century, I used sometimes to be present at Mr. Oscar Browning's undergraduate reception evenings in his rooms at Kings. This illustrious man, who even to his great old age was never conspicuous for moral inhibitions, dismisses this more sprightly side of George Eliot in his study of her life with these sensible words: "It is needless to gratify a morbid curiosity. Miss Evans fell in love with Lewes as she had fallen in love with others"; and he goes on to relate how as an Eton housemaster he had entertained the two celebrities at Windsor, taking them rowing on the Thames, and provoking the curiosity of his readers by remarking: "I remember on this visit seeing some traces of the old 'Maggie', the recollection of which is very precious to me."

To George Meredith we owe the following splenetic description of the two: "George Eliot had the heart of Sappho; but the face, with the long proboscis, the protruding teeth as of the Apocalyptic horse, betrayed animality."

"What of Lewes?"

"Oh, he was the son of a clown. He had the legs of his father in his brain."

Wilfrid Scawen Blunt used to say that "tailoring parentage was the tragedy of Meredith's life", and the Victorian novelist's cleverly presented disparagements suggest as much. "Love," writes Dr. Williams, "came not as she would have had it come, conventionally with bridal party and altar. . . ." And the discerning reader may find in this unwary sentence the heart of the whole matter. George Eliot remained throughout her life "all balled up". Her equivocal matrimonial position remained always a worry to her, and the most daring of her books were always firmly anchored to the bedrock of the most favored of all England's obstinate predilections. She was bold enough to scatter most of the poultry

in the British domestic yard, but she was never able to unroot the sulkiest brood hen of them all, Duty, sitting unperturbed in its nest box — as destructive of romance as of true religion!

The Military Mind at Work

By FLETCHER PRATT

TOGO AND THE RISE OF JAPANESE SEA POWER, by Edwin A. Falk. \$4.00. *Longmans, Green.*

JAMES LONGSTREET, LEE'S WAR HORSE, by H. J. Eckenrode and Bryan Conrad. \$3.50. *University of North Carolina Press.*

THE GENERAL, by C. S. Forester. \$2.50. *Little, Brown.*

THE strange thing about these three books is their similarity. They are the work, respectively, of a pair of academic historians, of an ex-naval officer turned publicist, and of a modern novelist; they are of three different degrees of literary merit; their subjects are a Japanese admiral, a Confederate general, and a kind of sublimated composite photograph of the British high command in the World War. One presents the history of a nation, one the history of a man, and the third that of a personalized idea — in sum, they have no apparent common denominator. Yet the result in all three is much the same. We get a long narrative of military events surrounding the main character, a brief narrative of his progress in peace, and a fragmentary analysis of his character.

The last feature is the most interesting, for when the three analyses are placed side by side they almost cancel out. Longstreet was bad-tempered, Curzon (Mr. Forester's

general) a not very intelligent social climber, and Admiral Togo as obstinate as a Missouri mule. But every other personal characteristic is held in common by all the members of this oddly assorted trio. Now this can hardly be the result of accident; in fact, there is only one thing that will account for it — what the biologists call converging development. In other words, these three biographies are fundamentally studies of the same character — the professional military mind.

Yet none of them manages to do much more than state that there is such a thing. Seduced by the easy doctrine of allowing characters to speak for themselves through events in which they participate, all four authors have adopted a method of narration which casts their central figures as silhouettes in the foreground of history with all the light behind them. The method is useful in painting, where it is not necessary to emboss the expression on the face of the principal figure, but in history it leaves a good many unanswered questions. Did Longstreet really think Bragg's dispositions for the siege of Chattanooga sound? No clue. At Tsushima, "Togo stood on the bridge amid the smoke and uproar . . . watching every move with the phlegm and stamina of a youth and the keen understanding of a rich experience," which means "Togo stood on the bridge", a statement of no psychological value.

The defect, however, is not with the authors, but with their data. Mr. Falk painstakingly tries to give us more, and it is hardly his fault that the dish is empty. Mr. Forester, who is in the happy position of being able to invent his own data, does better, but he is pretty unconvincing when he tries to fill the gaps in the other accounts. The resulting impression is that professional military training throws

around those who experience it, or better, those who abandon themselves to it, a thick curtain through which individuality is unable to penetrate. It makes them the extroverts we see in these three books. The man who has philosophic doubts, who does things against the rules, is a more interesting person, but he is not nearly so useful an officer. At the same battle of Tsushima where Togo stood on the bridge giving no clue to thoughts or feelings, Captain Yatsushiro of the *Asama* entertained his staff with a flute solo till it was time for the batteries to open — but his ship had to haul out of line early in the action for repairs, and he never was appointed an admiral, the suggestion being that he should have been inspecting his engines instead of playing on the tootle-pipe.

A great many people, including Mr. Forester, would have us believe that intelligence also is unable to penetrate the curtain of the military mind. Mr. Forester's facts are rigged, and to a degree so also are those of Messrs. Eckenrode, Conrad, and Falk. For they all criticize the military mind from within itself, comparing it with an impossible ideal. It is true that the British high command on the Western Front was insensitive and wasted lives needlessly; it is true that Longstreet thought himself a greater man than he was and halted his own stroke with unwilling obedience to orders with which he disagreed; it is true that Togo made double work for himself and his nation by hyper-caution in the early days off Port Arthur. But unless it can be shown that the military mind handles the problems with which it is faced less well than the non-military mind handles them, these criticisms and all other criticisms of the military mind are no more than a plea for greater general intelligence in the human species. Mr. Forester's analysis, indeed, turns

round to bite its own hindquarters, for he shows us a stupid man who has gone through the military mill doing rather well with difficulties which, as a matter of historical record, proved baffling to some very brilliant men indeed.

The only genuine criticism of the military mind must come from a point of view outside that mind; a consideration of whether any process but the strait-jacket of military training would produce better or even as good results, not for the individual but for civilization as a whole. I do not think there is much evidence in favor of another method. The case of a non-military man being pitchforked into high command is naturally rare, but it has occurred. Lawrence of Arabia and the mysterious Wassmuss were examples in the World War; the Civil War had John A. McCleernand and Bedford Forrest (it is rather surprising there were no more); and before them, there were Jacob Brown in 1812 and Nathanael Greene in the Revolution, to mention only those who attained considerable success in an alien vocation.

When we compare the performance of this group with that of professional soldiers, one fact emerges at once—they are quite free of the most frequently criticized limitation of the military mind, *i.e.*, a lack of receptivity to new ideas, especially in the field of strategy. Forrest's technique of long raids by big forces of cavalry, Lawrence's program of keeping the Mecca railroad "working, but only barely working", Greene's method of winning strategic victories by willingness to accept tactical defeats—these were plans beyond the horizon of professional soldiers, and the professional soldiers opposed them. Their success forms much of the basis for the usual censure of the military mind as hide-bound, but the critics conveniently forget that such novel ideas have failed as often

as they have succeeded, and failed with disastrous results. McCleernand's campaign to Arkansas Post delayed the Civil War in the West for nearly a year; Forrest went rocketing off on one of his brilliant raids just before the battle of Nashville and left bare the spot through which Thomas rushed to destroy the Confederate army, and Wassmuss brought complete ruin on his cause in the end. Which is to say that the greater flexibility of the non-military mind is not always a desirable characteristic in a military sense. Or in any other sense, since the general as well as the military interest lies in accomplishing the business of war with as little damage to the population as possible. It is on this point—the question of damage, casualties, and bloodshed—that the military mind is most heavily criticized; yet it is precisely on this point that the military mind can and does make its most favorable comparison with the non-military.

"Those few words," says Mr. Forester, summing up his case, "had condemned ten thousand men to death or mutilation. . . . It might have been more advantageous to England if the British Army had not been quite so full of men . . . so unmoved in the face of difficulties, of such unfaltering courage." In other words, Mr. Forester finds the condemnation of ten thousand men horrible, and asks whether a leader who refused the condemnation might not have brought back a better result. But this is to confuse the institution of war with the men who are paid to conduct it, which is rather like saying that we ought to abolish policemen and judges because crime is melancholy to contemplate.

If the bloodiness of wars were due to something in the military mind, the amateur soldiers should show a record of results accomplished with far less human and material sacrifice. Actually, the reverse

is the case. Nathanael Greene was a good captain and a clever man; the butcher's bill in any one of his battles is sensibly lower than in similar battles fought by Washington, the professional, in the same war. But Greene had to fight three or four times to Washington's one, and the total result was in favor of the latter. Nor is this the whole story. Greene and Lawrence, who broke off or avoided battles to save casualties, are anomalous among non-professional soldiers. Jacob Brown's three battles were the most murderous in American history; McClellan was directly responsible for the hopeless slaughter in the assault on Vicksburg, where Grant, the professional, wished to sit down for a siege; Forrest fought at Selma under conditions no professional would have faced.

Amateurs in military affairs tend to think of blood in terms of red ink, and casualties as figures in a ledger. They seldom have that intimate personal acquaintance with violent death which is a part of every soldier's training. They have never learned what the military mind has thoroughly ingrained: that a captured enemy is better than a dead one. A military mind might "condemn ten thousand men to death or mutilation", but it would be only with the hope of saving ten hundred thousand; it takes a political and not a military mind to order another hundred thousand casualties before withdrawing from an obviously hopeless Dardanelles expedition. It was not professional soldiers but professional politicians who coined phrases about "sinking without trace", "force without stint or limit", and "fight on till we are driven back to Bordeaux or the Pyrenees". And if we cannot keep the politicians from putting us into the next war, let us at least hope that once they get us there, they will permit the military mind to handle the business. It will be less expensive.

Robert Frost: Revisionist

By LOUIS UNTERMAYER

A FURTHER RANGE, by Robert Frost.
\$2.50. Holt.

WITH each new book, Robert Frost continues to establish himself as the most rewarding and likewise the most richly integrated poet of his generation. He has no contemporary rival in America, and only William Butler Yeats can challenge his pre-eminence as the most distinguished poet writing in English today. *A Further Range*, the sixth of his inter-related and yet varied volumes, solidifies his position.

By what name that position will finally be known will be determined by historians more detached than the present appraisers. Erudite and sometimes persuasive theses have been written proving Mr. Frost to be (a) a classicist, (b) a symbolist, (c) a humanist, (d) a synecdochist (Mr. Frost's own half-serious classification), and (e) a glorified Neighbor. Lately, since the creation of political parties in literature, it has become the fashion to refer to him as a "centrist". All of the designations are plausible, all have some justification, and none is a satisfactory measure of the man. Actually, he is far more radical than the extremists. But his is an old radicalism not dependent on new slogans, or eccentricities of expression, or verbal vociferousness. It is a highly personal and intensely American radicalism, not unlike the individual insurgence of Thoreau and the quiet but thoroughgoing rebellion of Emerson. In the mellow and quizzical "Build Soil," which is subtitled "A Political Pastoral," and which is an undisguised Socratic dialogue, 1936 model, Mr. Frost reveals his freedom from cant and mob-thinking:

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I bid you to a one-man revolution—
The only revolution that is coming.
We're too unseparate out among each
other—
With goods to sell and notions to im-
part....
Don't join too many gangs. Join few if any.
Join the United States and join the fam-
ily....
Is it a bargain, Shepherd Meliboeus?

To which the other pastoral poet, Mr. Frost's alter ego, replies:

.... I agree with you;
We're too unseparate. And going home
From company means coming to our senses.

But, though there is little politics in most of his poetry, the verse is not without broader challenge. From the early "Mending Wall" to the just-published "The White-Tailed Hornet," Mr. Frost has questioned routines of thought. He has disguised his intransigence in understatement, in offstage whispers, in whimsical circumlocutions, but his penetrations have been none the less thorough. He challenges the pat conclusions of the formalist in art and education; he scorns a stereotype in expression no more (and no less) than an emotional cliché. In "The White-Tailed Hornet" he cannily—and completely—upsets the favorite theory that instinct in the lower animals is a sort of higher intelligence. "Desert Places" exposes the platitude of the external dark and frightening space by quietly suggesting the vaster deserts within. So with most of his poems old and new, the longer ones to be "taken doubly", and the lyrics to be "taken singly", many of which are among Mr. Frost's deepest. If I were called upon to add to the categories, I would drop the classicist, the bucolic realist, and the localist. I would call him a revisionist. It is the power not only to restate but to revise too easily accepted statements which is one of

his great qualities, and it has been overlooked to a surprising degree.

If it were not for the columnist and vaudeville connections which belittle the term, I would be tempted to add "humorist" to the categories. Not that Mr. Frost would resent the appellation, debased although it has become. Introducing E. A. Robinson's posthumous *King Jasper* a few months ago, Mr. Frost slyly satirized novelty for its own sake and insisted that the style was not only the man, but that "style" was the way the man takes himself. "If," he continued, "it is with outer seriousness, it must be with inner humor. If it is with outer humor, it must be with inner seriousness." The sentences were, primarily, a tribute to Mr. Robinson; essentially they are an almost perfect description of Mr. Frost. His style, so characteristic, so seemingly simple and yet so inimitable, so colloquial and so "elevated", has a way of uniting opposites. It combines fact and fantasy with a baffling, even a matter-of-fact, tone of voice. Or, rather, it is not so much a combination as an alternation, an intellectual prestidigitation, in which fact becomes fantasy and the fancy is more convincing than the fact. The inner seriousness and the outer humor continually shift their centers of gravity—and levity—and it must be plain to all but the pedants that Mr. Frost's banter is as full of serious implications as his somber speculations, that his playfulness is even more profound than his profundity.

In *A Further Range*, in which even the title is a deprecating and yet sentimental pun, the playfulness is extended further than in any of his five preceding volumes. Sometimes it takes the form of straightforward jocularity (as in "Departmental, or My Ant Jerry," and a few of the epigrammatic "Ten Mills"), by no means a new note for the author of "The Cow in Apple

Time" and "Brown's Descent, or The Willy-Nilly Slide," to say nothing of the privately printed one-act one-page "play" entitled "The Cow's in the Corn." Sometimes the humor is subtler, as in "The Gold Hesperidee" and "At Woodward's Gardens"; sometimes it is sagely critical, as in "To a Thinker" and "The Vindictives." And, to balance the side-spring and the satire, the new collection contains some of Mr. Frost's quietest and richest speculations. "The Lone Striker" and "Two Tramps in Mud Time" must be set down among the poet's finest soliloquies; "Lost in Heaven," "Desert Places," "A Leaf Treader," and "The Strong are Saying Nothing"—three of these originally published in THE AMERICAN MERCURY—will take their place among his most memorable and moving lyrics.

The reader is grateful to Mr. Frost not because he has learned something, but because he has experienced something. He has been fortified by the poet's serenity, strengthened by his strength. He has been intellectually revised and spiritually revived.

too, a picture of Goya in the crucible of social revolution, from which he emerged as a somewhat artistic propagandist. Mr. Schneider set out to portray Goya as a many-faceted human being, a mirror, so to speak, of the turmoil through which he lived. In this effort he has succeeded. We possess, at the end of some 330 pages, a lusty portrait of the great Spanish artist.



JAMES WATT.

By H. W. Dickinson.

Macmillan, \$4.00

The author starts right off by emphasizing that the eminent Watt was not the inventor of the steam engine; rather, he was the craftsman, the technician, the perfecter. When Watt got through with the development of the machine, his work had amounted almost to a re-creation. Mr. Dickinson, presenting this study in commemoration of the bicentenary of the great English engineer, commences with the problems of industry in England in the sixteenth century, and closes with the death of Watt in 1819. There is much in the book of Matthew Boulton, Watt's partner, as well as descriptions of Watt's home and his social activities. But in the main, it is the account of a great craftsman's life, the results of which were to affect vitally the future of mankind. When Watt retired, he retired to his workshop, where he continued to find in machinery and invention the solace of his old age. The book is a first-rate biography; it is illustrated with photographs and drawings, and contains an index.

The Check List

BIOGRAPHY

GOYA: *A Portrait of the Artist as a Man.*

By Manfred Schneider.

Knight, \$2.75

Don Francisco de Goya was a man of considerable parts, running the gamut from artist and courtier to philanderer and hell-rake. The fact that his character was so complex has helped to build the legends about his memory, until the biographer is hard pressed to divide fact from folklore. Hence Mr. Schneider utilizes the fiction form to present his hero, and the result is a turbulent piece of writing, hot with affairs of the heart, and accounts of gaudy escapades in the decadent Spain of Charles IV. There is,

LIFE AND TIMES OF MAJOR JOHN MASON.

By Louis B. Mason.

Putnam, \$3.00

Major John Mason, as his biographer points out, was more than a mere public-spirited citizen of early Connecticut. He was a true embodiment of the courage, prudence, and integrity of character which constituted, as we are slowly beginning to recognize, the backbone of American puritanism. But, unlike so many of his contemporaries, Major Mason did not adulterate these qualities with the popular vices of superstition and intolerance. He distinguished himself as an Indian fighter in the Pequot War, was magistrate, commissioner, deputy-governor, and head of the military forces of Connecticut, and was respected throughout the Colonies for his sense of justice and fair dealing. There are illustrations and an index.

JANE ADDAMS.

By James Webber Linn. *Appleton-Century.*

An excellent biography of the social worker by her nephew. Miss Addams, he tells us, was a practical idealist, socially an epicurean, but personally a stoic, saving all her pity for the weakness of others. This virtue produced its complement in a self-confidence entirely justified and vitally necessary to her success, instead of the personal inhumanity usually characteristic of the professional humanitarian. She always had time and patience for everyone—and a healthy sense of humor.

HISTORY

ITALY IN THE MAKING.

By G. F.-H. Berkeley.

Macmillan, \$6.00

The second volume of an able and scholarly history of modern Italy concerns the period between June, 1846, and January, 1848—the eighteen months during which political and social agitation prepared the way for Reform. Primarily, it treats of the election of Pope Pius IX, the successor to Gregory XVI, and the program of liberalism which Mr. Berkeley traces to his capable influence. In June, 1846, Italy comprised eight small states, each under the thumb of an absolute ruler—the eight, in turn, being as firmly under the thumb of Metternich. At the close of the eighteen-month period, the picture is one of eight states in most of which there is a free press, a consultative assembly, and an armed civil guard; and all of which are near to instituting a parliament, and sending men to fight a common cause against the Austrian despot. Mr. Berkeley observes in his preface: "To those who assert that the Papal attitude towards the Risorgimento was always one of obscurantism and *non possumus*, the story of these first two years forms a complete reply." He bulwarks his thesis with an exhaustive, informative volume of 339 pages. There are plentiful footnotes, and an index.



POLITICAL AND DIPLOMATIC HISTORY OF RUSSIA.

By George Vernadsky.

Little, Brown, \$4.00

Professor Vernadsky has performed a minor miracle in the world of modern letters; he has written a worthwhile book on Russia without falling over the brink into the propaganda well.

As a result, he presents a clear, calm, and concise picture of the Russian nation from the vague days of the fifth century up to 1935. The student will find here a documented account of the development in Russian policies over the years, as well as an emphasis upon the structural unity of the process which has led inevitably to the present Soviet Republic. But there is no discussion of right and wrong, of Right and Left. In other words, Professor Vernadsky has no ax to grind on the walls of Moscow. He deserves credit for compiling a volume of inestimable value to the analyst of Russian and international affairs. There are sixteen schematic maps, illustrating various stages of Russian history, and an index.

THE CONQUEST OF YUCATAN.

By Frans Blom.

Houghton Mifflin, \$3.50

Professor Blom of Tulane University is one of the most distinguished delvers into Mayan history; he sets down the results of his long researches in a colorful volume which goes back to Bartholomew Columbus, brother of the indefatigable Christopher, who set foot on the shore of Spanish Honduras at daybreak of a torrid day in August, 1502. For the Mayans, Bartholomew was the angel of doom. In his footsteps followed the Conquistadors, and the priests of Catholic Spain. When they got through with the New Land, the ancient civilization of Yucatan had vanished. It has remained for modern archaeologists to uncover the material evidence of a forgotten race. Professor Blom supplies the literary evidence in this excellent book. There are numerous photographic plates, and an index.

MISCELLANEOUS

SOUTHERN CROSSING.

By Philip Rigg.

Dutton, \$2.50

The business of crossing the Atlantic in a fifty-four-foot ketch is not all sunshine and smooth sailing. There are serious factors involved, problems stemming from the forces of mankind and nature, as well as from economics. Mr. Rigg's task was to navigate a small boat from Athens, Greece, to Miami, Florida, with a minimum of maps, money, and manpower. The voyage consumed six months, and in that time

THE LIBRARY

the crew of four met and overcame many of the problems which were not new when Christopher Columbus sailed into the Western sunset. The author's narrative is a stimulating one, colorfully written, yet containing that meticulous touch for fact and figure which inevitably appears when a yachtsman transfers his pencil from chart to paper. What the book proves is that the complexities of modern life ashore are not inescapable; they may be simplified by recourse to one of the greatest of all solvents—the sea. Mr. Rigg recommends this efficacious prescription to all those people who are weary of urban living.



THE HERITAGE OF THE BOUNTY.

By Harry L. Shapiro. *Simon and Schuster, \$3.00*

Dr. Shapiro fulfilled a quest in journeying to Oceania and to Pitcairn Island; his purpose, as an anthropologist, was to learn all that he could concerning a group of the famous *H. M. S. Bounty* mutineers and the fugitive colony they founded on a rocky promontory in the South Seas. The result of his first-hand studies is the complete and factual story of the descendants of the nine English sailors and their Tahitian wives who first settled Pitcairn. As such, it constitutes a valuable addition to the history of the human race. Dr. Shapiro's book combines history, anthropology, exploration, and adventure; science does not suffer from pedantry, nor romance from data. The Islanders have kept meticulous records for six generations, enabling the author to draw from readable source material. There are appendices, and an index.



ORDEAL BY HUNGER.

By George R. Stewart, Jr. *Henry Holt, \$2.75*

The story of the Donner Party, one of the great folk epics of the Old West, is told with detail and justice by an industrious author who has repaired to the diaries of survivors and contemporary documents for an impressive store of information. It is a narrative of human behavior under unforeseen and exacting conditions, of simplicity intermingled with complex and savage emotions. The Donner Party started for California in 1846, before the great Gold Rush. They numbered eighty-seven persons—men, women, and children—and in their consuming haste to reach the Coast they chose a

new and circuitous route. The result was hardship, starvation, and death; of the varied company, only forty-six lived to cross the snow-clad mountains and enter the Sacramento Valley. The monument they left to themselves was in the main one of insuperable pioneer spirit. Mr. Stewart has performed a highly commendable task in resurrecting a half-forgotten saga. There are numerous appendices, maps, and an index.



IN QUEST OF LOST WORLDS.

By Count Byron De Prorok. *Dutton, \$3.50*

Lured by a fascination for the unknown, Count De Prorok has made numerous expeditions into the unexplored regions of the earth. This book contains accounts of four such journeys—each account separate in itself. In Africa, the author follows the trail of Alexander the Great to Jupiter Ammon; in Mexico, he discovers a degenerate race of clay-eaters in a desolate swampland; in Ethiopia, he sits in on barbarous sex rites and fantastic orgies. Always his interest is in the strange and unknown: curious sexual cults, anthropological records, tombs of ancient rulers, and lost races of men. The book is written in a crisp, well-modulated style, tinged with a gentle irony and a casual, earthy wisdom. There are twenty-eight illustrations.



THE AMERICAN ARMY IN FRANCE.

By James G. Harbord. *Little, Brown, \$5.00*

A document of first-rate value to every student of the World War. The book is attractively written by a man of considerable natural ability, although it does carry a heavy load of statistics. General Harbord had a personal experience unique in the A.E.F., first as Pershing's chief-of-staff, then as commander of the Marine brigade at Château-Thierry and Belleau Wood, next in command of the Second Division in the Soissons attack, and finally as head of the enormous services supply of a colossal army far from its home base. The General is not without humor. He tells of a French cavalry division commander who spoke of the possibility of a brilliant and decisive attack, then hesitated, finally deciding to wait until morning. "When he departed," said Harbord, "I asked Preston Brown if he thought we would see him again." General Brown replied: "Yes, when we all assemble to be decorated at the end of the War."

THE CONTRIBUTORS

BLAIR BOLLES (*The Sweetheart of the Regimenters*) is a reporter for the *Washington Star*. . . . THOMAS BURKE (*The Short Story in America*) is the well-known English author. . . . WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN (*Paradise Imagined*), the author of *The Russian Revolution* (Macmillan), is now in Tokio as Far Eastern correspondent for the *Christian Science Monitor*. . . . RALPH ADAMS CRAM (*The End of Democracy*), the architect, is equally distinguished as a writer. His autobiography, *My Life in Architecture* (Little, Brown), was published last winter. . . . THOMAS CRAVEN (*Provincialism in Art*) is working on an anthology of reproductions of the masterpieces of painting from Giotto to Grant Wood, to be published later in the fall (*Simon and Schuster*). . . . LAWRENCE DENNIS (*Making the World Safe for Communism*) has been a soldier, diplomat, and business man. His latest book, *The Coming American Fascism* (Harpers) was published last year. . . . LOREN C. EISELEY (*Leaving September*), archeologist and paleontologist, writes verse, short stories, and scientific articles. . . . KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD (*Praise of Ladies*) is one of the country's best-known essayists, and a frequent contributor to literary magazines. . . . AMANDA BENJAMIN HALL (*Salute to Audubon*) wrote short stories and novels before she decided it was poetry that she really wanted to create. . . . LEIGH HANES (*Chipmunk*) teaches poetry at Hollins College, edits *The Lyric*, and practices law in Roanoke, Virginia. . . . WILLIAM MORRIS HOUGHTON (*Far-*

well to Harvard?) is an editorial writer on the *New York Herald Tribune*. . . . STEPHEN LEACOCK (*Canada Won't Go Yankee*) retired from McGill University, Montreal, last May, where he had been a professor for thirty-five years. He is well-known as a humorist, lecturer, and writer; his *Greatest Pages of American Humor* (Doubleday, Doran) appeared this year. . . . J. A. LIVINGSTON (*The Case for Economic Nationalism*), a native New Yorker, is on the editorial staff of *Business Week*. . . . EDGAR LEE MASTERS (*The First Reformer*) is best-known for his *Spoon River Anthology* and *Lincoln — the Man*. His latest volume of verse, *Poems of People* (Appleton-Century) was published last month. . . . LLEWELYN POWYS (*The Morality of a Novelist*) is the noted English novelist and critic. . . . FLETCHER PRATT (*The Military Mind at Work*) lives in New York City. His *Hail Caesar!* (Smith and Haas) was published last spring. . . . JEROME WEIDMAN (*I Knew What I Was Doing*) was born twenty-three years ago on New York's East Side. At present he is working during the day, studying and writing at night. . . . U. V. WILCOX (*The Bank Insurance Myth*) is Washington correspondent for the *American Banker*. . . . MATTHEW WOLL (*Labor Speaks to Capital*) is vice-president of the American Federation of Labor. . . . AUDREY WURDEMAN (*Fruit*), the wife of Joseph Auslander, was awarded a 1935 Pulitzer prize for her volume of verse, *Bright Ambush* (John Day). . . . MARYA ZATURENSKA (*Song*) was born in Kiev, Russia, and now lives in New York.

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THE AMERICAN MERCURY



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THE AMERICAN MERCURY



THE OPEN FORUM

(Continued from front advertising section, p. v)

I don't want to bore you with a detailed account of my mental gymnastics during the next three years, but I've got somehow to explain about my decision. For instance, there was good old Art Gooch who graduated when I was a freshman and who everyone said would make his mark. Art was a smooth operator and by 1933 he owned a small cannery and was doing all right. He didn't have a plethora of capital, but by dint of talking fast and often to bankers he managed to finance his pack. Then the time came when someone told him he was operating under a code. That might have been okay with Art, but the price of raw products, labor, and tin cans took a dizzy stratosphere flight. Meanwhile the market for his product was what he termed lousy. The cost of doing business finally got to the point where Art had to go out of business. Incidentally, Mr. Roosevelt, something like a hundred people had to find jobs elsewhere.

Well, that was one thing I didn't like and neither did I like the way NRA turned out for my friend Luke Simpkins. Luke was operating two portable saw mills out in the woods. He employed a couple of dozen men and made a fair living for himself. He had no illusions about the kind of lumber you turn out of a portable saw-mill. Stacked up against boards cut in a big, modern plant with all kinds of newfangled machinery it didn't compare so well. On the other hand, there is a market for all kinds of lumber and if yours is cheap there are lumber buyers who will overlook details. Luke sold his lumber to fellows like that and so far as I know everyone was satisfied. But the new lumber code wasn't. It set up minimum prices, arrived at on the basis of what the highest cost boom-time operator with expensive timber had to get. Big operators had been losing money and wanted to get some of the pests out of the industry. Well, the upshot was that only a damnfool would buy second grade lumber when first grade lumber sold for the same price. Luke had to give up and go to work selling for one of the large mills. The only pay-roll in his town went out of existence.

Everywhere I looked I saw further evidences of the effect of NRA on small businessmen. People with enough capital to stand the gaff pulled through, but there were too many who couldn't take it. NRA was a great thing for

businessmen who were in a position to benefit from a concentration of power, but there was little room for doubt about its disastrous effect on smaller fellows. This was very confusing, Mr. Roosevelt, because it failed to jibe with your public utterances. You had said you were for the little man and the people, but your main recovery agency certainly was raising hob with them. I honestly thought you were being misled, that you would step in and correct these evils. You said you would welcome criticism, that your program would be flexible.

Well, you can probably guess the color of my face the day you jumped on the Supreme Court with both feet because they said the Constitution made no provision for the Blue Eagle. Between sick chickens and horses and buggies, I was punchdrunk for several days. Worse than that, I was hurt and disillusioned about you. I found myself saying less and less about the New Deal and then finally saying nothing at all. The first time I actually came out with a criticism I was a little ashamed and shocked.

For a long time I was not wholly critical and more particularly, I was not critical of you. If I didn't like lots of the New Deal, I blamed that fact on your hired help and still hoped that you would take a hand in cleaning up what was beginning to look like a mess. I was sore about the New Deal because it turned people against you, the spokesman for us intellectuals. However, Mr. Roosevelt, this was all before I recognized that you ARE the New Deal, that you are thoroughly enamored of its vague meanderings, completely wedded to your Brain Trust and, to put it bluntly, bullheaded as all hell. You seemed set on achieving your goal, but I was beginning to wonder what that goal might be—if even you knew.

I'll say this for your New Deal, Mr. Roosevelt: your Mr. Farley certainly was putting a lot of people to work. In fact, some of the Democratic politicians in my town had not worked for years until Mr. Farley had some nice airy offices swept out for them. I don't suppose many of them did much real work even then but it did give them some spending money and kept them out of the hotel lobbies where they had been crowding cash customers for as long as I can remember. The funny thing is that most of

(Continued on page xii)



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THE AMERICAN MERCURY

THE OPEN FORUM

(Continued from page x)

those who went on your payroll and began to sing your praises in ever louder tones, were fellows who hadn't worked very hard at finding jobs before. There was one chap, for instance, who beyond doubt was the most chronic crabber in my acquaintance. He gave up looking about 1931 and settled down to wait. Relief came to him in the form of a job in one of your new alphabetical agencies and it would do your heart good to hear him say what a fine man you must be. He thinks everything you do is about perfect, and has changed his registration just in case Mr. Farley should drop in unexpectedly. He is especially pleased about his salary which is considerably more than private business can pay me. I'm sure I am not small enough to begrudge him this good fortune, Mr. Roosevelt, but my boss and I are both on short rations and aren't we paying him his salary in the final analysis?

And you should hear the howl set up by an elderly relative of my wife. She is nearly ninety and can't do much for herself any more. Recently she went on something awful because the government is paying the women in her town to sew for themselves and consequently she can't get a good housekeeper. You'd have been ashamed of her, but then it is hard to get those old people accustomed to modern ways.

Of course it has been pointed out that you promised recovery, and some of your more outspoken employees say you have given it to us. I have to admit that statistical evidences point in the direction of more active business. But what confuses me is that all your recovery measures have been flops of one sort or another. Some have gone by way of the Supreme Court and some have fallen apart because your employees were not deft enough to keep them floating. If recovery is here and recovery measures have failed, we casual observers cannot be blamed if we have trouble in putting our fingers on cause and effect. From where I sit it appears that the economic machinery has considerable natural vigor and has got some headway *despite* your help.

I think, however, that none of these things brought about my ultimate disillusionment. I think that came when I saw you and your employees pushing the tentacles of the New Deal bureaucracy out from Washington, virtually to

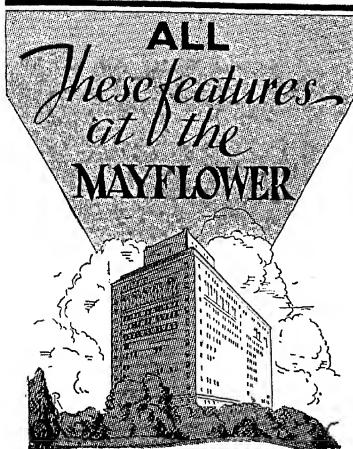
seize control of local government. You were butting into our state affairs and even into our private affairs with increasing vigor. I reached the conclusion that you were gradually giving us a new kind of government. The issue was more basic than that of mere boondoggling. But on this point I might yet have been saved for your New Deal. I was willing to listen attentively to your arguments. I was, in fact, anxious to hear them and to have assurance that individual liberties would remain intact. I was perfectly willing, Mr. Roosevelt, to change my ideas about centralization of power and about bureaucracies, had your argument been lucid enough to filter into my brain. Had you offered your reasons for centralization and regimentation openly, had you stated your case and met the issue squarely, I should have listened. I might have been impressed—but now I shall never know. For, instead of discussion, you preferred to beat about the bush and talk vaguely about the More Abundant Life. It was evident that you did not care to discuss this question. So I began to suspect your motives. You undoubtedly would make the world's best-looking dictator and I wondered if you had ever thought of that? . . .

In any case, it was clear that you were determined upon a centralized government. You were going to regiment us, pay us, and pension us—but we were not going to be permitted to debate the issue. For every question put by Mr. Hoover the answer was a generality about Entrenched Greed. For every charge of incompetent administration or unconstitutional procedure there was a sneer and a reference to Princes of Privilege. Your continued attacks on all who differed with you did not set well with me, Mr. Roosevelt. They did not set well because I knew that all your employees were not knights errant, and that all employers were not in league to exploit the working men. I knew a lot of your opponents who were honest and patriotic men. This may surprise you, Mr. Roosevelt, but it is the simple truth.

If I was discouraged by the vagaries and sophistries of your New Deal, if I had come to dislike its inconsistencies, its profligacy and its self-righteousness, I was completely floored by its reactionary character. I could not find it in my heart, Mr. Roosevelt, to label as Liberal a policy that drives small businessmen to the wall, takes

(Continued on page xiv)

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THE OPEN FORUM

(Continued from page xii)

their corporate savings to spend on dry canals, and substitutes for free government a great bureaucratic autocracy in Washington. I would have opposed it no matter who might have advocated it. As a matter of fact, Mr. Roosevelt, you yourself opposed it in 1932. . . .

Well, it was just about at this juncture that I searched at the foundations of my experience for guidance. I looked back at the Flaming Youth period of the Roaring 'Twenties and thought of Uncle Calvin, dead these several years and perhaps for better. Then I looked further back and thought of Grandpa, and realized that he too is fortunate not to see your vigorous employees at work. Mr. Roosevelt, if there is any easy road to prosperity and success, it has escaped me. Between depression, recovery, and doctors' bills for the new baby, my savings account is as flat as a panacea. But I have finally arrived at a conclusion: I'm going to try Grandpa's way from here on. I am going to try to accumulate a little surplus out of my salary. When I get a grubstake I'll be able to set myself up in business. I'll be able to provide a living of sorts for my family and maybe even create a few jobs. Then I'll still try to make a little more than I need which I can put back in to make it a bigger business.

But having arrived at that idea, I am a potential Capitalist and therefore subject to suspicion. I'm liable to complain about governmental extravagance, and taxes, and the way your employees eat all I can make. And that is just the point I've been getting at. I'm afraid that under your system I'll not be able to accumulate a grubstake, because your New Deal takes so much of what I can earn. And I'm afraid it will take more in the future.

You see, I have the odd notion that the world in general and my own community in particular will be benefited to a larger degree if I do save some money and go into business and create new jobs and new wealth, than if all I can make goes to Washington and your employees. I think everyone, rich and poor alike, will get more of the Abundant Life out of the money I can save and invest than they will out of bigger and better federal payrolls.

That, Mr. Roosevelt, is essentially why I shall cast my vote for Mr. Landon on November third.

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THE AMERICAN MERCURY



The Columbia Company, in defiance of the usual deference to summer taste, continues to maintain the recent high level of its releases with another Beethoven symphony under the direction of Felix Weingartner.

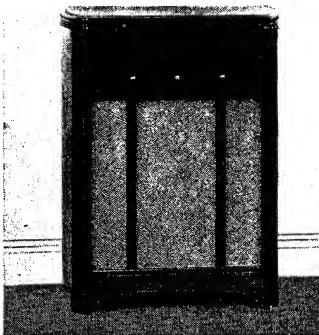
In succession to his re-recordings of the Fifth and Ninth Symphonies, Weingartner now gives us a performance of the Seventh which is in several ways the best of the series. The orchestra is again the Vienna Philharmonic, but Columbia's engineers have materially improved their recording of this orchestra, with results that approximate the best reproduction of the day. Several passages in the second and fourth movements are blurred and indistinct, but clarity and brilliance are elsewhere uniformly present. The qualities of Weingartner's conducting of Beethoven hardly demand iteration now; if earnestness and simplicity, based on surpassing knowledge but unburdened by pedantry, are the elements to be admired in musical performance, this interpretation can be recommended without qualification (Columbia, five 12-inch records, \$7.50). Some music lovers may prefer to wait until the Toscanini records of this symphony are available for comparison. No date for their release has been announced, but it is likely that they will appear in the early fall.

To the credit of Sir Thomas Beecham may be placed one of the most brilliant of recent Columbia recordings, a clear and efficient version of Rossini's *William Tell* overture, done with the London Philharmonic. On the fourth side of the two records is an additional example of Beecham's treatment of Handel, several excerpts from the suite he calls *The Gods Go A-Begging*. Also of English origin is an able account of Mendelssohn's *Fingal's Cave* (or *Hebrides*) overture, played by the B.B.C. Orchestra.

The long-awaited new edition of the *Encyclopedia of Recorded Music* (Gramophone Shop, New York, \$3.50), has finally made its appearance, and adequate documentation of the vast library of recorded music has thereby been advanced enormously. With that patience in research which is the mark of an enthusiast's devotion to a subject, the editor, R. D. Darrell, has organized the essential information regarding the products of some two score companies in America and Europe, classified by composers. His data fill nearly 600 pages, and amount, literally, to a unique volume. Mr. Darrell has succeeded brilliantly in producing a finely useful book; but the scholarship on which that utility has been founded might well serve as a model for the record companies themselves in their future labeling and description of records.

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